THE WEATHER.

For Boston and vicinity: Partly cloudy and cooler to-night; Sunday, partly cloudy; light westerly winds.

High water 4:50 a. m. and 5:10 p. m.

HEARST'S

BOSTON AMERICAN

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEWSPAPER

NIGHT EDITION

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DR. M'LEOD HELD IN $20,000 BAIL IN SUIT CASE CRIME

DYING GIRL FORCED TO WRITE LETTER

SCENE OF HORROR AT DEATH BED OF SUIT CASE VICTIM

How Gang Who Had Maltreated Her Compelled Susan Geary to Write Note Mailed to Mother from Salem.

INTENDED TO SAVE GANG FROM LAW

Pitiful Fate of Susan Geary Told in Confessions of Two Men Who Threw Her Dismembered Body Into Harbor—Doctor McLeod Arraigned, Pleads Not Guilty.

Through the amazing confessions of Louis W. Crawford and William Howard, who are under arrest in connection with the death of Miss Susan Agnes Geary, the victim of the dress suit case crime, the facts are made public that when the girl lay at the brink of death, when those who had maltreated her knew that she could not recover, they lied to her about her condition, and forced her, with her wavering, trembling hand, to write the pitiful letter to her mother that was received on September 20, so that those implicated in the tragedy might have time in which to dispose of the remains and make good their escape.

The story of the death of the pretty dancer and of the cutting up of the body, which was so ruthlessly packed into dress suit cases and hurled into the water, was a shock to the reading world of New England.

But the dismemberment of the body was nothing to the torture that must have been inflicted upon the dying girl when she was compelled, through deceit or force, to write the letter to her mother in which the insignificant sum of $5 was inclosed for her father.

PITIFUL DEATH SCENE.

Public indignation at this act of brutality, it is believed, will do more to cause the full limit of punishment to be meted out to the guilty persons than the acts that led to the girl's death themselves.

Nothing more pitiful could possibly be conceived of than the death scene of that little girl among heartless strangers. Crawford and Howard, under the remorseless probe of the detectives in New York, have told of the girl's dying moment.

Just before the end came—and the young dancer realized her condition—the woman nurse embraced her and lifted her head upon the pillow of the cot. The life was quickly going in fluttering breaths. In a last whisper, in tones that trembled with fear as the shadow of death fell, the girl cried:

"Oh, my mother! I am a Catholic. Pray for me!"

THEN FELL BACK LIFELESS.

Then she fell back dead. The nurse placed the head with its wealth of dark brown hair back on the pillow. Dr. McLeod was in the room, it is said, at the last moment.

The chalk-like features of William Howard took on an added ghastliness, and the mask-like face of Crawford showed some indications of humanity when they were questioned about that most pitiful death bed scene. The stories of both were taken separately, that of Howard in a tone of voice which faltered, and broke when he told it, while that of Crawford showed a studied attempt to control his feelings.

Neither Crawford nor Howard would admit having been actually present at the deathbed of the girl, and there is some reason to think they were not there, but they got all the details from Dr. McLeod and from the nurse, whose name is not yet obtainable, and they say that as the end drew on the poor girl prayed to her Savior and to the saints for help, and babbled of her mother, from whom her wrong-doing had separated her.

Nathan, it is declared, says his sweetheart a day or two before she died. He realized her danger. The scene was a heart-rending one.

HELD IN $20,000 BAIL.

Arraigned in the Municipal Court to-day, charged with complicity in the death, and the dismemberment of the girl's body, Dr. Percy McLeod, a prominent young surgeon of the Back Bay section of Boston, was held in $20,000 bail. Being unable to furnish a bond for this amount the doctor was locked up in the Tombs.

The capture of McLeod followed the arrests in New York of Crawford and Lewis, the two men who purchased the dress suit cases and disposed of the body of the girl, and also the taking into custody of Morris Nathan, the sweetheart of the pretty dancer who met with such an awful fate.

As Dr. McLeod was brought into the

Continued on Page 2, Column 3.

Photographed by Boston American Staff Photographer.

POLICE BOAT WATCHMAN, WITH CREW, GRAPPLING IN PATH OF FERRYBOAT FOR SATCHEL CONTAINING HEAD OF SUSAN GEARY.

SAY APPROVAL OF GUILD BY LABOR A TRICK

Fall River Leaders Declare Letter of Thanks Was Not for Campaign.

A political sensation was caused to-day by the declaration of several Fall River labor leaders that they had been tricked into giving their official indorsement, as labor leaders, to the candidacy of Lieuten ant-Governor Curtis Guild for Governor.

They say that a simple letter of appreciation they signed as personal individuals, thanking Guild for forwarding child labor legislation, has been circulated as a campaign document, signed with their names AND THEIR OFFICIAL LABOR TITLES. This, they indignantly declare, puts them in the false position of indorsing the Guild campaign as labor officials. Nine of the signers of the letter, three of whom are Republicans at that, are condemning the matter strongly.

Securing Signatures.

The entire episode will undoubtedly be brought up for discussion and action at to-morrow's session in Fall River of the Executive Council of the State Branch, A. F. L.

The men who signed the letter are looking for a former Fall River labor union leader, named James Preston, at whose solicitation, they say, they signed the innocent-looking letter of thanks. The story in brief is this:

About two weeks ago Preston appeared in Fall River and asked twelve prominent men, nine of them labor leaders of great influence, to put their names—just their personal and not their official names—to this innocent letter of thanks:

Fall River, Oct. 20, 1905.

To General Curtis Guild, Jr., Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir—We wish to thank you for securing a plank against child labor in the Republican platform and for your years of work against child labor all over the country, which is at last bearing fruit in better labor laws in States where child labor still competes against adult labor of Massachusetts.

Those Who Signed.

Those who signed the letter were John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America; James Tansey, first vice-president of that organization; Joseph G. Jackson, former vice-president State Branch, A. F. of L.; Albert Hibbert,

Continued on Page 8, Column 5.

$20,000 FIRE IN BROCKTON; 2 FIREMEN HURT

Early Morning Blaze Guts Business Block, Store and Lodge Rooms.

BROCKTON, Nov. 4.—Fire completely gutted the upper story of Clark's block early to-day, entailing an estimated loss to occupants in the first, second and third stories of $20,000. The heaviest loser is the B. E. Jones Company, dry goods merchants, whose loss will be entirely by water and is roughly estimated at $10,000.

The blaze started in a waste barrel in the cloak room in the Eagle Lodge room and social hall, and was discovered shortly after 2 o'clock by two young men returning from a dancing party, who hurriedly pulled in an alarm.

The roof is practically gone, the upper floor, which includes the Eagle's lodge and clubrooms, a social hall and the Foresters of America Hall, with social rooms and paraphernalia and furnishings, are a total loss, save the charters and valuable papers stored in trunks which the flames did not reach.

A pouring rain undoubtedly spared the city one of the heaviest fire losses since the Grover holocaust.

Two firemen were injured, one having his foot badly injured by a hose wagon running over it, and the other his hands badly cut while breaking glass to get water on the flames.

Czar's Troops Are Driven Back by Patriots

FINLAND IN REVOLT

Kishineff Reported Destroyed by Fire; Jew Massacres Continue.

Special Cable to Boston American.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—Dispatches from Finland indicate the growth of the revolutionary movement against Russia.

Reuter's has telegrams to the effect that a company of Russian infantry which was marching on Helsingfors was forced to retire by the Finnish national guard without an engagement.

Military officers at Kotka, Viborg, Fredrikshamn, Loviza and Borga have pledged themselves to assist in defence of the Fatherland. All the towns named are in Finland, Viborg, of 12,000 inhabitants, being only seventy-four miles from St. Petersburg.

Three Russian battleships, a cruiser and 10,000 troops have arrived at Helsingfors and are anchored in the harbor.

The general strike continues. The situation is threatening on account of the attitude of the Socialists. There is no light and no communication by railroad or telegraph with the interior. A single wire is working intermittently to St. Petersburg.

The Daily Mail's Odessa correspondent gives an unconfirmed report that Kishineff has been absolutely destroyed by fire.

The Daily Telegraph's correspondent reports that Kishineff is in flames.

Three suburbs of Odessa—Peressyp, Zanava and Moldavanka—have been completely devastated.

The Kieff correspondent of the Daily

Continued on Page 3, Column 6.

LEXOW INVESTIGATION OF FENWAY SCANDAL

There is to be a "Lexow" investigation for Fenway contractors.

Special Attorney Asa P. French and Acting Mayor Daniel P. Whelton talked for an hour on the scandal and what shall be done to drag the truth to light, and the lawyer especially engaged to find out if the city has been robbed of an immense sum, as the Good Government Association and many citizens believe, has agreed to give his entire time to probing affair facts. A special suite of offices will be hired by the city for Attorney French and his assistants.

All city department records which have any bearing on Fenway contracts will be searched. Attorney French has told the Acting Mayor what he wants looked up. He has submitted a list of questions which heads of city departments must answer.

There is great anxiety and excitement at City Hall. All are wondering which prominent officials and politicians are likely to be dragged into what promises to be the most sensational investigation ever known in Boston.

The conference between acting Mayor Whelton and Attorney French, who is district attorney of Norfolk county, and one of the ablest and most relentless prosecutors in the country, took place in the Mayor's office in City Hall to-day and lasted an hour.

The whole case as it now stands was gone over by the chief magistrate of Boston and the eminent lawyer. It was discussed in all bearings. It was determined to go to the bottom of the scandal caused by the charges that the city has been victimized hundreds of thousands of dollars.

When the conference was over, Acting Mayor Whelton said:

"Work has now begun in earnest. Mr. French will devote his entire time to the matter and has outlined to me the lines he intends to pursue to find out the whole truth. He left with me certain questions asking for information from city departments.

FIRST FULL STORY OF HOW PRETTY SUSAN GEARY WAS KILLED

"I am a Catholic, Pray for Me," She Gasped With Her Last Breath—Crawford Tells How Body Was Dismembered and Put in Suit Cases.

Pitiful is the story of the death of pretty Susan Agnes Geary, the Cambridge dancing girl, whose dismembered body was found in Boston Harbor. It is now told for the first time in all its sadness. The BOSTON AMERICAN is able to publish to-day the complete details of the confession made the Boston police by Louis W. Crawford, manager of the "Dr." Jane E. Bishop Medical Corporation, whose offices at No. 178A Tremont street have more than once attracted police attention, and by William Howard, arrested with Crawford as a companion in crime.

The story is complete. Its first chapter begins with the call of Morris Nathan, the girl's sweetheart, at the office of the Bishop Company. Its most pitiful heights are reached when the young girl, dying away from her relatives and friends, murmured, with her last conscious breath, "I am a Catholic; pray for me." Its climax is the disposal of the body in three suit cases, under the waters of Boston Harbor. Its culmination is the arrest of those whose illegal acts brought about the death.

It is a tale that will make fathers and mothers and sons and daughters think.

This is Crawford's story:

"Morris Nathan came to our offices a few days before September 10 and inquired what would be the cost of an operation on Miss Susan Geary. We inquired the nature of the operation and Nathan was told that it would cost $25.

"With that the young man left the office. I suppose he went to Miss Geary and told her. Anyway the two came to the office September 11. They were met by our woman attendant. She arranged for the operation.

Nathan Present During Operation.

"Nathan stayed in the room while Miss Geary was operated on. Howard assisted the operating physician, with one of our female attendants. It was impossible for anyone to see who the operator was, or how it was done, because a curtain shut off the view of the girl from those who were operating.

"Nathan saw the girl after the operation and was told that everything had been successful. So it seemed, then. Miss Geary was taken to one of our private hospitals at No. 68 Winthrop street, Roxbury, where she was put under the care of the woman running the place for us. She didn't get along well there. Something had gone wrong, and we could see that the girl was dying.

"Young Nathan had called at the office a couple of times after the girl was taken away and inquired how she was getting along. He was told that she was getting along very well. What was the use in telling him the truth? He pleaded so hard to be allowed to see the girl that we arranged to have him visit her at the hospital on Winthrop street.

Nathan and Girl Collapsed.

"They had a very affecting meeting. The girl broke down and cried and young Nathan collapsed, too. I guess she felt then that it was all up with her.

"Anyway, on September 18 the nurse at the hospital told her that she would get well. She was in pretty bad shape, though. The nurse at the house had seen that peritonitis had set in and we wanted to save her. I am not a physician, and Howard isn't. We didn't know just what to do, so we called in Dr. Percy C. McLeod of No. 187 Huntington avenue.

"McLeod performed a second operation, in the hope of saving her life. It was a very delicate thing and it went wrong. At midnight, September 18, the nurse and the doctor saw that the girl would never leave the house alive.

"The nurse told her that she would get well. But to allay any suspicions of her family or friends it was thought best to have her write a letter to her mother. They propped the girl up in bed and put a pencil in her hand. Then the nurse dictated a letter. That was the letter in which she said she was very discouraged and asked her mother not to write to her.

Howard Took Letter to Salem.

"Howard took the letter to Salem, where "The Shepherd King" was playing on the night of September 19, and mailed it to Mrs. Geary. You see we thought that in that way the mother would think that she was with "The Shepherd King" company, and was just sick or discouraged over something.

"At 3 o'clock on the morning of September 19 the girl died. Dr. McLeod and the nurse were with her. Just before the end came the nurse lifted the girl to a sitting posture and propped her with pillows. She realized that the end was coming, I guess, for she struggled a minute or two and then gasped out:

"'O, my mother! I am a Catholic. Pray for me.'

"The nurse let her fall back to the cot, and in another minute she was dead.

"Dr. McLeod didn't dare issue a death certificate for the case, for that would get the whole Bishop office in the toils. He had done all he could to save the girl's life, and now that she was dead he had to get rid of the body, for the safety of the office and himself.

Body Warm When Dismembered.

"Accordingly, he talked the matter over with the nurse and decided on dismemberment. Before the body was cold the dismemberment had been done. Dr. McLeod had a consultation with myself and Howard, and told us his scheme.

"He said the girl's handbag would be best to use for the head, and suggested that two large suit cases would be just right to contain the legs and arms and torso.

"I went that day to the pawnshop of Berkman on Pleasant street and bought a suit case. He didn't have another case large enough, so I went across the street to Rubin's place and bought another case. I also went to Sanders's hardware store on Eliot street and bought fifteen pounds of bird shot, which was used to sink the head.

"Dr. McLeod had taken the stomach and intestines from the body and burned them in the furnace of the house. He calculated that without them the body would sink. He thought the weight of the arms and legs would be enough to keep the suit case in which they were placed under water.

"I met Howard after I had bought the shot and suit cases. We went immediately to No. 68 Winthrop street, where Dr. McLeod was waiting for us. He and I packed the body in the suit cases and put the head in the girl's handbag. The clothing had been taken out and burned. The torso was placed in the suit case I bought from Berkman and the legs and arms in the suit case from Rubin's.

"When this had been done we carried the bags to the office on Tremont sree. Then I had another consultation with Dr. McLeod. It was about how to get rid of the three suit cases. Dr. McLeod said that to avoid suspicion and easily dispose of them it would be well for us to take them on the Portland boat, and when well out to sea to drop them overboard. They would then be gone forever.

Doctor Thought Torso Would Sink.

"But, after talking it over, it was not thought necessary to go to all that bother. The doctor thought that with the stomach and intestines removed the torso would sink to the bottom of the harbor. The arms and legs would sink of their own weight, and there would be no question of the sinking of the head, with fifteen pounds of shot in the bag.

"We at last decided to throw them from a ferryboat. Here Howard said that he would have to have $100 to do his share of the work. He was 'on his uppers.' I agreed, and at 8 o'clock he came back.

"We then went out and visited all the barrooms near the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets. We drank a good deal of whiskey to strengthen our nerves. We got the suit case with the legs and arms and the bag with the head and went to the East Boston Ferry. We intended to throw the suit cases overboard on the trip to East Boston, but there were so many people aboard that we didn't dare risk it.

"We boarded a car that took us to Orient Heights, and got off there. We talked the matter over and decided that the best thing to do was to throw the dress suit case and the bag from the ferry on the return trip. We took a trolley to the North Ferry. There was no boat in the slip when we got there, and we had to wait some few minutes. When it came in there were few people on it, and very few boarded it to cross the harbor.

Threw Satchel with Head Overboard.

"Howard and myself went on the men's side. When the boat had been out about two minutes I picked up the satchel with the girl's head in it and threw it over the side. It sank like lead. I then held the suit case with the arms and legs on the rail, and when not far from the Boston side I let it slip gently from my hand. I heard it splash and knew that it sunk.

"We left the ferry and returned to the office on Tremont street. There we got the other suit case, with the girl's body. It was very heavy. I couldn't carry it alone, so I got Howard to take one end and I the other. We carried it to the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, where I hailed a cabby.

"The cabman was Timothy J. Howard. I told him to drive us to the Chelsea ferry. He jumped down from the box and wanted to help us with the suit case, but I insisted him back and said we would attend to it ourselves. A little after 10 o'clock we got to the slip.

"There were not many persons on the boat, and what there were were in the cabin reading. Howard and I stayed on the after deck, and when no one was looking I picked up the suit case with the torso and threw it over the side. Like the other it sank and bubbling, it went down to the bottom.

"We returned to Boston on the same boat. The next day Howard came around to the house and asked for his $100. I stood him off for $60. That was all I could spare.

TORSO FOUND; TWO MEN LEAVE BOSTON.

"The next day Howard came into the office and said that the newspapers had extras out with the story of finding the dress suit case with the body in it. He said he guessed he had better jump town. I agreed that I had better, too. I gave him $30 more, and we agreed to meet in Providence. We met there and went on to New York.

"We roomed together for a while, until I got work with Al Davis as advance man for the Keith Burlesque Company.

"One little thing about Nathan. He came to the hospital after the girl's body had been cut up, and was told that she was all right.

Photographed by Boston American Staff Photographer.

HOUSE OF MRS. DEAN AT NO. 68 WINTHROP ST., ROXBURY, IN WHICH SUSAN GEARY DIED IN ROOM INDICATED BY CROSS.

FORCED DYING GIRL TO WRITE LETTER

Continued from First Page.

courtroom from the Tombs and stepped to the railing of the dock, nearly every person in the crowded room rose to his feet to catch a glimpse of the physicist. The court official called out, "Sit down, every one!"

Dr. McLeod was dressed in a black suit and a dark lightweight overcoat. He had a turndown collar, through which was neatly tied a black and white four-in-hand tie. His hair showed that he had taken time in performing his toilet before coming into court.

FACE EXPRESSIONLESS.

As he stepped to the railing he placed his right arm on the top of the rail. He looked neither to the right or left. His eyes were constantly on the clerk, who informed him of the bail required in the bunco case. There was no expression of fear. His only movement was a nod of the head as the clerk finished reading the amount of bail and a slightly nervous tapping of his fingers on the railing. McLeod was in court hardly thirty seconds, as the attorneys had waived reading the charge. He is a good looking young man. He is dark and clean shaven. He wears eye glasses. His head is somewhat bald and his hair was parted in the middle.

WARRANT FOR MRS. DEAN.

Captain Joseph E. Dugan to-day applied for and was granted a warrant for Mrs. Dean, charging her with having treated the girl illegally. Captain Dugan refused to reveal Mrs. Dean's christian name. The warrant was granted by Judge Burke in the first session of the Municipal Court, whence she and her sister or daughter, a girl eighteen or nineteen years old, disappeared on Nov. 1, leaving their furniture.

FOUND IN NEW YORK.

Dr. Alfred Berle is also sought. He is said to have left Boston for New York on September 21, and to have been taken to the Flower Hospital soon after, suffering from the overdose of a drug. He was discharged from there as cured and when found, a little later, by a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter, at No. 131 Third avenue, said: "I was not in Boston when the girl's death occurred. I came to New York in August and have been here ever since. I know nothing whatever about this affair.

"Three more people are wanted, namely the attendant at the place of Mrs. "Dr." Bishop with whom Morris Nathan made his arrangements; the nurse who was with Miss Geary when she was first operated upon at the Tremont street place, and the nurse who was with her when she died at the Winthrop street house.

"The arrest of Dr. McLeod was the latest and most sensational and startling development in the case since the discovery of the suit cases and the identification of the body. As soon as Chief Watts had heard the two confessions in New York and found that the stories agreed in every particular implicating the physician, he called up Captain Dugan by long distance telephone and ordered the arrest of Dr. McLeod.

Captain Dugan and Inspector Mellarr went to the doctor's house, and when he came from making a professional call informed him of his arrest. He made no comment whatever. He has retained no counsel. Attorney Charles H. Innes, who was one of the counsel for Chester L. Tucker in the recent famous murder trial, will probably be asked to defend him.

DOUGLAS SEES ASYLUM.

NORTHAMPTON, Nov. 4.—William I. Douglas and members of the executive council inspected the State Insane Hospital here. A visit also was made at the Clarke School for the Deaf.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

LABOR MEN ARE ANGRY

Continued from First Page.

treasurer D. T. W. A.; Thomas Taylor, secretary Loomfixers' Association; Thomas O'Donnell, boomfixers' national treasurer; William Granton, Lockwell McGough, president Fall River Mule Spinners' Association; John S. Gardner, president Fall River Mule Spinners' Association; John S. Gardner, president Fall River Mule Spinners' Association; James Haviean, ex-president Fall River Painters and Decorators' Union; Henry Joynt and William Acton, treasurer Fall River C. L. U.

But it was understood that they signed as private citizens and that the letter was not to be used for political purposes. A little later the letter was printed in about every newspaper in the State under the captain's

LABOR LEADERS INDORSE GUILD.

BOSTON STOCKS.

	Opening.	Close.
Adventure	8	8½
Allouez	42¾	42¾
Amalgamated	83¾	82¾
American Telephone	136¾	136¾
American Zinc, Lead & Smelting pref.	29½	29½
American Woolen	29¾	29¾
American Woolen pref.	104¾	104¾
Arcadian	20	20
Atlantic	23¾	23¾
Bingham	34¾	33¾
Boston Con.	17¾	16¾
Boston & Maine	175½	175½
Centennial	20¾	20¾
Copper Range	73¾	73¾
Dominion	34¾	34¾
Granby	90	90
Isle Royale Cons.	29¾	29¾
Mass.	3	3
Michigan	16	15¾
Montana Coal		1
North Butte	58¾	60
Osceola	110	110
Santa Fe	27	27¾
Shannon	7¾	7¾
Tecumseh	13¾	13¾
United Copper	33¾	33¾
United States Steel	43¾	43¾
United States Steel pref.	103¾	103¾
United Fruit	107¾	107¾
Union Pacific	133¾	132
Utah	47¾	47¾
Winona	10	10

NEW YORK STOCKS.

	Opening.	Close.
Amal. Copper	83¾	82¾
Am. Car & Foundry	40¾	40¾
Amer. Locomotive	38¾	38¾
Amer. Smelting	141	139¾
Baltimore & Ohio	112¾	111¾
Brooklyn Transit	71	70
Canadian Pacific	174¾	174¾
Chesapeake & Ohio	53¾	53¾
Chicago, Great West.	23¾	21¾
Colo. Fuel & Iron	45	44¾
Colorado Southern	30¾	29¾
Metropolitan	122¾	121¾
Mexican Central	24	24

Notice to Readers of 'The Mystery of Cell 13'

Next week's mystery story is entitled

"The Ralston Bank Burglary."

It is one of the most fascinating and most baffling mysteries solved by "THE THINKING MACHINE."

Thousands of letters attempting to solve "The Mystery of Cell 13" are being received to-day. So great is the interest in this story that if you want to be sure of reading the complete solution in the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN to-morrow you'd better

Order Your Copy of the Sunday American To-day.

The supply may be exhausted if you delay till to-morrow.

Winners of this week's prizes will be announced as soon as the judges have had sufficient time in which to go through all of the letters and arrive at a decision.

FINLAND IN ARMS AGAINST RUSSIA

Continued from First Page.

Mail says mobs stopped everybody and compelled all to prove they were not Jews before permitting them to go on. Women's dresses were torn open to discover if they were wearing crosses.

An Odessa dispatch to the Standard says:

Students in Women's Clothes.

"Collisions between armed troops continued until late at night. To-day's casualties are believed to number about 500. I saw a student and a girl driving in a droshy, the girl wearing a red cross armlet. Six Cossacks were quietly passing, when suddenly the girl fired, wounding one of them in the leg. The Cossacks replied, shooting the student dead. The girl attempted to flee, but was shot, and as she fell it could be seen that the feminine dress masked a student."

It is now officially calculated that at least 3,000 Jews have been killed and 10,000 seriously wounded in the leading city provincial towns in the last twenty-four hours, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Mail telegraphs. He adds that a plot to massacre the Jews of St. Petersburg has been discovered.

In Theodosia a number of Jews and others were burned to death. Rioting and anti-Jewish outrages occurred at Saratoff, where many shops were plundered. A bomb was thrown in a conflict between rioters and soldiers and several were killed or wounded.

The Kieff correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company says:

"The Jewish quarter has been given over to plunder, rapine and murder ever since the Emperor announced the granting of a constitution. At seven o'clock in the evening an organized attack on the Jewish quarter began on the pretext that during the week a portrait of the Emperor had been insulted in the town hall. The lower quarter of the town, Podol, was sacked. Thousands of families have been ruined and the Theatre of Anatomy is filled with corpses.

CAPTAIN DIES ON EVE OF VOYAGE

On the eve of his departure for Buenos Ayres Captain Arthur F. Nelson of the bark Nellie Troop, which has just finished loading with lumber at the Myrtle wharves, Charlestown, died suddenly at the home of C. W. F. Rasmus, No. 23 Princeton street, East Boston. Captain Nelson had been in the best of health until a very few hours before his death.

GRAND REPUBLICAN RALLY

Saturday Evening, Nov. 4
8 P. M.
TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON

SPEAKERS:

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge
Hon. Eben S. Draper
Candidate for Lieutenant-Governor
Hon. Herbert Parker
Attorney General
Hon. John L. Bates
Will Preside

MUSIC: CARTER'S BAND

First Balcony Reserved until 7.55 o'clock for Ladies and their Escorts

ALL ARE WELCOME.

"Carpet Close-Outs"

We are making a clean-up in our Carpet Department. In order to have a clean stock as the season ends, we shall quote special prices on certain goods. We assure you that great values may be obtained at this sale. For instance:

	Regular Per Yard.	Now Per Yard.
Brussels Carpets	$1.35	$1.10
Tapestry Carpets, 10 Wire	$1.00	85c
Brussels Rugs, 9x12	$25 to $30	$22 to $27
Wilton Rugs, 9x12	$35 to $40	$29 to $35

OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH US

A. McARTHUR CO.
FURNITURE, CARPETS, RUGS,
16-26 CORNHILL (2 Doors from Washington St.)

RED HOT HANDS

Burning, itching, cracked, and bleeding with Eczema, are instantly relieved and speedily cured by soaking them in hot water and CUTICURA SOAP, and bandaging with CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Lloyd's Eyeglasses and Spectacles

We do our own work in our own shops, under our own superintendence. None of our work is sent out or sublet. It is all of the best quality at prices all can afford to pay.

Andrew J. Lloyd & Co.
2 Stores { Down Town, 328 Washington St / Back Bay, 310 Boylston St.

Perpetual Summer! Permanent Prosperity!

Southern California Offers You Both....

If you are an investor, it will multiply your money.

If you are a worker, it will increase your wages and decrease your living expenses.

Think it over when you pay your coal bill, and then send ten cents to the

Examiner, Los Angeles, California

for the ANNIVERSARY EDITION, published December 17. It tells of sunshine not of furnace.

Parke's genuine Dublin bottled Guinness Stout.

WHERE SHE DIED, BODY WAS CUT UP AND THROWN INTO HARBOR

POLICE STORY OF THE FULL CONFESSION

Superintendent William H. Pierce, of the Boston police, has issued a statement giving the facts to which Crawford and Howard have confessed. It is: "A statement was made to Captain Stephen O'Brien, chief of detectives of the city of New York, to Inspector William B. Watts and myself, by Louis W. Crawford and William E. Howard in relation to what part they took in the dress suit case mystery relative to the death of Susanan Geary, of Cambridge, Mass., otherwise known as Ethel Durrell.

"Crawford's statement is that he took the dismembered parts of the body of the Geary girl, in company with William E. Howard, taking an elevated train and riding to the Revere Beach & Lynn railroad, there taking the boat to East Boston, and from there to Orient Heights, from Orient Heights to the North ferry, going aboard the ferryboat. After the boat had started, and when about two minutes' sail from the slip, the bag containing the head was dropped overboard. In this bag was fifteen pounds of lead shot, bought in a hardware store in Boston.

"When about half way across to Boston the dress suit containing the limbs of the body was dropped overboard. Then they returned to No. 178 Tremont street, employed Timothy J. Howard's cab, and were driven to the Chelsea ferry. While crossing the ferry from Boston to Chelsea the suit case containing the torso was dropped overboard. From Chelsea, through East Boston tunnel to Boston, both Crawford and Howard returned to their home. This was on September 10, between the hours of 8 and 11 p. m. From information received we have caused the arrest of Dr. Percy D. McLeod of Huntington avenue, and are satisfied that he cut the body up and placed it in the three suit cases with instructions to Crawford and Howard to take them and drop them into the waters of Boston harbor.

"Dr. McLeod also made out a certificate of the condition of Susan Geary, stating that she had some stomach trouble. That certificate was mailed by some person from Salem, Mass., to the mother, in Cambridge, of Susan Geary, to cover up the letter to the mother of the girl that she was simply sick.

"Louis W. Crawford and William E. Howard, the parties who disposed of the remains of the body of Susan Geary, have made a full and complete confession to Captain Stephen O'Brien, Chief Inspector Watts and myself."

MRS. "DR." BISHOP, HER HOME, HER OFFICES, NAME ON DOOR, AND ADDRESS IN SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

The picture shows the office of the Bishop concern on Tremont street and the residence of Mrs. Bishop at Newtonville, where she lived in an atmosphere of social prominence, and was known as a devout church woman. The cross indicates the inner room at the Tremont street den, where the body of Miss Geary, cut up and packed in suit cases, was placed, prior to being thrown in to Crawford and Howard into the harbor.

Name on Door at "Dr." Bishop Offices.

MRS. JANE E. BISHOP.

CALLERS TOLD MRS. BISHOP SEES NO ONE

In her handsome residence at No. 500 Crafts street, Newton, adjoining the links of the Albemarle Golf Club, Mrs. Dr. Jane E. Bishop is keeping herself out of sight. The reason is not stated to her callers. They are merely informed:

"Mrs. Bishop cannot see anybody."

To the inquiry whether or not she is ill or prostrated by the news of the arrest of her son-in-law, Louis W. Crawford, for alleged complicity in the death of Susie Geary, the same reply is given.

There is an air of mystery about the Bishop house. A large two-story brown oblong structure, with a mansard roof, setting back a hundred feet from the street, with driveways leading up to the stoop, it might at first glance be taken for a hotel. Several large bay windows indicate residence. Except for a few trees and bushes, the spacious lawns surrounding it are bare. Some distance in the rear, on the extreme end of the two acres of land, is a barn or stable of attractive appearance with a smaller structure a short distance from it.

There is a quiet air about the whole place, heightened by the great barrenness of the stark limbs and branches of the few trees.

In the midst of the fashionable and clean looking residences within sight, the Bishop house attracts the passer-by, and, evidently on account of the reports of Crawford's arrest, it was stared at by every body who passed it, in the electric cars, in carriages or automobiles.

ORNATELY FURNISHED.

With the exception of a young man who rode a bicycle and the BOSTON AMERICAN reporter, nobody entered or left it during the early hours. This messenger made two trips in the direction of Waltham, where is located the home of May Tomlen, whose name was on an envelope found in Crawford's pocket.

When the BOSTON AMERICAN reporter presented himself, he was invited into the parlor by a neatly dressed young girl, evidently a servant. She took a message upstairs to Mrs. Bishop, and returned to say that the latter would deny herself to all callers. While she was out of the room an opportunity was afforded to study the interior.

Large mirrors, no less than four of them, reaching from floor to ceiling, are the first things to attract the visitor's eye. In their ornate and gilded frames they reflect the prevailing surroundings.

The decorations and general appearance of things in the parlor indicate the expenditure of plenty of money without regarding any special taste. Display is the object apparently aimed at, and it is achieved.

On the floor is a large, heavy Persian rug. In a corner is a handsome mahogany grand piano. Upon the carved mantel are vases and ornaments of bright colors. That side of the wall is covered with water colors and oil paintings in gilt frames. A heavy table in the center of the room bears a large portfolio, bound in pearl gray. Two large couches with gilded frames and upholstered in satin, a number of large chairs, a few more gilt framed pictures and the glaring mirrors complete the furnishings. Conspicuously displayed is a painting of Mrs. Dr. Bishop. The furnishings of the reception room are more modest.

WOULD SEE NO ONE.

The interior of the house did not present the quiet aspect of the outside. At the top of the stairs a glimpse could be had of servants moving about, and there was a general air of activity, such as might be seen in a hotel or similar place in the morning hours.

A good looking woman, wearing a waist cut low in front, came down the stairs as the BOSTON AMERICAN reporter was leaving. When asked if Mrs. Bishop might be seen, she said:

"She will not change her mind. We do not wish to be discourteous. No, I am not a member of the family, and I have no authority here, but Mrs. Bishop has strongly stated that she will have no callers."

The neighbors refuse to discuss Mrs. Bishop or the Bishop house. Several approached refused to say a word. One woman denied that Mrs. Bishop was known as an "ardent churchwoman," as reported. Here is her description of the mistress of the Bishop house:

"Mrs. Bishop is very fleshy. I should not be surprised if she weighed close to 300 pounds. But she is not tall. She does is also stout and inclined to be florid. She dresses richly and stylishly, but I should hardly say that she displays any particular taste. I should say she was close to sixty years of age. Her face is rather attractive, when she smiles especially."

SUSAN GEARY DIED IN ROXBURY HOUSE

Susan Agnes Geary died at No. 68 Winthrop street, Roxbury; her body was dismembered and packed in suit cases there; was carried to the Dr. Jane E. Bishop office at No. 178A Tremont street, and later thrown into the harbor by Louis W. Crawford and William Howard, now under arrest in connection with the charge of murder for complicity in causing the girl's death.

Captain Dugan and some of his men visited the house at No. 68 Winthrop street, Roxbury, and found some brand new and interesting facts. It was ascertained that this face for a time was used as a lying-in hospital in connection with the Dr. Bishop offices.

On July 1 the house was let to a tall, thin woman about forty years of age, who gave her name as Mrs. Dean. The rental was made through the office of Seaver & Frost of Warren street, Roxbury. When she moved into the house she was accompanied by a young woman, thought to have been the woman's sister or her daughter, who was supposed to have been an attendant at the Roxbury High School.

Neighbors Suspicious.

From the start the neighbors were suspicious of Mrs. Dean. While her furniture was of good quality, there seemed to be too large a number of cot beds for a family of two. Very few people were seen going in or out of the place during the day time. Once in a while two men, whose description they could not give, were seen to enter the house at night.

Mrs. Dean and daughter lived at the house until October 15, when they took possession of an apartment in the block at No. 13 Munroe street. They lived with 1 of the janitor, John Green, and stayed there until November 1, the day Morris Nathan arrived here from New York. They then left the place, not stopping to take their furniture, which is still at the place.

Girl Died Here Sept. 19.

Winthrop street people say they know very little about what went on in the house at No. 68 during the week of September 17. The house, which is at the corner of Fairland street, is somewhat isolated and it is not easy to view it.

Yet the police have every reason for the belief that it was here that Susan Geary's body was cut up September 19, a few hours after she had died.

The police think that when the girl was moved from the Tremont street office, where the primary operation was performed, she was on the road to recovery, but that either through carelessness of herself or her attendants peritonitis set in and her condition became exceedingly grave.

It was then that Dr. McLeod was called in. He performed a second operation in the hope of saving the girl's life, but the operation failed. Then he dismembered the body. The rest of the story is well known to all who have read the case. The body was put in the dress suit cases, carried from the house to the office on Tremont street, from whence it was thrown into the harbor.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The Best Whiskey Taken at meal-time is a good substitute for Sanford's Ginger; always healthful. Look for the owl.

WOMEN CONDUCT DR. BISHOP OFFICE ON TREMONT STREET

William Holden, the janitor of the Kaklerbocker Building, No. 178A Tremont street, where the Dr. Jane E. Bishop offices are, and where Susan Geary is supposed to have met her death, says that a woman usually opens and closes the offices, leaving. When asked if Mrs. Bishop might be seen, she said:

"She will not change her mind. We do not wish to be discourteous. No, I am not a member of the family, and I have no authority here, but Mrs. Bishop has strongly stated that she will have no callers."

The neighbors refuse to discuss Mrs. Bishop or the Bishop house. Several approached refused to say a word. One woman denied that Mrs. Bishop was known as an "ardent churchwoman," as reported. Here is her description of the mistress of the Bishop house:

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DR. McLEOD BACK BAY PHYSICIAN OF LARGE PRACTICE

The most startling development in the clearing up of the suit case mystery since the discovery of the two suit cases and the identification of the body as that of Susan Agnes Geary, was the arrest, as the fourth person implicated in the gruesome crime, of Dr. Percy DeMille McLeod, No. 187 Huntington avenue, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, a skilled surgeon, a specialist of national reputation, and a practising Back Bay physician of eminent & reputable standing.

Dr. McLeod was placed under arrest by Captain Dugan and Inspector Medairy, on information furnished by Chief Watts over the long-distance telephone after the confession of Louis W. Crawford in New York. The two officers went to the doctor's office on Huntington avenue and waited until his return from a professional call. Dr. McLeod expressed no surprise when informed that he was under arrest, but sent word to his wife, who was in another room, that he would be back shortly, and accompanied the officers to Pemberton square.

Dr. McLeod was born and reared in the South End, was educated in the Boston schools, a year at Tech, and then went through the Harvard Medical School, entering the City Hospital in 1894. He opened an office in Tremont street, near Concord square, two years later, and married a New York girl in 1899, when he moved to No. 208 Huntington avenue and after a few months moved to No. 203 on the same street, and lived there two years. Since then, for the last three years, his office has been at No. 187 Huntington avenue, where he was arrested.

CRAWFORD NOT AT REMEDY CO. OFFICES FOR FIVE MONTHS

Louis W. Crawford, now under arrest in New York, was the main promoter of the "Dr. James Remedy Company," which has a large room for "laboratory" purposes on the fourth floor of the building at No. 434 Harrison avenue. The label on the company's letter box says:

Dr. James Remedy Company, Incorporated. Business office and laboratory, 434 Harrison avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

Louis W. Crawford. John C. Dewar.

The building is a four-story structure, and is owned by J. H. McafFerty, who has his brass foundry on the first floor. The second and third floors are occupied by small tailors, all recently moved in.

The superintendent of the building said to-day that one year ago two men, representing themselves to be Crawford and Dewar, rented the top floor of the building for the use of the remedy company. They moved in a small quantity of furniture, which the superintendent has not seen since.

The company received much mail and few visitors. Crawford and Dewar were in their office but an hour or so each day. Neighbors saw little of them. The owner of the building believed that they ran some sort of a "quack" medical concern. The rent paid their bills promptly until five months ago. Since that time neither has been on the premises. The door has not been unlocked, as the men carry the only keys in their pockets.

The superintendent and owner of the building can neither describe the two men who rented the room from them, except to say that both were smooth shaven and fairly young men.

McLEOD'S MOTHER SAYS THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE

Relatives of Dr. Percy De Mille McLeod at first refused to believe the news of his arrest. A BOSTON AMERICAN reporter who saw his mother, Mrs. Rebecca McLeod, at her home, No. 69 Hemenway avenue, Dorchester, last evening, was assured that there must be some mistake. "Step inside and let me here about this frightful thing," said the strong-faced, resolute mother of the arrested physician. "I cannot believe that what you say concerning my son is true."

"Unfortunately it is."

"What has happened to him?" demanded the matter sternly.

"He has been arrested in connection with the dress suit case tragedy."

"Oh, I suppose that must be it," moaned Mrs. McLeod. "But he is not of the sort. It was not my son who did that. It is not my son who is arrested. I will not believe it." She said almost fiercely: "Do not tell me that. I have friends here and I do not want anybody to hear it. Is there anything more that you really know about it?"

Mrs. McLeod met the news with exhibition of resolution, and said that she would look into the matter personally and at once.

The McLeod family formerly lived at No. 702 Tremont street. Six years ago Mrs. Rodney McLeod sold out her holdings there and took up her present residence. The home is elaborately furnished and is in a fashionable neighborhood.

Dr. Percy D. McLeod lived with the family until the removal from Tremont street, when he took up his present residence on Huntington avenue.

Mrs. Bishop's Name in Social Directory

CRAWFORD, HOWARD IDENTIFIED EASILY

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The identification of Louis W. Crawford and William Howard as the men wanted by the police in the suit case mystery was an easy matter for Frankbroker Joseph Herkman and Meyer Rubin, as well as the former's clerk, Meyer Kaufmann, promptly picked Crawford out as the purchaser of the suit cases in which the mutilated remains were found, while Timothy J. Howard, the cabman who drove them to the Chelsea Ferry, did not hesitate in declaring Howard to be one of the men.

Howard was the first taken into the room at police headquarters where the prisoners were located.

"Do you remember me?" he asked Crawford.

The latter nodded affirmatively.

Pushed Cabman Aside.

"You remember when I wanted to put the case into the carriage, you pushed me aside and put it in yourself?"

"That is right," replied Crawford.

"And you gave me two nickels for a tip?" continued the cabman turning to Prisoner Howard, who nodded his head but did not speak.

When Pawnbroker Berkman entered the room, he was greeted by Crawford, who said:

"I know you. You are the man from whom I bought the first suit case."

"Crawford seemed to take things easy," said Berkman afterwards, in relating his experience. Howard stood with his head down and did not appear at all interested.

"Your place is on Pleasant street," continued Crawford. "Let's see, I paid you $4.50 or $5 for the case, didn't I? No, I guess it was $3 I paid for the second case."

"Right you are," replied Berkman.

"There's no need to take my hat off," replied Crawford in response to request of Berkman, who wanted to see if his hair was thin at the part. "I can describe all you believe I did business with."

"Finally," said Kaufman, when he was admitted, extending his hand to Crawford.

"Helped Me With Package."

"I know you," replied Crawford coolly. "You are the fellow who helped me put the packages in the suit cases."

"Yes, I helped you load the shot," replied Kaufmann.

"That's right," answered Crawford.

When Inspector O'Brien went to the door to call Rubin, Crawford said:

"There's no need to call him. I can describe him to you," and he proceeded to do so.

"That's the man," said Rubin when he entered the room.

When the identification was completed Crawford and Howard were taken to the Tombs Police Court and arraigned on the charge of being fugitives from justice in Massachusetts. They were remanded, and probably will not be brought to Boston before the end of the week.

HOWARD KNOWN IN ROXBURY; HE LIVED ON DUDLEY STREET

William E. Howard lived in Roxbury for a number of years and made numerous acquaintances while working at different places as a stationary engineer. He is said to have lived about two years or more ago at the corner of Brook Avenue and Dudley street, where he occupied an apartment, his housekeeper being a Mrs. Austin, whose present whereabouts are unknown. Recently he has lived with his father on Dudley street.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

CALIFORNIA

If you are going to California, Oregon, or Washington save your money and yet get all comforts and advantages by joining a Judson Personally Conducted Tourist Car party. You pass all the way in your own car, no extra low price ticket, a comfortable tourist sleeping car, and, above all, the personal attention of our experienced special conductor. Write to-day to

C. A. ANDERSON, G. E. Agent
Judson Tourist Car Parties,
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ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure.

Arlington Entire Wheat Flour and Meal

Insist that your grocer gives you the above, or send to the mill for it, as a thorough trial will convince you it's the BEST. Warranted Pure Wheat and Entire. FOWLE'S ARLINGTON MILLS, Arlington, Mass.

"Nathan Was Duped But He Is Innocent"

There will be another arrest that will be as startling as that of Dr. McLeod. I can prove that Morris Nathan did not accompany the Durrell girl to Mrs. Bishop's office. By next Thursday we will be able to conduct the hearing which will prove to the world that he is innocent. The boy was duped; but that does not signify that he was connected with the crime.

—*Attorney Henry Sokind, of counsel for Morris Nathan.*

POLICE DRAGGING HARBOR FOR HEAD OF SUIT CASE VICTIM

Grappling for the head of Miss Susan Agnes Geary, the dress suit case crime victim, was resumed to-day near the North and South ferries.

According to Crawford's confession, the head is in the girl's own suit case near the East Boston side of the harbor, in the path of the ferry.

Up to quite little success yesterday. The grapplers were under supervision of Captain —— and mind and grappled from the steamer Watchman and the power boat Ferret. A choice collection of biscuit tins and vegetable cans were obtained, but nothing of any value was found. Once an old leather bag was pulled up, and word went forth that the head had been found, but there was nothing in it, and it was thrown overboard again.

It was at first the intention to work all night with the grappling hooks, but the police boats were right in the paths of the ferryboats, and after dark the work was postponed.

Styles in Melton and Kersey Overcoats

They are nearly straight-hanging, long as is proper, snug up at the collar and easy on the shoulder.

We offer a particularly good variety of these fashionable raw edged Kerseys and Meltons—Oxfords, Blues and Blacks—at

$25

They are very dressy, being made of smooth finished materials, and will be special favorites for gentlemen's winter wear

NOTE—We are style originators and makers, and all garments manufactured by us bear our full name and direction on the etiquette attached to either the collar or inside pocket, as follows:

A. Shuman & Co. Boston

Liquozone Free

Any sick person who has never used Liquozone should write The Liquozone Company, 455-469 Wabash Av., Chicago. They will send you an order on your druggist for a 50-cent bottle free, if you state the disease to be treated. 644.

FRANK K. FOSTER

The Well Known Labor Leader, Says of the Candidate for

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR:—

During the past 25 years, in which time I have been identified with the interests of the labor people in this State, I am pleased to say that the fairest man with whom I have been called upon to deal was

HENRY M. WHITNEY

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN
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NEW ENGLAND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING CO.

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Six months 1.00
Six months ..... .50
Daily and Sunday:
One year $4.00
Six months 2.00
One month ..... .35

GIRL REFUGEE WED AT DOCK

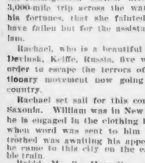
So intense was the joy of nineteen-year-old Rachael Malloch at meeting her sweetheart, William Gordon of New York, at the immigration station after her long 3,000-mile trip across the water to share his fortunes, that she fainted and would have fallen but for the assistance of William.

Rachael, who is a beautiful Jewess, left Berlinsk, Kolfe, Russia, five weeks ago in order to escape the terrors of the revolutionary movement now going on in that country.

Rachael set sail for this country on the Saxonia. William was in New York, where he is engaged in the clothing business, but when word was sent to him that his betrothed was awaiting his appearance here, he came to this city on the earliest possible train.

Rabbi M. S. Margolies married the couple.

CHRONIC DISEASES



I cure where others fail. Cure where specialty fails. Chronic, obstinate diseases in both men and women. Cancers and tumors by my absolute painless knife. No cutting. No blood. Only healing oils and nature's wonderful curative remedies. My own method for the treatment of the blood and nerve diseases. Consultation is free to those who call at my office. Only half the time most other doctors require.

FREE CONSULTATION FREE EXAMINATION

Dr. James M. Solomon

2a Beacon St., Roxbury, Mass.

Office hours 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. Saturdays till 8 Sundays 10 to 2.

REAL ESTATE.

LOOK AT THIS BARGAIN.

NEW HOUSE, not finished, 2 miles out on B. & M. R., near station and electric; 7 rooms, bath, enameled tub, open plumbing, flat tubs, set stationary wash bowls, set range, hot water heat, 2 set grates, cellar cemented, sewer connected, 2 toilets, 2 set sinks, fine location for private school, cost $3,500; will sell for $2,900; $500 cash, balance $25 every 2 months. F. J. STARK, 1435 Old South bldg.

SAVIN HILL—Beautiful, new, up-to-date house, 9 rooms, reception hall, open plumbing, hot linens in two streets, good exposure, fine view, low rate terms. F. J. STARK, 1435 Old South bldg.

ASHMONT BARGAIN—House of 9 rooms, bath, furnace, granolithic walks, set tubs, set sinks, rear electric and steam cars, $3,100, $600 down, balance 2 per cent. F. J. STARK, 1435 Old South bldg.

P. F. LELAND.

$1,200 INCLUDES ALL—Every poultry and vegetable farm; stock, tools, etc.; $1,200, part cash. LELAND, 115 Devonshire st.

NEW BUILDINGS on farm residence, beautiful view, low rate terms on short out 5 acres; buildings cost $1,500; sell for $900. LELAND, 115 Devonshire st.

100 BARRED Plymouth Rock pullets, 2 years, etc., included with 40-acre farm, 25 miles out; $2,500; part cash. LELAND, 115 Devonshire st.

MILK GOES TO TOURAINE HOTEL, BOSTON—$1,000 interests farm, not a rock on the whole 125 acres; 2 miles out; 2 trains daily; 10 cows, horses, carriages, tools, harness, hayers, mower, running water; excellent 2-room house, 2 barns, piggery, hen house, fine fruit; 2 acres strawberries; clapboarded and painted two photos at Chapin's Farm Agency, Boylston st. Complete stocking, with amusement hall, granary, organ, harness, 100-hen coop, etc., good reason for selling; only $500 cash. Apply to owners, REED BROS., New Boston, N. H.

ONE OF BEST I saw offered for the money, 70-acre farm on main line of B. & M. R. R., Dracut; 2 acres A1 grass land, 25 wood lot, pasture, large and never-failing spring piped to buildings, one to two-family house, fruit trees, 2 cows, horse, tools, etc.; $1,200; poultry buildings; all in good repair; 4 mile to village; no healthier spot in the state; wood will pay for more than one-half the price. JOSIAH E. FISKE, 2 Washington st.

COTTAGE, $1,000.

NO. 4 TALBOT ST., Neponset, Corner—Cottage house of five rooms, in first-class condition, newly painted inside and outside; set tubs, set sink, set range, 12,000 feet of land, convenient to electric cars; $1,000; $100 cash, balance $10 monthly. CHAS. G. GOODRIDGE, 4 Central st., Room 5.

FOR SALE—Three-story factory building, with steam heat, water and electric lights; 10,000 sq. ft. 2 Central st., Salem.

FOR SALE—Bank block, containing 8 single houses with extra modern improvements; situated Roxbury district; small $2,000 will handle it; $2,200 per year; must close it out at once. WELLS, 3 Central st., Salem.

BLANCHE ST., Dorchester, 8 rs., all imps., fine situation; $4,000; easy terms. Room 520 7 South bldg.

SAW AT home W. Roxbury, 12 lots; st., 15 r., fine order; $2,800. 927 Old South bldg.

4-room house; lot 50x100; price $1,300. See it Sunday, or call room 500 101 South bldg.

Almost Your Money Back.

INVEST in Dracut real estate; 10 miles from B. & M. R. R.; 2 trains daily to Rowley, stable, and 6,200 sq. ft. land; always rented for $8 per month; will sell for $50 cash; for $7,000; pays 4450 per cent; easy and think of it; 2 miles from Lowell; 1 mile from electric. FRANK W. CRITCHLIN, 172 Washington st., Room 5.

$1,200 ESTATE.

8-ROOM COTTAGE HOUSE to rent or sell, with good cellar, 2 hen coops, workshop and 12,000 feet of land; convenient to B. & M. R. R.; only price $1,000; $400 cash down. CHAS. G. WOOD BRIDGE, 44 Central st., Room 5.

CROPS AND WOOD worth $1,500; fires green and ready for stove lord, on easy terms; 2 miles from village; 10 acres mowing, 10 acres pasture, 30 acres wood; 2 cows, horse, tools, wagon, harness, etc.; 250 cords wood; 2 houses; suitable for poultry farm and celery; all for only $1,500. WELLS, 3 Central st., Salem.

HOUSE AND ½ ACRE $200.

$2 DOWN, $1 week; 1 mile from Boston; 4 rooms, $100; 5 rooms, $200; 6 rooms, $300; 7 rooms, $400; 8 rooms, $500; 9 rooms, $600; 10 rooms, $700; 11 rooms, $800; 12 rooms, $900; 13 rooms, $1,000; 14 rooms, $1,100; 15 rooms, $1,200; 16 rooms, $1,300; 17 rooms, $1,400; 18 rooms, $1,500; 19 rooms, $1,600; 20 rooms, $1,700; 21 rooms, $1,800; 22 rooms, $1,900; 23 rooms, $2,000; 24 rooms, $2,100; 25 rooms, $2,200; 26 rooms, $2,300; 27 rooms, $2,400; 28 rooms, $2,500; 29 rooms, $2,600; 30 rooms, $2,700; 31 rooms, $2,800; 32 rooms, $2,900; 33 rooms, $3,000; 34 rooms, $3,100; 35 rooms, $3,200; 36 rooms, $3,300; 37 rooms, $3,400; 38 rooms, $3,500; 39 rooms, $3,600; 40 rooms, $3,700; 41 rooms, $3,800; 42 rooms, $3,900;

MORAN, FOE OF GRAFT, WAGES PICTURESQUE FIGHT

Startling Charges Made by Independent Candidate for District Attorney—Discusses Fenway Scandal.

Grafters Do Not Fear Sughrue, Declares Moran

I wish to call your attention to the so-called Fenway graft job, in which the city has lost something like $500,000 by the manner in which the contractors have handled the work. The existence of this scandal is due to the fact that every man involved in it knew that the district attorney's office was not to be feared.

If the district attorney of Suffolk County was such a man as Mr. French of Norfolk County is; if he was not governed by this custom of ignoring criminal charges made public through the press and otherwise, Mayor Whelton would have asked District Attorney Sughrue to take charge of the investigation, as it comes directly within the scope of his duty.—*From speech of John B. Moran, independent candidate for district attorney, delivered to over 2,000 voters at the Dudley Street Opera House, Roxbury, last night.*

The most picturesque and aggressive candidate whose name will be on the ballots to be cast by the voters of Boston next Tuesday is John B. Moran, independent candidate for district attorney.

Mr. Moran has the temerity to run against a candidate who has been indorsed by both the Democratic and Republican organizations.

He is making his campaign on the issue of "graft," and in the course of his remarkable speeches, which have been heard by thousands of enthusiastic voters this Fall, he has made many sensational charges.

Last night he took up the Fenway scandal, into which Mayor Whelton has ordered an investigation.

Mr. Moran is one of the ablest and most convincing public speakers in New England. His ambition is to be the "District Attorney Folk of Boston."

In order that the voters may have a fair opportunity to judge Mr. Moran's merits the BOSTON AMERICAN prints his speech of last night in full or as nearly in full as space will permit. Here it is:

"I wish to call your attention," began Mr. Moran, "to the so-called Fenway graft job in which the city has lost something like $500,000 by the manner in which the contractors have handled the work. A high estimate for the work, according to the experts, was $63.12 per foot. Up to date, with the work half done, it has averaged $191.27 per foot. Mayor Whelton, actuated by a laudable purpose, has secured the services of Lawyer Pynchon, District Attorney of Norfolk County, to act for the city in the investigation of this scandal.

"The existence of this scandal is due to the fact that every man involved in it knew that the District Attorney's office was not to be feared by him. Every one knew, for instance, that, according to the illegal custom established by the present District Attorney, he would not make any investigation by him and no prosecution on the evidence to the Grand Jury unless the matter was forced directly from the Governor and Mayor Whelton, looking about for a District Attorney to serve the city in the investigation, realized that the only man who could do the thoroughly fine work was the District Attorney of the county, in relation to this and all similar matters, and refused to go outside of the county to secure the services of a District Attorney who is not governed by any such custom.

Is Sughrue's Duty.

"He has singled out one of the ablest, cleverest triers of criminal cases for the government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. If the District Attorney of Suffolk County was such a man as Mr. French of Norfolk County is; if he was not governed by this custom of ignoring criminal charges made public through the press and otherwise, Mayor Whelton would have asked District Attorney Sughrue to take charge of the investigation, as it comes directly within the scope of his duty. But Mayor Whelton, in the exercise of sound judgment, realized that an investigation would not be conducted by District Attorney Sughrue, and that if he desired a thorough and complete investigation he must hire for the city a lawyer whose course of procedure is the direct opposite of Mr. Sughrue.

"What an amusing spectacle this presents to the voters of Suffolk County! Your own hired and paid District Attorney, the man who is supposed to prosecute criminal cases, is deemed by the Mayor unfit to be intrusted with the investigation.

"Suffolk County ought to have a District Attorney who will ignore the custom now in vogue in this county, who will take the initiative in all investigations of criminal charges and who will prosecute relentlessly all grafters and bribers. I am advocating the election of such a man. There are two candidates for this office before the people to be voted for on November 7. One of them is Mr. Sughrue, the other is the man now addressing you.

"Use Your Brains!"

"I ask for no votes; I merely demand of you that you, barring disloyal to the argument which I have presented to you, shall exercise your reason, shall think for yourselves, shall arrive at a conclusion, and that then on election day you shall vote in accordance with your conscience. If you prefer Mr. Sughrue I shall be content. If you prefer me, Mr. Sughrue and the grafters who now rally round his standard must be content. In the shall of such of you there is a thinking brain. Use it. Endowed by nature with power to reason, you owe it to yourselves to exercise that power.

"Granted by the constitution and laws of the State the privilege of exercising your own right of choice, your duty to yourselves and to your families requires that you vote without dictation from grafters and bosses and record your own best judgment by your ballot on election day."

"I will give another instance indicating the necessity of having a live lawyer as District Attorney who will not wait for lower court proceedings, but will act on his own initiative immediately upon receiving information from the press or otherwise as to crime. A few years ago there was pending before a legislative committee several bills antagonistic to the proprietors of Boston theatres. The proprietors got together, called in two lawyers and consulted them as to the best means by which their interests were to be protected. The lawyers agreed to look into the matter and make a report.

$3,500 for "Influence."

"A few days later they made a personal report to the theatre proprietors. They stated that in order to head off the adverse legislation it would be necessary to expend about $3,500. They did not explain to whom the money was to be paid. The majority of the theatre proprietors expressed their unwillingness to participate in the expenditure of any such money. These men stated that they had political pull enough, and that they knew what it was necessary to do. This money was not to be paid to them for their services, but was to be expended for the purposes of influencing the committee.

"It is a well-known fact that bills are introduced into the Legislature characterized as 'strike' bills solely for the purpose of compelling persons adversely affected by the bills to distribute money for the purpose of defeating the bills in committee. It is by this means that crooked legislative lawyers compel corporations and business houses to contribute to their bank account.

"To destroy this form of corruption it is necessary to elect a District Attorney who will, by his own initiative, without waiting for lower court proceedings, investigate all matters of this kind and prosecute vigorously for any violation of law which he discovers.

Will Protect Counsel.

"I give you another reason why a District Attorney of courage, a man possessing a knowledge of the law, should be elected District Attorney. Under the law every man charged with a criminal offence is entitled to present his evidence at the trial; he is entitled to be heard through his lawyer in argument at the close of the evidence. A few months ago a judge named Mahoney, in this city, before a judge of the Municipal Court of this city, refused Mahoney in defence of his client. At the close of the evidence he began to argue his case and the judge said to him that he did not want to hear him, that he was going to find his client guilty; and, upon the lawyer's persisting that he had a right to argue, the judge told him to sit down, that he would not hear him.

"The lawyer's client was convicted without the opportunity of counsel being heard in argument.

"I want all lawyers to know that if I am elected District-Attorney and they are subjected in any lower court to any such treatment as this, they can appeal from their cases to the Superior Court and bring on those of the cases as to counsel in the lower court, bring the case over again and to try it in accordance with the law, giving to the defendant all of the rights which the constitution of this State and our statutes accord him, including the right to be heard by counsel by the lower court judge.

"No Right to Indorse."

"There is in Boston a corporation known as the Bar Association of the City of Boston, to which about one-third of the lawyers practising in Boston belong. I am informed that it is the purpose of this association to indorse the candidacy of Mr. Sughrue; that the names of many of them will appear in the papers as advertised supporters of his. As an association they have no legal right to indorse any candidate for any office. Being a corporation, they have no right to do anything except what their constitution and bylaws authorize them to do. I hold in my hand the constitution and bylaws of this association, printed in the year 1903. Article 2 of the constitution reads as follows:

"The association is established to promote social intercourse among the members of the bar; to insure conformity to a high standard of professional duty, and to make the practice of the law efficient in the administration of justice.'

"The entire purpose of the Association is set forth in these words. Nothing in this article authorizes them to enter a game of politics. When, as an organization, they do so, they act in violation of their constitution. In carrying out the purposes for which this Association is organized, it is provided on Page 8 of their constitution and bylaws as follows:

Violates Its Rules.

"'Committee on Grievances—The committee on Grievances shall have charge of the hearing of all complaints which may be made in matters affecting the interest of the legal profession and the practice of the law and the administration of justice, and shall report to the Council, with such recommendations as they may deem advisable, and said Committee shall, in behalf of the Association, institute and carry on such proceedings against offenders, whether members of the Association or not, and to such extent as the Committee the Association may order, and shall employ suitable counsel or agents for such purposes, the cost of such proceedings to be paid by the Treasurer on the written order of the Chairman or Acting Chairman of this Committee.'

"By virtue of this portion of the constitution the Bar Association insists to complaints against lawyers, files charges against lawyers for improper conduct, and prosecutes these charges before a judge of the Superior court for the purpose of disbarring the offending attorney. You will notice that this section provides that the association shall employ suitable counsel or agents for such purposes, and that the cost of such proceedings shall be paid by the treasurer on the written order of the Chairman or acting chairman of the Grievance Committee.

"Notwithstanding this plain and clear provision of the constitution, we find that it is the practice of those members of the association and their agents, after rendering legal services in disbarment proceedings, to render a bill to the County of Suffolk for such services and to receive their pay, not from the association, but from the county.

Use Great and Small Alike.

"Why we, the citizens of Boston, should pay a law firm for disbarring a Middlesex County lawyer is not apparent to me. The expense of such disbarment proceedings should be borne by the county in which the lawyer lives, or by the association which assumes the burden of prosecuting such lawyers before the court on disbarment proceedings.

"Some of the lawyers connected with this association have been active in advancing the interests of Mr. Sughrue. They have no argument to use against me except that I am—to use their own language—too radical. They prefer a lawyer as District Attorney who will allow things to run on as they do; who will ignore published charges of crime against corporations, legislative and City Hall corruptionists, and crooked lawyers.

"I am radical to the extent that I believe the law should be enforced against the great criminal as well as against the small one. The corporations and corporation agents and corporation lawyers, when they violate the criminal law, should be brought to justice regardless of the fact that they are men of influence and wealth."

Hotels Violate Screen Law.

"I charge that the Board of Police are in the habit of counting at visations of law by wealthy hotel owners, and I prove this statement by the following facts: The so-called screen law applies to hotel license as well as to all other classes of liquor licenses. By a decision of the Supreme Court the maintaining of a screen which in any way interferes with a view of the interior of the premises where the license is operated renders void the license, and every sale of liquor made after the placing of a screen upon the windows or doors in such a way as to interfere with a view of the interior of the premises is a sale for which the person selling can be prosecuted under the criminal law.

"Everybody who passes the Parker House on the School street side, or who passes Young's Hotel on the Court square and Court street sides, can observe for himself an interference with the view of the interior of the premises by means of curtains on the Parker House and colored glass on Young's. The Board of Police necessarily have knowledge of this. They necessarily know that the law is, therefore, their sworn duty to prosecute all crimes. Neglect to prosecute a crime is a crime. It is the duty of police officials to bring to the attention of the proper authorities the violation of the criminal law.

"When elected, I will see to it that the Board of Police enforce the law as to screens against these and other hotels, and that no discrimination is made in favor of the wealthy proprietors of large hotels; and if the members of the Board of Police neglect to perform their duties, I will administer the criminal law to them.

Touraine Wine Rooms.

"I now desire to call your attention to a most peculiar condition of affairs existing at the Hotel Touraine. This hotel is within 400 feet of a schoolhouse, and therefore no license can be granted for anybody to sell liquor to be drunk on the premises. Several lawyers, however, for the wealthy owners and proprietors of this hotel have devised a scheme to evade this law, and this scheme is asserted to have been approved by the Board of Police. One John H. Coleman, an old man, who for years an employe of the proprietor of the Touraine, is granted a wholesale license to sell liquor in any quantities in that portion of the basement floor of the building bounded by Tamworth, Boylston, Tremont and Lagrange streets, Nos. 44 Boylston, 194 to 202 Tremont street and 5 Tamworth street, which is marked and designated as "Theodore wine room," the entrance to said room being over and opposite to the outer entrance door No. 5 Tamworth street, and to the distance of twenty-five feet, as described therefrom, together with the two storage rooms in the basement of said building, connected with said Touraine wine room by a stairway.

"It thus appears that Coleman is granted a wholesale license to sell liquor in a department of the Hotel Touraine, the nearest approach to which from the hotel proper is a counter; behind that counter here are a number of bartenders. In the room there is also a clerk at a window. Along the side of the room there are shelves on which there are glasses of all kinds.

How Liquor Is Served.

"The process by which liquor is delivered to the guests of the hotel is as follows: The guest enters the dining room, takes a seat at a table, gives a written order for a cocktail or a glass of whiskey, pays his money to a waiter and the waiter leaves the dining room with the written order, and the money, goes down into the Theodore wine room, passes the written order to the clerk with the money, receives a slip, takes the slip and passes it with one of the glasses from the shelf to one of the bartenders. The bartender places the slip on a rod, retains it, fills the glass with the cocktail or the whiskey and passes it over the bar to the waiter. The waiter takes it, climbs the stairs and lays it down before the guest in the dining room on the table.

"The theory of the Board of Police is that the proprietor's waiter upon taking the money of the guest and his written order, becomes the servant of the guest.

"It must be apparent to you, or I think it would be to a jury, that the waiter at all times is the servant and agent of the proprietor, and that the claim that he becomes the servant of the guest is a mere fiction and subterfuge.

"As a lawyer I believe that if these facts were presented to a jury, a verdict of guilty of violation of law would result, and if I am elected I will present these facts to a jury. The wealthy owners and proprietors of the Hotel Touraine have no more right to thus evade the plain purport of the law than has the poor saloon dealer. There is no license except in the Hotel Touraine which is carried out in this way.

To Investigate Board.

"This scheme was devised for the benefit of the Hotel Touraine, and the Board of Police has told me that similar privileges would not be granted to other persons. If it turns out that this is a violation of the criminal law, the police commissioners are themselves subject to investigation, and if it is found that they have knowingly and wilfully permitted a violation of the criminal law, they can be prosecuted for a violation of their oaths of office. They, as well as hotel officials, will be investigated by me in relation to this matter after I take the oath of office.

"There is another instance of how the police board acts in relation to granting liquor licenses. Several years ago, when Governor Wolcott was in office, a resident of Ward 19 made an application for a location of a liquor license of the first and fourth classes in a building at the corner of Minden and Heath streets. Practically everybody residing in the neighborhood appeared before the police board in opposition.

"Among other persons protesting were several clergymen. After a lengthy hearing the board declined to grant the license in that location, because of the fact that it was a residential district, inhabited by comparatively poor people, and was not a suitable place for a retail liquor store.

Granted Despite Objections.

"A few weeks ago one Kelley, who had a retail liquor license on Washington street, Boston, made application to transfer his license to this store, corner of Minden and Heath streets. The application was submitted to the captain of the police station, John A. Hanley. Captain Hanley called upon a number of persons living in the vicinity of the store and reported to the board that Otto Wright, Edward P. Mahoney and Joseph Langhlin, all of Minden street, objected, and he further reported as follows: That he 'disapproved of the transfer of this license to this place, as the premises are on a side street in a poor but reputable tenement house district, and a number of the residents object.'

"Mr. Laughlin sent a written communication objecting to the granting of this transfer of the Police Board. Notwithstanding these objections the Police Board unanimously voted to allow Kelley to transfer his retail liquor license to this locality. Thereupon Mr. Laughlin wrote to Governor Douglas and received from him a reply dated October 2, 1905, stating that he had recently received from the Board of Police a statement and that they stated to him their position in these words: 'Mr. Kelley advertised in accordance with the law, and the only protest received was from Mr. Laughlin. This protest was duly considered, as were the location and surroundings, and it was finally unanimously agreed to grant Mr. Kelley a license in this location.

Board Withholds Facts.

"The communication which the Governor quoted was received by him from the present chairman of the Police Board, Mr. Cole, and I charge that when the chairman of the Police Board notified the Governor that the only protest made against the location of Kelley's license in this place was Mr. Laughlin he intentionally withheld from the Governor the fact that Police Captain Hanley had reported adversely and the fact that the neighbors living in the vicinity had objected.

"This indicates that the Police Board is arbitrary, unjust and for the purpose of pleasing liquor dealers is in the habit of ignoring public sentiment. The conduct of the members of the board in this instance was not a violation of criminal law, but the facts in relation to this case indicate that the Board of Police disregard public opinion as well as the criminal law.

"Finally, let me touch briefly on the celebrated Crocker will case. This is the case in which it is alleged that jurors were bribed in the second trial of the contest over the will of Mr. Crocker. Recently Mr. Crocker, the city treasurer, a relative of the dead man, has been to see Mr. Sughrue, but I say this to both of them—Mr. Sughrue and Mr. Crocker—that if I am elected that there is no power on earth to cool the death of these men concerned in the bribing of jurors, and I will use all power my bringing everybody involved in this crime to justice.

"And so sure am I of my ability to do it that I now openly declare that on the platform that unless, within three months from the day I take the oath of office I am not bring about the indictment of the go-betweens and through them the men who furnished the money to bribe the jurors, I will resign from the office and let the Governor fill the vacancy.

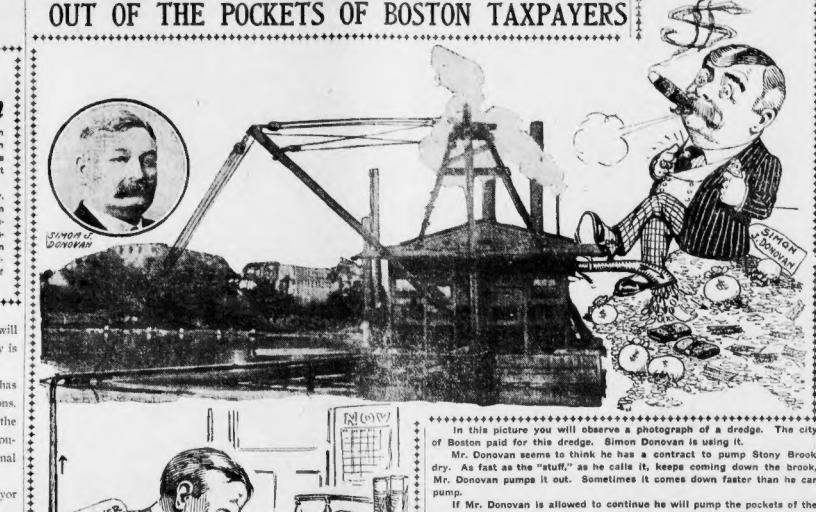
Emulates Folk and Jerome.

"In the past I have been upon the platform asking for votes for men whose cause I championed through the district and through the city, but to-night I am not attended by any one of them. I have no politicians with me because I want to be free from obligation to them and because I have no lawyers with me because I want to be free from obligation to them and to their clients.

"I will treat them all alike, giving justice to each of them and treating all citizens fully alike. I am confident that I will be dealt with honestly by me for the purpose of bringing about reforms and as long as in my opinion there is any hope for the district and the city I will not relinquish the opportunity for the purpose of bringing about reforms by either fair or unfair means simply because I am opposed with severity; I will prosecute all cases of graft and bribery, and I will not wait for the lower courts.

"I will keep my eyes and ears open. I will see that graft and bribery are stopped in Boston in the same manner that Folk cleaned up St. Louis, and Jerome cleaned up New York city. I have every confidence that I can do it, and I will give an entertainment and dance in the Turn Verein Theatre, triehower's orchestra will furnish the music, when this campaign is over," a remedy by Mrs. Russell Cleveland, will be given by the members of the club. Election returns will be read from the platform throughout the evening.

SIMON DONOVAN'S MACHINE FOR PUMPING MONEY OUT OF THE POCKETS OF BOSTON TAXPAYERS



In this picture you will observe a photograph of a dredge. The city of Boston paid for this dredge. Simon Donovan is using it.

Mr. Donovan seems to think he has a contract to pump Stony Brook dry. As fast as the "stuff," as he calls it, keeps coming down the brook, Mr. Donovan pumps it out. Sometimes it comes down faster than he can pump.

If Mr. Donovan is allowed to continue he will pump the pockets of the taxpayers dry long before he exhausts the waters of Stony Brook. He has already extracted $112,000 from the taxpayers, and the water continues to pour merrily down to Simon Donovan's pumping machine.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

give instant relief. Cure every form of stomach weakness. For sale by all druggists. 50 cents for full-sized boxes.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Great Removal Sale

—OF—

Furniture, Carpets and Ranges

Now being held we are selling

500 Parlor Rockers at **$3.75**

Regular value $7.50

The PLIMPTON-HERVEY CO.

5 Union St.—Opp. Faneuil Hall

SOCIALISTS TO ENTERTAIN.

On Tuesday, November 7, election night, the socialists of Dorchester will give an entertainment and dance in the Turn Verein Theatre, triehower's orchestra will furnish the music. "Mrs. Cleveland's Reception," a comedy by Mrs. Russell Cleveland, will be given by the members of the club. Election returns will be read from the platform throughout the evening.

WHOLE WORLD OF SPORTS COVERED FOR THE BOSTON AMERICAN BY ITS CORPS OF EXPERTS

DUFFEY DENIES CHARGES

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—In reply to the published criticisms regarding his proposed exposure of the evils which now beset amateur athletics and his standing as an amateur, Arthur Duffey, the ex-champion sprinter, has made the following statement:

"I did not recently, and never have, stated at any period of my athletic career that I was a professional. The impression that I did make such a statement is due to an editorial utterance for which I was not responsible, and which was founded on a misapprehension, as will be later admitted by the author.

"The alleged interviews with me, dated from Washington, are rank fakes. Inasmuch as I left Washington on October 31 and have never talked to any newspaper men in regard to the current controversy, I still maintain that under existing conditions an athlete can remain technically and legally an amateur while receiving 'expenses' and that such conditions are the faults of the hide-bound rules and regulations of amateur athletic organizations in general.

"I will have interesting disclosures to make in regard to certain amateurs and athletic officials in the near future."

CARLISLE INDIANS PRACTICING AT AUBURNDALE FOR THEIR GAME WITH HARVARD TO-DAY

FITZSIMMONS MEETS COFFROTH AND HAS TALK OVER LANKY BOB'S COMING FIGHT WITH JACK O'BRIEN

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—It looks now as if the proposed contest between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia will be a failure. Jimmy Coffroth, who is one of the leading powers in the Setic game at San Francisco, is in town. It is said that Coffroth came here purposely to bring about a mill between the Cornishman and O'Brien. At any rate, he is doing a lot of hustling in this direction.

Coffroth was at the Hotel Metropole yesterday, where he had several confabs with Leon Friedman, Fitzsimmons's manager, and Fitzsimmons himself. Coffroth made Fitz an offer of $15,000 or 60 per cent. of the gross receipts to meet O'Brien. Bob thought that the percentage basis would be the best thing, and he told Coffroth that if O'Brien was satisfied these conditions would suit him.

Coffroth is of the opinion that the combat ought to draw at least a $35,000 gate. Then, after an exchange of fight talk, Fitz left, and Coffroth wired the champion's terms to O'Brien. If plans do not miscarry, Fitz and O'Brien will have it out no later than the latter part of next month.

Coffroth intends to clinch two more battles for his club before he leaves town. He is ready to give a purse of $12,000 for a twenty round fight between Jimmy Britt and Terry McGovern or a big slice of the gate for a twenty-five round mill between Battling Nelson and McGovern. Coffroth has two open dates in January and is ready to hold these combats during that month. Jimmy Britt is trying all he knows how to get Coffroth interested in another encounter between Britt and Nelson. Willus Britt, Jimmy's brother, has had several interviews with Coffroth on the subject. Coffroth says that nothing would please him better than to have Britt and Nelson do battle again. But he thinks that the Dane is looking to other quarters for a match at present.

BROWN TEAM EXPECTS HARD GAME TO-DAY

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 4.—The Brown squad was given only the lightest kind of practice, as is customary the day before a big game. Brown plays the University of Syracuse team on Andrews Field this afternoon, and a close, hard contest is anticipated, as Syracuse has a very fast and heavy team this season, and has thus far made a remarkably good showing. The Brown eleven is in the best condition that it has been thus far this season, and they will put up the game of their lives.

The teams have not met since 1903 when the Brunonians defeated the New Yorkers by the score of 10 to 6, while in 1902 the Syracuse team was badly snowed under by the overwhelming score of 22 to 0. In 1901 the score was a tie, 6 to 6. As this game is the deciding one of the series both teams are anxious to win, and the New Yorkers think they have an excellent showing to do so, as they have trimmed everything that they have run up against thus far and hope to continue the good work.

WHITE WON'T DISCUSS CASE OF LEVINE

"Has Harvard protested 'Dutch' Levine, Yale's famous fullback, on the grounds that he was a professional, as has been rumored about?" was asked Professor White, the chairman of the Harvard Athletic Committee, last night.

"I haven't anything to say on the matter," was the answer.

Professor White then went on to explain his stand in the matter. Without intimating that Levine had or had not been protested by Harvard, the Harvard chairman said that it was his opinion that correspondence between rivalries on the subject of the ineligibility of players was better kept private until the matter had been threshed out. Then, if there was any need of action found to be necessary, proceedings could be made public. If, on the other hand, it was found that there was no case of ineligibility, the matter could pass off without any unfriendly and more or less wild talk.

JOHN L.'S OLD BACKER DEAD

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Charles Johnston died yesterday morning of Bright's disease, at his home, No. 54 South Elliott place, Brooklyn, in his fifty-ninth year. He had been confined to his home only a couple of weeks, and the announcement of his death caused great surprise to his friends.

Mr. Johnston was born in the north of Ireland, and came to this country with his parents, who settled in the old Second Ward in Brooklyn. As a boy he set up tenpins in the bowling alley in old Montague Hall, and his interest in sports of all kinds continued until the close of his life. He went to the front in the Civil War with a Brooklyn regiment, and frequently distinguished himself for bravery.

Soon after the close of the war he opened a saloon in lower Fulton street, near the ferry, in which the old Atlantic Base Ball Club established its headquarters. In the early '70s he moved into a saloon at Fulton and Middagh streets, opposite the Bridge entrance, and until his retirement from business, nine years ago, it was the Mecca for sporting men from all over the country, who visited Brooklyn.

Mr. Johnston was best known from his close personal relations with Hon. John L. Sullivan, being the most intimate friend and adviser, as well as chief backer, of the Big Fellow from the time he won the pugilistic championship from Jake Kilrain in 1882 until his defeat by Jim Corbett in 1892.

The famous diamond belt presented to Sullivan by his admirers was for several years on exhibition in Johnston's saloon. Alongside the case containing the prizes won by the old Atlantic Baseball Club and other sporting trophies. In his days of prosperity Sullivan was a frequent visitor at Johnston's saloon, his presence always attracting crowds of admirers. Mr. Johnston was for several years active in Democratic politics, and during the administration of Mayors Chapin and Boody was interested in the street cleaning contract. He was a Mason and a member of Mackenzie Post, No. 6, G. A. R. He was a widow and stepdaughter. The funeral services will be held at the house to-morrow afternoon.

HARVARD TEAM FOR TECH RUN

The Harvard cross country team to meet Technology next Monday afternoon was picked yesterday afternoon after a trial run.

The following men will make up the team: M. S. Crosby '08, M. H. Stone '07, A. King Si, H. M. Turner '06, H. S. King '08, S. T. Hubbard '07, C. J. Jackman Si, S. Withington '06, H. F. Miller, S. S., R. W. Fisher '06.

The Harvard team to compete in the Intercollegiate cross country run will be selected as the result of the Tech run Monday.

The men ran over a 5½-mile course yesterday.

YALE CONFIDENT OF DEFEATING COLUMBIA TEAM

"BIG FOUR'S" GAMES TO-DAY

Tigers vs. Dartmouth at Princeton.
Harvard vs. Indians at Cambridge.
Yale vs. Columbia at New York.
Penn vs. Lafayette at Philadelphia.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Yale will line up exactly the same eleven against Columbia here that played against West Point last Saturday.

The lineup will be: Cates, left end; Corbus, left tackle; Hockenberger, left guard; Jones, center; Tripp, right guard; Bigelow, right tackle; Shevlin, right end; T. Jones, quarter; Veeder, left halfback; Morse, right halfback; Flynn, fullback.

The second set of backs will be: Hutchinson, quarter; House, left halfback; Terrenson, right halfback; Levine, fullback.

Owing to Jones' strained ankle and Flynn's condition, the second set of backs is certain to be used.

Yale expects to whip the New Yorkers by a fair margin, but is afraid of the Columbia rush line. For this reason Hockenberger will play center on the defense and Carl Flanders will play guard.

This will, it is hoped, add strength to the Yale centre.

Last Saturday the Cadets found the centre back and many of their long gains through the centre. Hockenberger is short and heavy, and fills up more space than Flanders, who is tall and wiry.

INDIANS HAVE A CRIPPLED ELEVEN

With a light but fast team, the Carlisle Indians will face Harvard this afternoon in the Stadium.

That it will be the severest test of the year for the Crimson warriors is generally conceded, as the Redskins are imbued with that fighting spirit which makes them dangerous at all stages of the game.

Coach Woodruff does not think that his team is up to its highest standard by any means, as he has been handicapped by the lack of preparation owing to the shortness of time that he has had the material and the unfortunate crippling of some of the best players just on the eve of the game in the Stadium.

He is satisfied that the Indians will play the best that is in them, and counts on their remarkable physical soundness to cope with the heavier Cambridge team.

Two Full Elevens.

There were two full elevens of the Indians in the party that went to the Woodlawn Park Hotel in Auburndale yesterday, but the coach refrained from filling the men up, taking no chances of sustaining any further injuries to the players. Instead they practised signals and went through formation and perfected the trick plays that will be used.

No practice will be indulged in this morning, the team being allowed to take things leisurely, and after dinner the players will take the train to Allston and be conveyed from there by busses to the field. After the game the Indians will be driven to the Copley Square Hotel, and will remain in the city till Sunday afternoon, when the Federal Express will carry them home.

Coach Woodruff will not give out a definite line-up of the Indians till they get on the field for reasons of his own. The biggest uncertainty lies in the positions of left guard and centre. Scott is slated for one or the other of the positions, while Dillon or Hunt will decide the vacant one.

According to Coach Woodruff, he expects his team to stop Harvard's fierce tandem plays as they have been practising for them, and hopes to make headway on the offence by the same means. The plan in which almost every man in the line is likely to carry the ball.

Harvard's ends are likely to be kept busy by the numerous runs that will start in the extremities of the line. The Indians use a direct pass to the man taking the ball and the interference is off like a shot.

Men Play Higher Than Before.

The men will play higher than in past years, as Woodruff has taught them the advantage of getting down low, and not to dive blindly into plugged places; and some individual brilliancy is sure to crop out in running the ball.

Ralph Kinney, the old Yale tackle who has been coaching the linesmen, has put them through a hard course following the mill, and they show no fault on account of their willingness to take desperate chances.

"In Mount Pleasant we have a player who is one of the fastest on his feet playing the game to-day. He is a good punter, has only been with the team a couple of weeks, but in that time has developed wonderfully."

Scores Made In Previous Years

1896—Harvard 5, Carlisle 0.
1898—Harvard 11, Carlisle 5.
1899—Harvard 22, Carlisle 10.
1900—Harvard 17, Carlisle 5.
1901—Harvard 29, Carlisle 0.
1902—Harvard 23, Carlisle 0.
1903—Harvard 12, Carlisle 11.
1904—Harvard 12, Carlisle 0.

HARVARD EXPECTS TO WHIP THE INDIANS

PROBABLE LINEUP:

HARVARD.	INDIANS.
Hall, left end	right end, Lube
Brill, left tackle	right tackle, Exendine
Burr, left guard	right guard, La Rocque
White, centre	centre, Scott
Kersburg, right guard	left guard, Dillon
Squires, right tackle	right tackle, Bowen
Macdonald, right end	left end, Wahoo
Starr, quarterback	quarterback, Mt. Pleasant
Foster, left halfback	right halfback, Archiquette
Hurley, right halfback	left halfback, Sheldon
Paul, fullback	fullback, Dubois

Before what promises to be one of the largest crowds that has ever assembled on a Harvard football field, with the exception of the Yale battles, Harvard will meet the eleven from the Carlisle Indian School on Soldiers Field this afternoon at three o'clock.

Captain Dan Hurley will be in his accustomed place at right halfback on the Crimson team for the first time this year, Hurley's reappearance will mean a great deal for Harvard. His brilliant individual playing cannot help but strengthen the team, though Nesmith and Wendell have both proved worthy substitutes for Hurley.

Hurley is as magnetic a leader as he is a fine individual player, and the fact that he is in charge of the eleven in the battle will send the Crimson eleven into the contest with added confidence.

Every Reserved Seat Sold.

According to reports sent out, every reserved seat in the Stadium has been sold. All the other sections are sure of being filled, so that it is practically certain that every seat in the Stadium will be taken, which means that 23,000 people will witness the game.

The prevailing opinion at Harvard is that the Crimson eleven will defeat the Indians, as it is thought that Carlisle will not be able to withstand the ponderous Harvard rushes at the lighter Indian line. On the other hand, the Indians' speedy attack will give the Harvard defense a great trying out.

The Harvard eleven that faces the Indians will differ in five positions from the which lined up against Brown a week ago. Hall will be at left end in the place of O'Brien. The latter has a bad leg at present, but it is probable that Hall would be given first choice even if this were not so. Macdonald will play the other end. Captain Hall will find both these men fast, though they do not carry the weight that the other members of the team do.

Brill and Squires Tackles.

Karl Brill and "Beat" Squires will be Harvard's tackles to-day and it is her that the Indians are apt to find their greatest assaulting block both on the defense and offense. Both men are smashing into the line in terrific shape. Kersburg will play right guard and Burr starts at left guard. Peirce may get into the game for a time, though he has not been in the best of condition for the past two days. White will begin at centre.

In the backfield Harvard will have Starr at quarter. Last week Starr went into the game in the second half as a substitute for Newhall but the latter is not in shape to play to-day having a slightly wrenched shoulder. With Burr at guard, Foster will begin the game at left half back. Bill Carr will not be able to play, as his injured leg has not healed sufficiently to risk trying him in a hard game.

THREE NEW SONGS FOR HARVARD TEAM

The singing of the Crimson cohorts at the big football games this year between Penn and Harvard and Yale and Harvard promises to be unusually good. Harvard has three new songs that are prophesied favorites. They were tried at a mass meeting at the Union this week and with great success. One of the songs is brand new. This is "On Soldiers Field." The words and music of which are both original. "Whoop 'er Up a Bit" is a song of a new variety. The words are new but it is reported that the music is based on a Cornell chant.

"We're Harvard Men" is two stanzas of new words sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." This promises to be one of the best songs that Harvard has.

Burt Stephenson, the baseball captain, is the cheer leader this year. Under him the Harvard rooters are making more noise than ever. The singing and cheering is being rehearsed each week.

The names of the authors of the new songs have not yet been made public, fictitious ones being signed. The songs follow:

"ON SOLDIERS FIELD."

O'er the stands in gaining Crimson
Harvard banners fly,
Cheering on the team, the rolled thunder
Echoes to the sky.
See! The Crimson foes is turning—
Gaining more and more.
Then fight! fight! fight!
For we win to-night!
Old Harvard, forevermore!

—"Cumbacher."

"WE'RE HARVARD MEN."

I.

We're Harvard men, we're Harvard men,
And we love to bear her name.
We're here to cheer the local team
That fights for Harvard's fame.
We're here with all our heart and soul,
We're standing by their side
The Harvard spirit never to us on
A mighty Crimson line.

II.

We send our comrades to the fray
'Mid the cheers of Harvard men,
And if they win or if they lose
We'll cheer them home again.
For Harvard then with all our heart
Let the cheer be loud and long,
Till the echo that comes back to us
Is the sound of victory's song.

—"Strong."

"SO WHOOP 'ER UP A BIT!"

(Words to be used before Harvard scores.)
HARVARD! HARVARD!
Whoop 'er up a bit, whoop 'er up a bit,
We want a good touchdown,
Whoop 'er up a bit, whoop 'er up a bit,
One good touchdown!
(Repeat again and again.)

(Words to be used after Harvard scores.)
HARVARD! HARVARD!
Whoop 'er up a bit, whoop 'er up a bit,
We want one more touchdown,
Whoop 'er up a bit, whoop 'er up a bit,
One more touchdown!
(Repeat again and again.)

—"Grimm."

NATIONALS MAY GET THREE MEN FROM TOLEDO

TOLEDO, Nov. 4.—According to the statement of President Grillo, there is some doubt as to whether or not Toledo will be able to secure the three players recently purchased from the Philadelphia Nationals.

The men in question are Fred Abbott, Frank Corridon and Otto Krenger. The deal was all framed up and it was thought would go through until the last of last week, when the Boston Nationals served notice on the Philadelphia club that they would not waive their claim to the men unless they paid the $1,000 apiece for them.

Grillo said: "I think the matter will be straightened out and that we will get the men. We will not go to Boston if she wants with them. But they made the deal, and if they come across with the money the men will have to go to them."

HUGO KELLY GETS A DRAW

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 4.—Hugo Kelly of Chicago and Young Mahoney of Racine fought a slow eight round contest to a draw here. There was little that was spectacular, the only mark that either fighter showed being a few drops of claret from Mahoney's nose.

I Cure Men Only

All Diseases and Weaknesses of Men

NOVICE methods unreliable and painless. NO RISK. Consult me.

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The Eastern Specialist.

Hours, daily, 8-8. Sunday, consultation free—Next Dewey Square hotel. 20 years at 1249 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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Use Big 6 for private diseases, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion.
Sold by Druggists, or in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or three bottles, $2.75.
Circular sent on request.
The Evans Chemical Co.
CINCINNATI, O.
U. S. A.

TUFTS WILL FACE WESLEYAN TO-DAY

MIDDLETOWN, Ct., Nov. 4.—Wesleyan and Tufts meet to-day on the Middletown gridiron in a game which both feel will be one of the hardest of the season.

While Wesleyan shows a good eleven this year, Captain Knowlton of Tufts says that if his team plays the same fierce game which characterized them against Bowdoin last week there is no question of the outcome.

The week's practice at Tufts has been of the hardest kind. Many of the regular players have been transferred to the scrub, and Coach Whelan declares that the season's team is by no means picked.

The loss of Wilson, the fast Tufts end by faculty regulations was a blow to the team, but either Hill or Hussey will be up to his standard. The lineup for Tufts will be: Hall, centre; Tooey and Reynolds, guards; Chase and Cutler, tackles; Hill and Martin, ends; Green and Jones, halfbacks; Smith, fullback; Knowlton, quarterback.

AMHERST VS. HOLY CROSS.

AMHERST, Nov. 4.—The Amherst college football team left early today for Worcester for the Holy Cross game. Pugsley will not be able to play on account of injuries, and Gildersleeve will probably play centre. R. Crook, one of the strong men of the team, will not be able to play on account of lameness.

I Cure Men

Man's Heritage is Strength!
Then Why Be Sickly?
Why Suffer from Ill-Health?

Why not enjoy life as a healthy man can and does? Why jeopardize your business interests, as every man does, who is not strong, healthy and well?

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For years he has devoted his entire time and skill to curing all ailments of men. He has cured others, why not you? Consultation is free and confidential, and will not cost you a penny. When he takes your case, he knows how to cure you in the easiest and quickest way. He has the organization and equipment for curing men of all maladies.

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The doctor never charges for consultation and can be depended upon to tell you the honest truth about your case.

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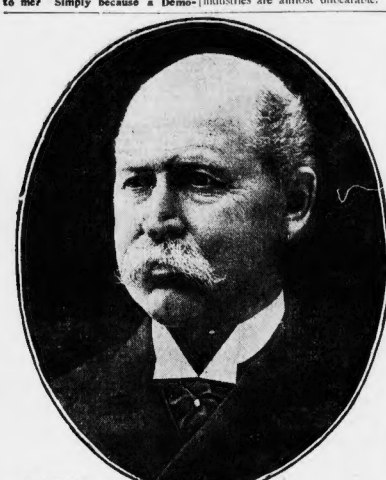
Vote for Charles W. Bartlett for Governor

He stands fairly and squarely upon a platform favoring the placing of HIDES, IRON, COAL, LUMBER and WOOD PULP on the free list. He is also in favor of RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA AND OTHER COUNTRIES

READ WHAT GOVERNOR DOUGLAS SAYS ABOUT THE TARIFF, RECIPROCITY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THIS CAMPAIGN



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HON. WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS,
Governor of Massachusetts.

First and foremost, I want to say a word relative to labor legislation. The Republican speakers make the statement that all the labor legislation on the statute books was placed there through the influence of the Republican party. Every labor man in the Commonwealth knows that the Democratic party has been the first to advance the labor measures, and that members of our party persistently voted for these measures long before they were adopted by the Republican Legislature. Almost every labor measure that was proposed last year was defeated by a Legislature overwhelmingly Republican. Why were they a raid to allow those labor measures to come to me? Simply because a Democratic Governor has rarely been known to veto labor measures. Why did the Legislature the previous year pass all the labor measures that were introduced and send them to Governor Bates? It was simply because they expected those measures to be vetoed, which they were. They merely shifted the responsibility from themselves to Governor Bates. Is not this fact enough to show that the Republican members of the Legislature this year believed that if they did permit the overtime bill and various other labor measures to reach the Governor, he would unquestionably have appended his signature to such measures?

Massachusetts and the Tariff.

For 10 or 12 years the interests of Massachusetts have been injuriously affected by our national tariff law and our people now demand and will continue to demand, until the law is changed, such a reform in it as will enable us to procure the raw materials used in our manufacturing industries free of duty, that we may compete successfully with other countries in the markets of the world. We cannot compete in those markets merely by building the Panama canal or acquiring possessions in the Pacific ocean or the Caribbean sea, or establishing the "open door" in China. So long as our tariff laws deprive us of the right to buy freely the materials which enter into our manufactures we will be so handicapped that we can do but little business in foreign markets.

Twenty or 30 years ago, when our manufacturing establishments were few and small, when our supply of raw material was abundant, near at hand and cheap, and when our home market was poorly supplied with finished products, our manufacturers flourished under and in spite of high tariffs. But recent developments have changed all this. Great manufacturing enterprises have been built up, which cannot be supplied by our local resources. Vast quantities of coal are needed to supply power to operate our machinery. Vast quantities of leather and lumber are needed to supply our shoe factories and paper mills and furniture factories. New England can now supply but a small part of the raw material needed. For example, we have in Massachusetts alone 645 establishments for the making of shoes. But very little sole leather is made in Massachusetts—indeed, very little leather of any kind. Hence we must buy leather from the leather trust, at whatever price it may fix.

Again, in these 645 factories we must use enormous quantities of coal. But New England produces no coal; therefore we must buy it from the coal trust. We cannot buy either coal or leather abroad, because there is a high tariff on both. The result is that we are obliged to pay 15 per cent. more for our leather than we ought to pay, and nearly $1 a ton more for the coal we use. Such great and unnecessary burdens upon our industries are almost unbearable.

I notice the Republican speakers have made statements attempting to frighten our working people, and warning them of the panic of 1893, saying: "We do not believe you want to go through with another panic like that. We believe that you at that time got all of the reduction in tariff that you wanted." This all sounds very nice to the people who do not know or remember what caused the panic in 1893. The real fact is that the tariff bill, which was passed by Congress in the spring of 1894, did not take effect until nearly a year after the panic began. Therefore, it seems to me that it is folly to say that the panic of 1893 was caused by a reduction of the tariff. If the speakers who are attempting to frighten the people will refer to the history of this country they will find that the reduction of the tariff never produced a panic.

We gather from the speeches of our opponents that the great prosperity of this country is due solely to the protective tariff, when, in fact, there are many reasons why this country is prosperous. We have greater resources for the production of gold than any other country, and we have the most fertile agricultural lands. These natural advantages, coupled with the acknowledged ability of our working people, enable us to produce a great deal more than we can consume.

The protective tariff is not solely the reason of our prosperity. This country has been prosperous and will be prosperous in spite of the tariff, although if we could have free raw materials such as hides, coal, iron, lumber and wood pulp, it would place us in a position in Massachusetts where we could reach the markets of the world with our manufactures.

Some gentlemen in their attempt to justify and perpetuate present onerous conditions, are prone to make false comparisons. They assume that since Massachusetts has increased more rapidly than other states in manufacturing during a period of 100 years, or 40 years, or some other very long period covering the development of our great industries, that the same is true of the present and will continue to be the case without reference to changed conditions. Such reasoning is wholly unsound. We know that for 10 years, at least, our manufacturing industries have languished by reason of restrictions imposed upon them by federal legislation. In order to get at the real truth, let us compare conditions as they exist in this state with those existing in other states at this time.

Our Peculiar Position.

The three leading manufacturing states with reference to products of manufactures per capita of population, according to the census of 1900, were Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Each man, woman and child of Massachusetts produced a manufacturing product of $369 and an agricultural product of $15. Pennsylvania produced a manufactured product of $33. The total value of the agricultural products in Massachusetts in 1900 was but $42,298,274, while the total gross value of the manufactured product was $1,035,198,089.

Massachusetts, standing seventh in population and fourth in manufacture, sinks to 31st place in agriculture, while the density of manufactured product per square mile reaches the sum of $125,000. The total gross value of the manufactured product per square mile in New York and Pennsylvania respectively was $45,000 and $40,000. We are not an agricultural state and cannot look to this industry for the compensating relief which agriculture gives to those states where the manufacturing interest is not so well established. In density of manufacturing product we have three times at much on every square mile as the great manufacturing states of Pennsylvania and New York. We may, therefore, justly claim that the revision of the tariff is of greater moment to every citizen of Massachusetts than it is to the citizens of any other state, excepting Rhode Island and Connecticut.

The Democratic platform asks for a definite relief, which will enhance the prosperity of every section of the state, while the Republican platform asks for "present action" in such a confused muddle of words as to leave it uncertain whether the tariff is to be reformed upward or downward, and whether the relief is to come now or at some indefinite future time.

The Republican party of Massachusetts has retreated under the shelter of an ambiguous phrase from the high ground which it occupied last year. Either the leaders of the party were insincere last year or they are insincere this year. What does "present action" mean? Does it mean free hides, free coal, free iron, free wood pulp, free lumber? Does it mean reciprocity with Canada? Does it mean anything that the people of Massachusetts, irrespective of party affiliations, are so generally demanding? Those leaders who talk so vaguely of "present action" are in reality opposing tariff reform. Their action consists in adopting ambiguous phrases to deceive the people; in "standing pat" on the Dingley schedules; and in ringing the alarm bells of the trusts. Such is their action at present; and that is probably all they meant when they put the phrase "present action" into their platform. Compare this faltering and straddling with the plain and direct demands of the Democratic platform!

What We Really Need.

Our platform asserts that a sensible relief may be had, without any disturbance to the business of the country, by placing upon the free list a number of the raw materials demanded by our industries, such as coal, iron, lumber, hides and wood pulp. This is a definite policy stated in definite terms.

Do our people want these raw materials placed upon the free list? Do they think that such action will rebound to the interests of Massachusetts labor and to the lasting interests of Massachusetts people? If so, I think they should vote as they think, and thereby give the Democratic ticket such a majority as will challenge the attention of thinking men everywhere. If our people really want free raw materials, they should vote for the men and the party that stand unalterably and unequivocally upon a platform demanding them.

Free Coal.

In my inaugural address last year I recommended a memorial to Congress asking a repeal of the duty on coal. In the hearings before the legislative committee on federal relations I am pleased to say that this recommendation was approved by many of our leading citizens, irrespective of party lines.

It is safe to say that nine-tenths of the people of Massachusetts want free coal. Free coal affects the interests of nearly all of our people and of all our industries. Why not ask the national legislature for that which the prosperity of our state demands?

The answer to this is a general one. It is asserted that the tariff on coal is a national question, and that as patriotic citizens we should suffer cheerfully in order that the greater number of our coal friends in other states may have reasonable protection. But is this so? Will free coal injure the coal interests of Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Illinois? Our coal fields are in the interior of the country. By the operaton of our tariff law the manufacturers of New England are placed at the mercy of the great railroad and mining interests of the United States. These great interests can and do dictate the price of coal, to the detriment of all our citizens. In an ordinary year Canada buys from us nearly three times as much coal as we buy from her. American manufacturers prefer American coal, and with free coal from Cape Breton there would be little danger of injury to the coal industry of our country. We should still use American coal, but the railroad combine would lose its power to dictate prices. It is a notorious fact that the leading bituminous coal producers of the South and West are formulating a demand for the removal of the duty on coal between the United States and Canada. The balance of trade in coal would still be with the United States at the ratio of three to one. Our output of coal would be increased rather than reduced. As Canada has for 30 years fixed her coal duty at about the same rate fixed by the United States, it is probable that free coal in our schedules would result in free coal in Canadian schedules. Because of the duty of 67 cents per ton we are at present paying nearly a dollar a ton more for our coal than we ought to pay. This dollar does not help the national government at all, but goes to swell the profits of the coal barons of the country. Free coal, then, would not reduce the revenues of the national government; it would aid every interest in Massachusetts and New England, and would be of far-reaching advantage to the people at large. Only the coal trust would suffer. Good business sense and the highest patriotism unite in the demand for free coal.

Free Hides.

Of course, the duty on hides should come off. It is a tax on industry that benefits a very few people and injures every one who wears boots and shoes, or who is engaged in the manufacture of leather or leather goods.

The United States Leather Company, a corporation doing more than half the sole leather tanning of the country, through its vice-president, Lewis H. Lapham, testified before the industrial commission in 1901 that the tariff on hides was a serious handicap to the business. He also testified "that the tariff on hides increased the price of domestic hides by the amount of the duty." This duty is 15 per cent. As it does not go to the government, it must go to swell the profits of the beef trust.

It is probably true, as Mr. Lapham said, that the duty of 15 per cent. on hides does increase the profits of the leather trust and greatly increase those of the beef trust. It should not be forgotten, however, that the leather trust is protected by a duty of 20 per cent. on leather, and that it in turn holds up the manufacturers of shoes, harness and other leather consuming industries, and charges them all the tariff will permit. If, as reported, the beef trust has now obtained a controlling interest in the leather trust, there will be no more quarrelling as to which trust gets the lion's share of the profits; they will both work together to get every cent possible out of both the duties on hides and leather. The tariff screws are to be applied more mercilessly than before. The proposed change in discounts on sole leather, which adds about 2 cents to the cost of every pair of shoes, indicates what is in store for us, although I am reliably informed that the discount change has been held up until after the election.

If the sole leather trust is enabled to successfully change its plan of discounts so that it will cost my company 2 cents per pair more for sole leather, it will be but a short time until the combinations controlling the other materials that enter into the shoe will alter or amend or rearrange their prices so as to get an increase in price equal to that of the sole leather trust. When that day arrives, and it is not far distant, it will cost my company 6 cents per pair more to manufacture the grade of shoes we produce. Our worst enemies are the tariff and the tariff trusts.

The total value of the hides of cattle imported into the United States for the 12 months ending June 30, 1905, was $14,949,628, while the total of all hides and skins, other than furs, exported for the same period, was $1,051,041. We can produce only about three-fourths of the hides needed for the supply of our home manufacturers of leather, and must annually draw about 25 per centum of our supply from abroad. A tariff tax of $2,500,000 upon this fourth results in an entirely unnecessary and unwarranted increase of about 17 per cent. in the price of all sole leather used by American manufacturers. When we consider that Massachusetts produces but little sole leather, the magnitude of this burden upon our manufacturers and upon our people becomes apparent.

To put $2,250,000 into the treasury of the United States as the result of our duty upon hides, we put about $7,000,000 of unnecessary tariff profit in the hands of the beef and leather trusts. This puts an iniquitous tax upon the sole leather industry of about $10,000,000, and disables that industry in its fight for the markets of the world.

Boot and Shoe Industry Handicapped.

In the boot and shoe industry Massachusetts produces nearly one-half of the factory and custom product of the United States, and more than four times as much as any other state. In the manufacture of boots and shoes the annual product of Massachusetts is more than $150,000,000, while the entire annual product of the United States is $261,000,000. New York, the nearest competitor of Massachusetts, produces but $35,000,000. A tax of $2,250,000 upon the hides imported—involving a subsidy to the beef trust of about $7,000,000 on domestic hides, makes a heavy load for the principal industry of Massachusetts, and, coupled with the duty on leather, a still heavier load upon the consumers of boots and shoes.

Of the total annual value, $1,400,000,000 in manufactured products for the state of Massachusetts, the boot and shoe industry creates a product annually of more than $150,000,000, or about one-ninth of the entire manufactured products of the state. To handicap an industry of this magnitude by an entirely unnecessary tax upon its chief raw material is a ruinous policy which the people of the Commonwealth should condemn unceasingly until it is corrected. It is not patriotic to fasten a burden of this kind upon the boot and shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts for the exclusive benefit of the beef and leather trusts. But that is what it amounts to. The most careful calculations fail to show that the American producer of cattle received one penny more for his cattle by reason of this duty on hides. The trusts that squeeze the boot and shoe manufacturers apply the screws with the same pertinacity to the cattle raiser; and with insatiable greed drive both to the wall.

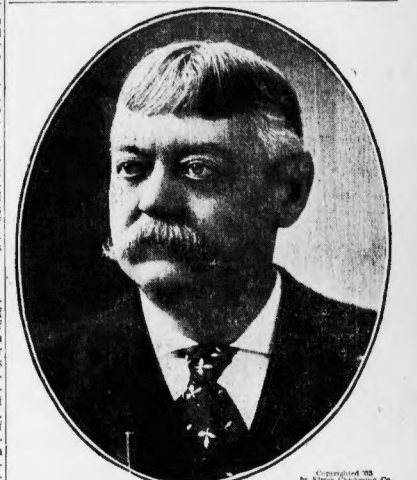
We ask for free hides on high patriotic grounds. Such action will not injure the cattle producers; it will help the manufacturer of boots and shoes, and it will help the people at large. If it decreases the profits of two or three obnoxious trusts it will help to give a "square deal" to all.

How It Affects the Consumer.

Every year the factories of our state turn out about 140,000,000 pairs of shoes at a factory cost of something less than $1.20 a pair. Careful estimates show that the average tariff tax on each pair of shoes is about 9 cents, or nearly 7 per cent. of the value of the shoes. Allowing an average of four pairs of shoes per annum, the saving to the 3,100,000 souls of Massachusetts each year would exceed $900,000.

The Democratic platform demands the immediate enactment by Congress of a dual tariff law, having the present tariff for its maximum with liberal reductions in duty rates to nations that will give the most favorable trade opportunities. This means a reciprocal trade with foreign nations, and if made a law, would save the boot and shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts a sum large enough to increase the present output, and to enable them to greatly increase their foreign sales. Not only this, such a policy would give steadier employment to the 60,000 employes now engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes in Massachusetts. It would also result in either increasing the $35,000,000 now distributed to the workmen as wages, or in increasing the quantity or bettering the quality of the goods which this $35,000,000 will buy.

As a manufacturer I ask for a revised tariff. I would gladly give up the duty of 25 per cent. on shoes for free raw materials. I will go farther than this, and say that I would exchange the duty on shoes for free hides and free sole leather. If the handicap of taxed leather were taken away, I could manufacture shoes as cheaply as any foreign manufacturer and could safely meet the competition of the world. We have the most approved mechanical appliances; we have the advantage of the economical division of labor, and our workmen are equal to any in the world. We are hurt, however, by the high cost of the materials that enter into our product. This increased cost is not a natural cost. It is artificial and unjust. It benefits no worthy industry. It fosters gigantic combinations of capital, injures labor, and destroys foreign trade. Give our manufacturers free raw materials and they will carry Massachusetts goods into every market of the world.



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CHARLES W. BARTLETT,
Candidate for Governor.

Nor am I the only boot and shoe man who desires a change. In 1903, 311 out of 375 important boot and shoe manufacturers in New England offered to give up the duty on shoes for free hides. I do not believe that this sentiment has changed.

That there is a demand for changes in the tariff in other localities as well as in Massachusetts is notorious. The Chicago conference of last August showed that the Millers' National Federation and the Farmers' National Congress demanded relief. Great commercial bodies from all parts of the Union have added their strength to the call for a change. The Stock Raising Associations of the Middle West are also in line with the tariff reformers of the nation.

But great as are the evils of the present schedules to other sections of our country, still greater are they to Massachusetts. The demands of other sections are instinctive. They show the magnitude and wide extent of an admitted evil calling for relief. But tariff reform in Massachusetts is more; it is vital; it goes to the roots of our prosperity; and we are warranted in demanding immediate relief.

The Shoe Manufacturers' Association of the United States have requested me—and I have consented—to act as chairman of a committee, representing this great industry, to go to Washington some time during the month of November and present our appeal to President Roosevelt, urging him to bring before Congress our request for the removal of the 15 per cent. duty on hides. If the voters of this commonwealth on the 7th day of November will cast a plurality of their ballots for Charles W. Bartlett and his associates on the ticket, they will assist this committee greatly in its work and will give the President courage to make a strong appeal to Congress, and Congress, realizing that Massachusetts has spoken in no uncertain way on this great question will be compelled to take some action that will assist in the preservation of this commonwealth's greatest industry.

This question of free raw materials and the revision of the tariff is not a question of politics or party. It is a principle of business, and should be looked at as a business proposition. If you vote to elect the whole Republican ticket, you simply notify Congress and the administration at Washington that the people of Massachusetts and our manufacturing industries are satisfied with present conditions, and are content to allow the trusts to fatten off our people, while our industries either languish or move away.

Reciprocity with Canada.

Speaking of reciprocity with Canada—if we could sell our shoes in the Dominion free of duty, from my experience with the trade I have had there—I could easily add another factory to the three large factories my company now has under operation, which would employ certainly one thousand men and women with a payroll of about $750,000 a year. If, even having reciprocity with Canada alone, I could accomplish that, how much more could I accomplish if I and my fellow shoe manufacturers could have reciprocity with all nations of the world, which we are entitled to, and what is true of the shoe business would be equally true of all other manufactures in the commonwealth.

A word about our candidate for Governor, Charles W. Bartlett. He is capable, honest, fearless, sincere, independent and conservative. If he is elected Governor he will be Governor of the whole people—he will not be controlled by any political machine, but his first thought on any and every question that is brought to his attention will be—is it right? Is it in the interests of the whole people?

Just now the eyes of the nation are centred upon President Roosevelt. He stands for a "square deal" in the interest of the people. He is earnest; he is fearless. He stands for something, and the people are with him. There is Folk of Missouri, La Follette of Wisconsin, Weaver of Philadelphia and Jerome of New York. Each and every one of them stand for something and is doing his best to represent the interest of the people. They are not all Democrats, but they are representing Democratic principles, and if you elect Charles W. Bartlett, you will add another to this list who will work in the interests of the people. What has been demonstrated in the past few years is that we want men who administer the affairs of government to represent something, to do something, to stand for something; men who are not controlled by a machine. The people want men for public office who are not merely "good fellows." They are tired of machines and "good fellows." They want men who stand for vital principles and if you elect Charles W. Bartlett, you will add another to the list of such men.

A vote for Charles W. Bartlett for Governor is a vote to preserve the industries of Massachusetts without taking away a single thing of value to other States

Vote for Charles W. Bartlett for Governor

Boston American Daily Home Magazine

Many Readers Score 'Tobacco Hog' Critic in Little Editorial

AN avalanche of responses has been precipitated by the expressions of "Mr. J. H. Wintermute," printed in the BOSTON AMERICAN Thursday, in which "the tobacco hog" is scored by the writer in a "Little Editorial."

Most of the letters are from men—smokers themselves—who resent the insinuation that smoking injures their reading or gentlemen. Others are from men who are not smokers, yet in sympathy with their brothers who are accustomed to the weed.

It is the opinion of several of the writers that "Mr. Wintermute" is really a woman, disguising her identity.

The readers of the AMERICAN—men and women—are invited to send in their views on the controversy.

A few of those received follow:

SCORES THE "HOG"

EDITOR BOSTON AMERICAN:

I would thank you for just a line or two of your valuable space in which to say a few things to Mr. J. H. Wintermute, who, in your issue of a recent date, so forcibly gave vent to his pent up feelings in regard to the "smoke hog."

I'll bet dollars to clams that "Mutie" is one of those little, measly, shriveled up specimens of humanity who is not only sore on all the world, but dislikes himself for living in it—a fellow who will resort to the columns of a newspaper to air the concoctions of his bemuddled brain instead of going face to face with the "smoke-saturated" individual and administering a sound calldown for his audacity in coming into a car with "decent people."

Too chances to one the "smoke hog" would turn out to be a big, healthy, broad-minded individual, at peace with the world and himself, and "Mutie" would get his little cheeks severely slapped for his trouble.

To my mind, the most detestable of all the species of the swine family is the "cranky hog"—or, I should say, the "cranky pig"—as most of his kind never attain the proportions of a hog in size, so we must be content to simply call them "pigs."

A SMOKER.

OBJECTS TO CRITICISM

EDITOR BOSTON AMERICAN:

I note the article printed under your editorial column in the AMERICAN, headed "Worst Yet," October 19, signed only by the evident champion of some anti-tobacco club, Mr. Wintermute.

I do not wish to convey the idea that I uphold the cigarette fiend, nor the man who consumes into a pulpit cigar with an enormous wad of tobacco in his mouth and expectorates where the travelling public may be obliged to look upon the filth he creates, but I do maintain that if a man can find enjoyment in no more vulgar pastime than smoking a cigar in the company of others of his kind, whether or not he may permeate his clothing with the odor of tobacco, he should not be made the centre of such insulting remarks as the Hon. Mr. Wintermute put forth in his little criticism.

I should judge from his "dog in the manger" article that, perchance, at some time during his life, he had partaken of the weed, but owing to his delicate formation he was made ill from the effects; or, it is possible that, like the son of Elijah the Second, who has never been kissed, he has found the tobacco habit, so has young Elijah the kissing habit, and is forever a decent man to indulge in.

In conclusion, will say that I know several very respectable men who are fond of a smoke and who, I will venture to say, are much more elevated above the hog than our probable champion of some anti-tobacco or old maids' club, Mr. Wintermute.

Yours respectfully, PATRICK MORAN.

CALLED IGNORANT IDLER

EDITOR BOSTON AMERICAN:

I herewith take the liberty of writing and replying to the most esteemed article written by Mr. Wintermute on the tobacco hog. Now, his editorial might have been all right as a biological essay on some extinct animal given before a crowd of little state heathen, and might have won some applause, but being written and sent to a leading paper the general public will take a look some ignorant idler, who expects to win renown by casting reflections upon his own race, which will bring more detriment to him than to the smoker.

Speaking of myself, I do not sanction cigarette smoking in the least, for it affects the user both physically and mentally, and an excessive use of them transforms him into what we call a moral degenerate, but yet I have more love for my race than to class even the cigarette fiend as upon the same plane as an animal of the lower species, as did our estimable friend, Mr. Wintermute.

But as to cigars or a pipe—cigars are legal, have no fault to find. If a man likes to smoke a cigar and has the money to buy it, let him have it. Is it any one else's business? If we took all the tobacco users out of this country and all the rented halls of their work, what would we have left? The best of poetry would be gone.

Think of our forefathers' books, our laws and all that goes to make our country worth while vanish, and I think that time you would be looking for the censor of men who use tobacco to wreak vengeance out on him.

ROLLA A. DRAKE.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S $2,000 LACE GOWN WORN BY LILLIAN RUSSELL

Royalty Supplies Fair Singer With Most Costly and by Far the Most Elaborate Dress Now on the Stage

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL made her entrance in vaudeville this season in the costliest, the most elaborate and the richest gown in design, detail and material, now on the stage.

This gown cost about $2,000, the lace alone costing $1,500. It was made for Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, but Miss Russell secured it.

The days of sham on the stage have passed. Everything must be real now.

James A. Herne used to eat a real turkey in "Shore Acres;" William H. Crane drank real champagne in "David Harum;" Mrs. Fiske wore real jewels in "Vanity Fair;" Lillian Russell certainly has a real gown in her act in vaudeville.

While it is true that hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent every year for costumes, there is nothing to equal that which the peerless songstress now presents.

The body of this gown is made of baby Irish crochet, with poppies and daisies of large Irish crochet.

It is of gold cloth, foot trimmings consisting of ruffles of gold, edged with blue and gold ruching, with clover trimmings of the same. The gown is cut princess.

The hat is of Irish lace with gold ribbon and blue aigrette running through a diamond buckle, with a tulle rosette at the side.

The muff is composed of all-shaded blue ostrich plm and a large blue aigrette.

With this gown Miss Russell wears her famous two pearl necklaces and a turquoise brooch.

Lillian Russell as she appears in vaudeville, wearing the $2,000 gown made for Queen Wilhelmina of Holland

JACK HARKAWAY'S SON

CHAPTER XXIX.

Something Supernatural

THERE was something uncanny in the figure that gave Jack a sensation of uneasiness.

The face was undeniably Hunston's, and yet it seemed oddly distorted.

And as Jack looked upon it a chill went shuddering over him—the first thrill of actual fear he had experienced since the beginning of his adventures.

He was momentarily distracted by a shout from the bridge.

Captain Hunston was at the wheel. He, too, had seen the figure on the boat, and with a cry had sunk to the floor.

Jack turned to go to his assistance.

"Did you see it?" gasped Parsons when he had come out of the faint into which he had fallen.

"See what?" asked Jack.

"The ghost, matey—the ghost of Hunston, diddlesticks," said Jack. "It was Hunston himself, although how he got here I cannot longthe."

"Then where is he now?" asked the captain, half convinced against his instance.

Jack looked toward the boat at the pier head.

To his amusement it was gone.

Only the light from the bay lapped the piles.

A rope's end, a fragment of a broken hawser, hung from the cleat on the top timber.

But of boat or man there was not a vestige.

Ghost or Man?

Had Parsons not also seen the apparition, Jack would have feared that his mind was gone.

The sight of the shipwreck of the Hawk and of the poor girl struggling in the water, had unsettled him to such an extent that this might be easily possible.

But it seemed hardly probable that both he and the captain should go mad at the same instant, and both behold the same vision.

Yet, how was the miracle to be accounted for?

Jack had been much at sea, and had heard all the stories of phantom ships, of Flying Dutchmen and sea spirits that are told in forecastle and cabin.

But his stirdy common sense had told him that all were sea yarns.

He had never seen anything that smacked of the supernatural, and had never thought it possible that he could believe in it.

And yet here was something which set his shuddering every time he thought about it.

And before he had spent three days in San Juan his nerves were so shaken and his judgment so undermined by what he had seen that he no longer had any confidence in his common sense, and would have agreed with anyone who pronounced him a hopeless maniac.

The Mabel was soon in a berth by the pierside, and together with the captain, Jack and Tony, who was by this time sufficiently recovered to join them, Jack went ashore.

Arrangements were made to repair the vessel speedily.

Jack was eager to get back to New York as soon as possible.

The quartet put up at a hotel, and Jack, still thinking of the phenomenon he had witnessed, lay down to try to quiet his nerves with sleep.

He was awakened in the middle of the night with a start.

He had that strange feeling that all men have experienced that someone was in the room.

An Apparition

Jack's chamber was the last of four which had been taken for the party.

It was connected with Harvey's by a door, which had not been unlocked, although Harvey had the key.

Without the night was quite dark, and a tropical rain was falling.

Jack sat bolt upright in bed and listened.

He could hear the rain beating against the window glass, and through the chinks in the door came the sound of Harvey's deep, regular breathing.

That was all. Yet he could not banish the idea that he was not alone.

Four dolls fifteen minutes he sat still and listened, his heart beating like a trip hammer.

Still there was no sound save the rain and the sonorous snores next door.

At last Jack, ashamed of his nervousness, he rose and crossed the room to find the door open.

There was neither gas nor electricity in the room, and only a lantern had been chosen.

Near the wash-stand stood an old-fashioned kerosene lamp and Jack remembered that a tray of matches lay near it.

He groped through the darkness, feeling before him to reach the washstand.

At last he found it and began feeling about for the matches.

Suddenly right behind his head he heard the sound of breathing and felt warm breath on his neck.

His heart stood still for a second, then he turned swiftly around and struck out with his hands.

They grasped only the empty air.

Thinking that perhaps his nerves and imagination had played a trick upon him he resumed his search for the matches.

At last he found them and strove to strike one of them on his shoe.

It refused to light.

Jack tried it on the nearby window pane. In the flash that it might be a composition match such as will only strike on the box or by being passed swiftly over glass, but with equally futile result.

Then he examined the match with his hand.

It had no head.

He picked up another, and then another, and proved hastily but thoroughly by his sense of touch, the whole tray.

Not one of them had a head.

The boy distinctly remembered that the matches were in good condition when he saw them before retiring.

It was clear that some one, or something, had tampered with them while he was asleep.

His fear that some one was in the room was confirmed.

And yet his senses were numbed with a fear like that which he had never known before.

With an ordinary burglar he would have been very willing to cope, although he would be at a tremendous disadvantage.

But he had not the least conception of the presence in the room with the figure of Hunston he had seen at the wharf—Hunston, who must at that time be rotting beneath the sea many miles to the northward.

Dazed and frightened Jack groped his way back to his bed and lay down, trying to think.

He was loath to awaken his friends.

If the man in the room was an midnight marauder he might invite them to certain death.

What then was to be done?

As he lay thinking there was a sudden swishing sound, and something cold and damp was laid heavily on his forehead.

It was the touch of a human hand, wet and slippery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"CONVICT 99"

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

"GOD has been merciful to me," she breathed. "I was as one perishing. In the hair hour the meaning of a real despair, before you came I learned I dared not think of to-morrow—I believed it would be my father's death, and bring me the certainty of yours. I pictured you lying in a prison graveyard—you whom I loved so—and now all is changed! Heaven is opening before me."

"Geraldine, what does this mean?" Laurence Craig asked gravely. "We told you I was dead?"

"Ralph Vickers. Throughout this past year he has persecuted me with his attentions. He won my father over to his side, so that my father appealed to me in his behalf. Then came this illness. My father could not bear to think that I should be left alone in this world. He implored me to promise him that, in case of his death, I would become Vickers's wife. I refused. Vickers thought my refusal was solely to my faithfulness to you. He cannot understand that I abhor him for himself.

"He came to me last night—here in this very room, and told me solemnly that you were dead—that you had been dead more than ten months.

"The light from the log fire flickering on Laurence Craig's face showed its paleness slowly darkened to a deep flush.

"May that lie wither upon his soul!" he cried, passionately. But Geraldine laid her hand upon his arm.

"Laurence, it was not a conscious lie. He believed it to be the truth. It was the ring of conviction in his voice that struck anguish into my heart. He had spoken falsely I should have known it. I am accustomed to his falseness. It was the ring of truth that beat me down and left me despairing. He said you had been shot in trying to escape."

Laurence Craig sprang from his chair.

"He said that? Then he knew."

Geraldine drew back, startled at his tone. "Knew what?" she asked.

"What had happened in the prison, was shot in trying to escape—shot and wounded, but not killed. That is where his error lay. I was not killed. I have lived to come back, and shall live, thank God, to take vengeance for the wrong he has done me."

"Have you proof of any wrongs?" eagerly asked Geraldine. "I have suspected him for months, but have never been able to find proof on which deliberately to charge him. In the beginning he tried to do you good."

Laurence, who had been pacing the room, stopped suddenly before her.

"How?"

"We found out one of the warders who had charge of you and paid him to treat you well. He made a confession and died for that purpose."

"Ah, Vickers went to Grimley?" Laurence bent forward and touched her arm. "Where what?" she asked.

"What had happened in the prison, was shot in trying to escape—shot and wounded, but not killed. That is where his error lay. I was not killed. I have lived to come back, and shall live, thank God, to take vengeance for the wrong he has done me."

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"How?"

"We found out one of the warders who had charge of you and paid him to treat you well. He made a confession and died for that purpose."

"Ah, Vickers went to Grimley?" Laurence bent forward and touched her arm. "And the money?" he asked, breathlessly. "Did you give it?"

"It was all I could do for you, Laurence."

Sport of a Devil

He stood for an instant as one turned to stone, while to his sent a light dawned slowly, revealing to his horrified eyes the deep abyss of evil, of hate-inspired treachery and villainous wrong. Then an indignation such as he had never felt before—never dreamed it possible that he could feel—rose within him, terrible in its quiet force, making his chest heave, and the veins of his throat and brow stand out like whipcords.

"He need it for my torture," he muttered hoarsely. "He deceived you, Geraldine. He made your very love a means by which to sharpen my sufferings. With the money you gave he bought me a cruelier oppression, keener insults, a deeper degradation.

"I was trouted worse than any other man in the whole prison. I—innocent of any crime—was subjected to punishments and indignities such as are only inflicted on the most brutal among the criminals. And it was through him—through his bribes—bribes that he paid with money given by you to alleviate my wretched lot!

"Great heaven!" he exclaimed passionately, "can God let such things pass unavenged? Looking back now, I see it all. I suspect horrible things. No man would do for jealousy's sake alone all that Ralph at me—how can you let me touch you, Vickers have done to me. I have been his victim all through. He laid a trap for me to get me out of the way. He—next to Geraldine, whose? No will have the answer that I would have tried to be so with my whole soul and strength, but I have been the sport of a devil in human shape.

"He stooped before Geraldine again. "Then he stooped before Geraldine again.

"He has foiled my life—thrust me from the path of success—taken away all that made life sweet. He tried to rob me of your love, but thank God, he has failed in that! It is due to him that I stand now unworthy of your love, Geraldine, with my noble, stainless love, how can you look

TO BE CONTINUED IN MONDAY'S BOSTON AMERICAN.

Can a Young Couple Live Comfortably on Ten Dollars a Week?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

You have been frequently asked whether such and such an amount is sufficient to get married on; for instance, whether $8, $9, $10, $12 or $15 per week would be enough. Your answer invariably is, "Depends." Really it is, "Most decidedly no." I think you rather discourage some parties in this respect, which otherwise might have made a happy couple.

No doubt a good many people cannot go along happily with a small income, but there are others who can, and are willing to sacrifice all luxuries for the love of their helpmates. It depends altogether on circumstances.

Remember, we cannot all be doctors or lawyers or engineers or mine or cashiers or mechanics or financiers with big incomes; but some one in that line only a small number, but the greater percentage of men must be laborers and miners and teamsters and farmers and teachers, etc., who must be content with small incomes. Would you then advise all these men to remain single and become bachelors, because they cannot earn a big pile of money every week?

CONSTANT READER.

By Beatrice Fairfax

IN reply to "Constant Reader's" interesting letter I can only say that I agree with him—it depends altogether on circumstances.

If a young man earning say eight or nine dollars a week falls in love with a girl who is willing to undertake the management of his home on what he can allow her from his salary, I would advise him, by all means, to ask her to marry him.

It is well to bear in mind, however, that this salary must keep two in comfort will not always suffice for an increasing family.

It is also well to remember that with the increasing family will come doctor's bills and possibly seasons when the wage earner of the family may be out of work.

Allowing for such contingencies, is it not wise to put by a small sum weekly in view of the possible "rainy day"?

Eight dollars will go much further, of course, in a small town than in a large city. Heat, food, bearing, etc., are all doubly dear in the cities.

If a young man and woman love each other well enough to be satisfied to give up luxuries and be content with necessities and love, no salary would probably seem too small so long as they were together.

But the man must be sober and industrious and the girl capable and economical or the love will be of short duration.

Poverty with love is all right, but poverty without love is a pretty poor sort of existence.

I would not discourage any man who feels that he can afford to marry from doing so.

Happy marriage is the best of all states for both man and woman.

There is no more forlorn sight than the lonely, neglected old bachelor, unless it is the married man loaded down by debt.

Money is not necessary to happiness, but debt is an absolute bar to it.

Some women are born managers and can make a sum, no matter how small, cover the desired need. Such women make ideal wives for men with small incomes.

On the other hand, a woman may bring all the love and good will possible to bear on the question and still be unable to make both ends meet.

In summing up the matter, I should say that the entire question depends on the manner in which the young people are content to live and their ability to keep within their means.

Frankly, I think eight dollars a week would mean very straitened circumstances.

On fifteen two persons should live very comfortably and save a little.

Advice to Anxious Sweethearts

By Beatrice Fairfax

BOTH IN FAULT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A young girl having been to a party one evening discovered on the following morning that her ring was missing. After a search proved unavailing in her room for same she wrote a letter to a young man in whose company she had been the greater part of the preceding evening, asking him to kindly return the ring if it were in his possession, at the same time stating that she begged pardon for writing if she did not have it. The young man (who professes to be a gentleman) upon receipt of her letter, called her up on the telephone at her place of business, saying that he did not have the said ring, and asking quite curtly if it "that was not a plan to get him to write to her?" The feelings of the girl in question were very much hurt.

Is it impolite for a girl at the present time to do as much as walk or talk with a young man without his thinking her in love with him?

"BACK BAY."

HIS answer to your letter was not very tactful or courteous, but you probably made him angry by asking him if he had your ring. How could he have it unless you gave it to him? He could not take it out of your finger without your knowledge. I think he is as much in fault as the other. I agree with you that men are very apt to mistake friendship on a girl's part for love.

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN PATTERN

A Simple Frock

No. 3,061—Dresses which are simple in style are much sought by the women who fashions her small daughter's clothes. These frocks do not bet anything at best and they are more becoming to Miss Mollet than designs more elaborate. This one is shirred over the shoulders and has the long waistline defined by an attached straight gathered skirt. The deep berthe provides a becoming finish for the neck as well as field for trimming. Tucks appear in the front and back of the blouse and add to the appearance of fulness. If a school dress is desired this will be an excellent model developed in serge or flannel. Cashmere is also appropriate for the material. A big sailor collar and a touch of brightness for the necktie in the pattern calls for 3¾ yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern No. 3,061, sizes 2 to 10 years. Send 10 cents to obtain this pattern, postpaid, and the address and name and size to HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN PATTERN DEPT. P. O. Box 250. Boston, Mass.

No. 3,061.

Size.....

Name .....

Address .....

How the mill workers of New England are affecting the servant girl problem.

What Boston exhibitors are planning to do at the New York Horse Show.

Why "a Cape Codder" came all the way from Barnstable to see a stage performance.

Another article in the series by Expert Doogue on "How to Grow and Cultivate House Plants.

An English actress who is making a big hit in Boston.

THOMAS W. LAWSON in a sensational interview on "SUCCESS."

ANACONDA SKIN COATS.—How the new motor coats, costing more than the motor car itself, are made from anaconda skins.

FASHIONS IN FURS.—Mrs. Osborn describes the latest fashionable furs.

IS THE EARTH DOOMED?. Science discovers just how and when the earth will be destroyed.

TRY IT ON THE PIANO. A fifty-cent piece of music free.

BARGAIN DAY PATTERS.—American-Journal-Examiner patterns. Bargain day patterns for ten cents for a lady's suit, consisting of waist and skirt, which you can easily make at home yourself.

YOUR SILVER WEDDING. Mrs. Linda Hull Larned tells how to celebrate the silver wedding.

DO YOU EVER FORGET? Science explains the reason why we are sometimes absent-minded..

KILLING A WHOLE FAMILY. The wickedly cruel revenge of a mysterious rival of a desperate lunatic who has murdered four little children and is trying to murder more.

A CHARMING ROMANCE.—How the young heir to the Ogden Mills millions has won the girl of his choice after three years of ardent wooing.

FASCINATING STORY.—"When It Was Dark," the tremendously powerful religious novel.

The Queen of Fashionable Society

A full-page colored photograph of the woman who is undoubtedly the leader of fashionable society

IN TO-MORROW'S BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN

is one of the many interesting and important features of this great Sunday newspaper.

AMONG OTHER STRIKING ARTICLES ARE:

No Woman Can Afford to Miss TO-MORROW'S BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN—Order Your Copy of Your Newsdealer To-day

MARSHALL P. WILDER CRACKS SEVEN JOKES ON BOSTON---HERE THEY ARE

This picture shows how he looked when he cracked them.

PHOTO BY OTTO SARONY CO.

1—The best joke ever played on me happened here in Boston. I was walking down Tremont street with a tall colored man came in. "I want to buy a razor," he said. "For shaving purposes," asked the clerk. "No, social," he replied. You must have great goings on here at night.

2—Boston must be a lively place. I was in a hardware store to-day and a colored man came in. "I want to buy a razor," he said. "For shaving purposes," asked the clerk. "No, social," he replied. You must have great goings on here at night.

3—I've struck the funniest hotel here that I ever saw. They have two kinds of hot water,—hot, and just.

4—Boston is way ahead of every other city. I was in the lunase hospital to-day—just visiting, you know, nothing serious—and there they have got a word especially for chauffeurs. Chauffeur is French, you know, for plumber. "We have 150 patients in this ward," said the superintendent. I looked in but couldn't see anyone. "They're all under the bed, fixing the machine," he explained.

5—Say, what kind of people do you have in Boston, anyway? I'm a hardware store where I was today an Irishman came in and asked for seed for a cuckoo clock. What do you think of that?

6—No, I'll never come to Boston on the steamer again. We had an awfully rough passage and as we were coming up the harbor the steward said to me, "Mr. Wilder, will you have your lunch up on deck?" "It's ten to one that I do," I replied, feeling as if I looked like a mutton chop.

7—Much as I like Boston, there is really one bad feature about your hotels. I can never get a bed that is long enough for me.

ENTHUSIASM FOR 'LA BOHEME' AT TREMONT

Savage Opera Company's Performance Best of the Week.

MANY CURTAIN CALLS

To be so affected by the pathos in a final scene that the majority of an immense audience bursts forth into hisses, in an attempt to quell the hand clapping of others, is a new experience to operagoers here in Boston, but this happened at the Tremont Theatre last evening.

The excellent work of the Savage Grand Opera Company, which sang Puccini's "La Boheme" for the first time in English here, had brought forth unstinted praise and curtain call after curtain call.

Each act had seen the demonstrations of applause grow more cordial, until in the final act the pitiful death of Mimi, the sincere grief of Rudolph and the tender compassion of the other Bohemians moved the audience into a condition where the slightest sound jarred upon the feelings. Emotions held sway and tears were wrung from the more tender hearted.

Applauders Hissed.

Small wonder then that when, before the curtain had fairly started upon its descent, the majority of the audience, startled from their tearful period by a burst of applause, hissed the applauders into silence.

When the curtain had fallen and the strain was relieved, however, there came such a storm of applause—genuine, heartfelt applause—as has not been heard at the Tremont for years.

Puccini's "La Boheme" proves popular in English. The life, the color, the gay abandon of the Latin Quarter, so truthfully represented by Mr. Savage, strikes the popular chord. This, combined with the pretty music and the surprisingly good acting of the principals and chorus, made of "La Boheme" one of the chief events of the week.

Miss Rennyson had in Mimi a part much better suited to her than many others, and she sang it simply, without sentimentality and with much more spontaneity than at any time during the week. Her work was praiseworthy throughout. Miss Brennan gave to Musette the right touch of gaiety and sang it with the true effects.

Made Typical Lover.

Mr. Sheehan, although still suffering from a cold, showed a finer appreciation of tonal color than ever before, and made of Rudolph a typical Italian poet and lover. Of his Bohemian companions Mr. Goff as Marcel has the most to do and did it the best. The opera was staged with great realism and in perfect taste. The chorus and the orchestra were excellent and Conductor Emanuel was forced to respond to some of the curtain calls.

"Tannhauser" is to be given this afternoon and "Faust" to-night.

PRIEST FINDS BIG SUN SPOTS

SAN JOSE, Cal., Nov. 4.—The Rev. Father Joseph Richard, S. J., Santa Clara College astronomer, announces the result of his observations of a group of sun spots, noticed several weeks ago. The length of the entire group, he calculates, is 144,145 miles, with a width of 115,332 miles.

Increased solar activity makes it probable that two new spots, first noticed last Friday, will exceed in size any hitherto observed.

REUNITED BY GRIEF, COUPLE WED AGAIN

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 4.—Patrick J. Boyle and Lillian Ritchie of this city have just wedded for the second time. They were first married five years ago. A woman came between them, and they took their troubles into the divorce court. The wife obtained a decree last April. Three months later husband and wife came face to face again after the desertion of two of their three children. There the old love was rekindled and both forgave and forgot.

BOY KILLED IN FOOTBALL TACKLE

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—In making a tackle in a football game between the second teams of the Oak Park and Hyde Park High Schools, Vernon C. Wise of Oak Park was struck in the side and back by an opposing player and received internal injuries from which he died. He was seventeen years old.

LABOR NEWS

Allied Printing Trades Union Label Council 96 Boston Mass

A rousing "eight-hour smoke talk" was held by the Book and Job Branch of Typographical Union No. 13 last night in Sherwood Hall, No. 9 Elm street. The gathering, which crowded the hall, included a delegation from the Lowell Typographical Union.

The speakers included Charles G. Scott, organizer of the International Typographical Union; Henry Abrahams, secretary of the Boston Central Labor Union, and also of the Cigarmakers' Union; President Speed, of the Lowell Typographical Union; John A. McPherson, organizer of the Typographical Union; Herbert W. Cooke, and Henry Sterling, secretary of the Typographical Union. Joseph B. Gill, chairman of the Book and Job Branch, presided.

Humphrey O'Sullivan of Lowell was unable to attend on account of illness. He was formerly a member of the International Typographical Union. Mr. O'Sullivan has contributed $500 to the Lowell Typographical Union to carry on its fight for the eight-hour day in that city, and has declared that he will disarm the Lowell Union to any extent. A rising vote of thanks was given Mr. O'Sullivan for his assistance to the Lowell Union.

Organizer Scott said that the Typotheteae had already spent $145,000 in the city of Detroit and has been unsuccessful in bringing out a single apprentice. In New London, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester and Lowell, where the strikes are on for the enforcement of the eight-hour day, the men are standing like a stone wall.

He said the International Typographical Union will be victorious, for enrolled in that organization will be found the competent printers of the country. We have shown after eight weeks' struggle in New England that competent strike-breakers are not available.

"In Chicago the employers have applied to the courts for injunctions—the last resort, of a defeated opponent. But injunctions do not manufacture competent printers."

Henry Abrahams stated that the records of the Cigarmakers' Union, after having the eight-hour day for eighteen years, show that the man who works the least number of hours lives longest.

The committee of arrangements included W. G. Studley, Charles Usher, John Shanks, Joseph B. Gill, Thomas Segars, Fred Guthherlet, John Pease, Manuel De Freitas, James Cummings, Arthur Cahill, John McSwain, John McIntire, William McNeil, Charles Woods and E. A. Boyle.

PRESIDENT DART RENOMINATED.

Joseph A. Dart has been unanimously renominated for president of Franklin Association No. 1 of Junior Pressmen and Feeders. Vice-President Sullivan refused a nomination and election. For the office John J. Cosgrove, Thomas J. Hennessey and Daniel Callahan were nominated. The candidates for secretary are Charles M. Mehegan and the present incumbent, M. Hilt O'Connor. Secretary-Treasurer Michael S. Cooney was unanimously renominated for that office and for business agent. The election will be held December 7 in Wells Memorial building.

MANY CONTESTS FOR OFFICE.

Division No. 71, Brotherhood of Railroad Freight and Baggagemen, has nominated the following officers to be voted for the first Thursday in December: President, George H. Lane, Alfred Arey, Patrick Barry and F. J. Coyle; vice-president, Charles R. White, Patrick Doherty, Charles Tabor and P. H. McKeon; secretary-treasurer, George L. Thompson; recording secretary, James F. F. Rogers, Charles R. Tabor and John H. O'Hare; warden, John T. Freeto, Eugene B. Sullivan, John McCarthy and Patrick Doherty. Three delegates are also to be elected to the second annual convention of the brotherhood, to be held at Lancaster, Pa., beginning the first Thursday in January. The nominees are Daniel Cronin, Patrick Coyle, H. H. Whiting, A. E. Arey, Patrick Barry, C. R. White, George L. Thompson and F. J. McKeon.

LABOR NOTES.

A resolution will be presented at tomorrow's meeting of the Central Labor Union favoring a municipal lighting plant. The resolution will be presented by a committee from Electrical Workers' Union No. 103.

Cab Drivers and Trimmers' Union will set up its wage scale at tomorrow afternoon's meeting in Wells Memorial building.

The first meeting of the executive board of the State Branch of A. F. of L. since its recent annual convention will be held tomorrow morning at 10 a. m. in Wells Memorial building.

SUNDAY'S MEETINGS.

Central Labor Union—No. 987 Washington street.

Team Drivers' Union No. 25—Beehive Hall, Dover and Albany streets.

Artificial Stone and Asphalt Workers—Horticultural Hall, No. 728 Washington street.

Blacksmiths' Union No. 209—No. 45 Eliot street.

Brewery Workers' Union No. 14—Washington's Hall, Amory street, Roxbury.

Bookbinders' Union—Union Hall, corner Decatur and Liverpool streets, East Boston.

Painters' District Council—No. 987 Washington street.

Sand and Tipcart Drivers' Union—No. 987 Washington street evening.

Hay and Grain Teamsters' Union—Brodrick Hall, Dover and Albany streets.

FERDINAND
Legitimate House Furnisher
for 36 Years

EXTENSION TABLE

Solid quartered oak, claw foot. A table from which the President would be proud to partake of his Thanksgiving dinner.

$20

LIBERAL CREDIT

FRANK FERDINAND
Washington and Warren Sts.
At the Dudley St. Elevated Terminal Station
7 Minutes' Ride From South Station
20 Minutes' Ride From North Station

LAWSON SAYS 'ELECT HEARST'

Thomas W. Lawson, in a display advertisement in the New York papers of to-day, heartily indorses the candidacy of William R. Hearst for Mayor of New York. In his advertisement Mr. Lawson says:

"If I had a vote in New York city I would consider it my most solemn duty to cast it for Mr. Hearst for Mayor.

Mr. Lawson further says: "I am a Republican; never voted any but the Republican ticket. I do not believe in municipal ownership, but as a choice between it and those grafters and thieves who still rule New York city if Hearst and Jerome lose I would take municipal ownership, even with all its evil parts, and with its evil parts multiplied tenfold."

Mr. Lawson also supports the candidacy of William Travers Jerome for District Attorney of New York county.

MOTHER SHOOTS 4 CHILDREN AND SELF

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 4.—Mrs. James Brennan of No. 390 Knox terrace, Minneapolis, quarrelled with her husband, and after he had gone to work attempted to kill his four children and herself.

She shot and killed two of the children and wounded the other two so that neither of them is expected to recover. She turned the revolver on herself and received a ball in the left breast, which it is believed will result in death.

FOR QUINCY MAYOR.

The Democratic City Committee of Quincy last night placed George H. Wilson in nomination for the mayoralty.

BARGE ON ROCKS NEAR CHATHAM

Special to the Boston American.

CHATHAM, Nov. 4.—A barge, name unknown, heavily loaded with coal, is on the rocks southeast of the Chatham Life Saving Station.

The sea is running high, and the vessel is dangerously near the famous "Roaring Bull" shoal.

The life savers have run out all their apparatus and the life gun is on shore ready to shoot a line across the boat. It is impossible to launch the lifeboats, and it is feared all aboard the boat will be lost.

It is thought that the barge was in tow and broke away during the night.

If the vessel strikes the bars it will be dashed to pieces.

SCHIDLOFSKI TO BE TRIED NEXT MONTH

The case of John Schidlofski, alias John Kline, charged with the murder of his wife, Marcilana, in Belmont, on July 12, will come up for trial at the regular December sitting of the Middlesex Superior Court, instead of at a special session in December.

There is a persistent rumor about the East Cambridge Courthouse that the prisoner will plead guilty to murder in the second degree, which means life imprisonment, but Henry H. Winsdow, his senior counsel, said he could not tell. A State officer declared he did not believe the government would now accept such a plea. Schidlofski himself does not appear downcast. Most of his time is spent in reading books from the jail library.

Ladies!

Would you be free from the ills that bring paleness, lassitude and depression? Would you be glad to avoid sick headache, biliousness and constipation?

Would you possess the pink cheeks, the bright eyes, the buoyant spirits that make splendid and attractive womanhood? To be well and happy

Take BEECHAM'S PILLS

They have made thousands of women healthy and strong. For preserving youth and beauty, Beecham's Pills have no equal. They positively remove all irregularities, relieve constipation and are the stepping-stone to health. Compounded entirely of vegetable ingredients, they act mildly on the most delicate constitution and may be taken with absolute safety by maid or mother. Every woman who values her health should take Beecham's Pills.

Do It Now

Sold Everywhere in Boxes. 10c. and 25c.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK THEATRE
Charles Frohman, Rich & Harris, Lessees & Managers
MATS. TODAY AND WED. 2. ELEC. RETURNS TUES. NIGHT.
THE LION AND THE MOUSE
By CHARLES KLEIN
Management HENRY B. HARRIS.
TOWN GONE WILD! BUT ONE VERDICT! BEST PLAY IN YEARS!
Introducing GRACE ELLISTON And EDMUND BREESE

COLONIAL THEATRE
TONIGHT at 8
CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents
Fritzi Scheff
IN THE COMIC OPERA
MLLE. MODISTE
Next Week—BEGINNING SUNDAY, NOV. 12—SEATS NOW ON SALE.
The Gilbert & Sullivan of America—Journal
Last Matinee Today at 2.
Next Week—BEGINNING SUNDAY, NOV. 12—SEATS NOW ON SALE.

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE
ISAAC B. SELIG, Proprietor and Manager
Evenings at 7.45—Only Mat. Saturday at 2
THIS WEEK AND NEXT—DAILY
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES'
London Lyric Theatre Company
In the Light Romantic Operetta,
THE DAUGHTERS OF DANTZIC
—WITH—
Miss Eyre George Mr. Holbrook Blinn
And All the Original Company of 100

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Evenings at 8
MATINEE TODAY
Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat. at 2
A. H. Woods Presents
Queen of the Highbinders
Evgs. 25c, 50c, 75c. Mats. 25c, 50c.
Next Week—For His Brother's Crime

EMPIRE THEATRE
Today, Tues. & Fri. Mat. Prices: 15, 25, 35 & 50c.
Tel. Oxford 4.
Capt. Marshall Play.
THE UNFORESEEN
Second Balcony for Ladies Only, 15c.
Next Week—Two Little Sailor Boys.

POP CONCERTS!
Langham Hotel 1710 Washington St.
ADMISSION FREE.
Every evening except Sunday, from 8 to 11, by our handsome new cafe Orchestra and vocal selections. Refreshments served. Take elevated to Northampton st., 6 min. from Boylston St.

COLUMBIA
Miner's "BOHEMIANS" Burlesquers
SMOKING ALLOWED
Daily Mats. 25c

AUSTIN & STONE'S
10c MUSEUM 10c
Swellin' Beaman's Pony Circus
Other Attractions In Curio Hall.
Great Vaudeville SHOWS
MINSTREL MAIDS Nearly Every Hour
20th Edition 10 to 10

HOWARD TODAY 1 TO 11 P. M.
Ever Revered Burlesquers, a jovial group of merry merrymakers, in the fresh comedy-medley, "Would You?" Geo. B. Alexander, Myles Mc Carthy & Co., Wills and Hassen, McKee and Cahill, Cherry and Bates, Al Carleton and other varietyisms.

GLOBE Evening Prices, 25—50—75 Mats. Wed. Sat. Mats. 25
A Musical Comedy Sensation ME, HIM AND I
With Sullivan, Watson and Whitelaw. Mon. Mat.—THE DAZE. Then "Joe Pike." Next Monday Night—20th Century Girls.

BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE
Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 8.
THE WORLD
Any Seat in the House 25c.
NEXT WEEK—DRIVEN FROM HOME.

LYCEUM CITY SPORTS
Daily 2:15 & 8. Orchestra Seat 25c. Tel. 39 Oxford.
PALACE
Cracker Jack Burlesquers
PRICES 10—20—30

AMUSEMENTS.

BOSTON THEATRE
LAWRENCE McCARTY.....Lessee & Manager
Prices 25-35-50-75 and $1.00
LAST DAY
MATINEE AT 2
GREATEST OF ALL NEW ENGLAND PLAYS
THE OLD HOMESTEAD
NEXT MONDAY
—ONE WEEK ONLY—
GEO. PRIMROSE AND HIS BIG MINSTREL COMPANY
The Largest and Best in the World.
Election Returns next Tuesday night
BEST SEATS $1.00

TO-MORROW NIGHT BIG CONCERT
ALWAYS A GOOD ENTERTAINMENT
BE SURE BUYING TWO CIRCUS ANNOUNCEMENT
500 ORCHESTRA SEATS ONLY 50c
SEATS ONLY 50c AND 25c

Children's Day AT Keith's
Bring the Youngsters in the Afternoon to see the Electric Manikins and the Wonderful Acrobatic Dogs. Nothing on the Big Program Holds Over.
Next Week—Agoust Family

MAJESTIC THEATRE
MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2.
Many elements and New York Election Returns Read From the Stage Next Tuesday. Nov. 7.
AS YE SOW
Seats Selling Now for the Second Big Month Which Begins Next Monday.
Next Sunday—Popular Concert, Headed by the GREAT HENRY LEE.

TREMONT THEATRE
TWO WEEKS OPERA SEASON
Mr. Henry W. Savage's
English Grand Opera Co.
TONIGHT AT 8
FAUST
NEXT WEEK—Mon., Tue., Thurs. and Sat. Mat. Sat., FAUST. Wed. Mat., AIDA. Fri. Mat., GOTHENBURG MAID. Evgs., AIDA; LUCIA. Valkyrie at 7:30 and 1:30.
Rush Seats, Second Balcony, 50c.

CASTLE SQ.
Down Town Office, 31 Winter st.
TODAY at 2 and 8 P. M.
First Shakespearian Production
Much Ado About Nothing
Prices: 15c., 25c., 35c., 75c., $1.
Monday, Nov. 6—Gillette's SECRET SERVICE.

MECHANICS BUILDING
ROLLER SKATING
SEASON CLOSES TONIGHT
2 BIG RACES AT 9:30
ADMISSION, 15c. W. A. PARSONS, Mgr.

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

Mr. Morgan and the Motormen

He Is Alive To-day, Because the Motorman on the Front of the Street Car IS A GOOD, HONEST, SOBER MAN

Copyright, 1905, by Star Company

Here is a short story for workmen taken from a newspaper. We quote from the New York Globe:

J. Pierpont Morgan, the banker, had a narrow escape from death this morning while on his way downtown.

He was saved from being ground to death under the wheels of a Madison avenue trolley car only by the extreme exertions of the motorman, who threw off the current just as he was about to strike the banker, and brought the car to a standstill with such suddenness that passengers were thrown from the seats.

A downtown trolley car was approaching, and Mr. Morgan stood beside the track while it sped by. Then he started across the tracks, not noticing a northbound car that was bowling up the avenue. He had stepped into the northbound tracks when the clattering gong startled him, and he seemed dazed.

He tried to dodge out of the way of the northbound car when a second southbound car came on him. He would have been struck had not the motorman jammed on his brake with such force as to bring the car to a standstill, with a terrific jolting.

Mr. Morgan calmly stepped off the tracks, and, smoking a big, black cigar, went on his way.

Mr. Morgan calmly went on "SMOKING A BIG, BLACK CIGAR." And the motormen went on, working long hours for low wages, because Morgan and his friends are permitted to steal the streets, exploit the public and pay the lowest possible wages.

If Mr. Morgan could identify those two sober, steady, capable motormen who SAVED HIS LIFE by their promptness, their muscle, their mental quickness, HE WOULD GLADLY GIVE TO EACH A BIG REWARD.

It is quite likely that he will take the trouble to find out who those men were, and make it unnecessary for either of them to work quite so hard or quite so long hereafter.

Mr. Morgan, after he got home and thought it over, probably said to one of his secretaries or one of his SYCOPHANTS, "Go find who those two motormen were that SAVED MY LIFE, and give them each a check with my compliments."

In the usual course of events all the newspapers would tell how generous Mr. Morgan was.

But THIS newspaper wants the people to realize that what those motormen did for Mr. Morgan THEY ARE DOING EVERY DAY OF THEIR LIVES FOR LITTLE, DIRTY, RAGGED, POOR CHILDREN.

Every day the motorman stands there underpaid and overworked, AND YET ALERT.

Every day of his life he saves one life, and another life, and another life, because the sense of duty is strong in him; and he never loses the idea that, WELL paid or BADLY paid, he must think of every little child that goes across the tracks.

Once in a while THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS.

Once in a while a life is crushed out, and then the motorman, who has done his very best, is abused and attacked.

AND NOBODY THINKS OF ATTACKING THE CORPORATION THAT FORCES HIM TO GO AT HIGH SPEED.

And nobody thinks of blaming the employer that overworks him and gets him tired.

THE HALL-ROOM BOYS

THEY DO IT ON $8.25 PER

Copyright, 1905, by American-Journal-Examiner.

HEAVENS FERDIE, JUDGING FROM THIS LETTER, UNCLE OBEDIAH IS LIABLE TO DROP IN ON US AT ANY MOMENT, AND IT WOULD NEVER DO TO HAVE THE GIRLS SEE HIM, AS I TOLD THEM MY UNCLE WAS THE MAYOR OF HIS COUNTRY TOWN, WORTH ALL KINDS OF MONEY, AND A WHOLE LOT MORE ON THAT LINE. LETS GO OVER TO GERALDINES BEFORE HE CATCHES US.
YES, HE MIGHT MAKE SOME CRACK ABOUT OUR HAPPY CHILDHOOD DAYS DOWN ON THE FARM; AND I GAVE RADGE TO UNDERSTAND WE WERE BORN IN THE CITY.
1
DEW PERCY AND FERDINAND HALL ROOM LIVE HERE? THEM'S MY NEPHEWS. I'M THEIR UNCLE OBEDIAH.
THEY WENT OUT A FEW MINUTES AGO, POSSIBLY YOU MAY FIND THEM AT THE SOUPLIGHT'S FIVE DOORS DOWN.
2
HELLO GIRLS - THOUGHT WE'D JUST DROP IN ON YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES.
I'M SO GLAD YOU DID. WE'RE JUST WISHING YOU BOYS WERE HERE.
3
HELLO BOYS! DONT YEW REMEMBER YOUR UNCLE OBEDIAH?
H'HOW D'DO?
I'M JUST BE THE MAYOR.
4
YEW BOYS ALLUS WAS SO FOND OF HOME COOKIN', AUNT SUE SENT YEW A FEW DOUGHNUTS AN' A PUMPKIN PIE. JEST YEW REMEMBER THEM OLD FOLKS BUT PERCY ME NEPHEW, DON'T GIT DAOW-HARTED WHEN I TELL YEW THET SALLY DOOBERRY WENT AN' MARRIED DEACON PLUMPITS SON JOHN. REMEMBER HOW YEW USED TER SIT ON THER STILE AN' SHOOT BACK IN THER MILDER?
OH THANKS!
5
I SAY NEPHEW, THET BRINDLE COW POLLY IS GIVIN' FOUR QUARTS EVERY DAY! HOW'R.
COME ON UNCLE, WE'LL SHOW YOU THE AQUARIUM.
6

THEIR DEAR OLD UNCLE SURPRISES THEM WITH A VISIT

Lessons in Municipal Ownership

XVIII.

Three-Cent Fares and Better Service

By Professor Frank Parsons

A THREE-CENT fare, with seats instead of straps at the hours of common travel, is a hope municipal ownership holds out with ample reasons to back it up. With municipal ownership, free of debt, we might even get two fares for a nickel instead of one.

The three-cent fare is already in operation in the United States, even under the profit system, and offers have been made by leading capitalists to operate street railways at still lower fares.

The municipal railways of Glasgow, Liverpool and other foreign cities have cut fares one-third and even one-half below the rates charged by private tram lines in the same cities, and still make a profit for the public treasury.

Municipal roads under fair management, aiming to give the public good service substantially at cost, naturally make much lower rates and give better accommodations than private roads aiming at the largest possible profit.

The late Governor Pingree, who, while mayor of Detroit, gathered much information on the street railway question, told the writer he was convinced that a three-cent fare was sufficient in any of our large cities east of the Missouri River.

Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland, an ex-street railway magnate, owner and manager of extensive trolley interests, has also expressed the belief that a three-cent fare is sufficient, with a nickel perhaps in case of transfers on long double routes.

Street railway magnates have offered to run all the cars in Detroit on a three-cent single fare, with forty tickets for $1, a two and one-half-cent fare, and pay interest on the cost of acquiring the roads if the city would take them.

Several years ago responsible railway capitalists offered to operate trolley systems in Chicago on a uniform three-cent fare and pay a large bonus to the city for the franchise.

The old corporations argue that the books of the companies show that a three-cent fare would not be sufficient. But they do not tell us that the book costs include large legislative and political costs that municipal ownership would escape, and they fail to allow for the increase of traffic that comes with lower rates. This is the secret of profit on cut rates in Liverpool and Glasgow and elsewhere.

The fixed charges and general expenses do not expand in proportion with the increase of traffic and are divided among a much larger number of people.

The direct transportation expense on the Boston street railways, according to the company's report, amounts to only two and one-half cents per passenger. The rest goes for general expense and maintenance (one cent) and capital charges (one and one-half cents).

The total of these general fixed charges is but very slightly increased by increase of traffic, so that the rate per passenger diminishes as the business increases, which is true also to some extent with the direct transportation charges.

The subway and the linking of the surface lines with the elevated makes comparison with other cities more difficult than it would otherwise be. But the subway payment takes less than one-tenth of a cent per passenger on the whole business, and the fact that the united L and surface lines are able to pay 6 per cent. on Elevated stock and 7 and 8 per cent. on West End stock, which is largely in excess of fair capitalization; the fact that the profit per passenger on such an elevated road is estimated by competent traffic men at about the same figure as on the surface lines, the big trains full of passengers making up for the larger fixed charges, and the further fact that the leading spirits of the West End surface roads were eager to get the privilege of building the L, so eager that they spent large sums in persuading the Legislature to pass the bill, which they would hardly have done, one would think, if they or their engineers had not been sure the L would not diminish their profits—these facts indicate that conditions in Boston are not so different as to make it impossible for us to apply the experience of other cities.

A three-cent fare would mean a saving of $12 a year to every working man and working girl who uses the trolleys. And a man with a family would save perhaps $25 or $30 a year by the change. And if a two-and-a-half-cent fare were made possible by municipal ownership free of debt, these savings would be increased by 25 per cent.

Low fares would enable many to live in suburban homes, with lower rents, more helpful surroundings and more beauty in their lives.

Do you want transportation at cost in your own cars?

Do you want reduced rents?

Do you want sunny homes with trees and flowers and birds about you?

Do you want low rates on gas and electric light?

Do you want a telephone in every home?

Do you want a management of your own for the public utilities that press upon you on every side; a management that you can order to render the service you desire instead of a management you have to beg as a favor to give you such instead of a chance to swing in festoons from the strap-rods, and beg in vain, because strap passengers enlarge the dividends?

Then work for public ownership of street railways, lighting plants and telephones, and for public ownership of the government also, which is an essential condition of real public ownership of any other monopoly or public utility.

JUST KIDS

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I'LL BET HES ERFRAID TER SHOOT IT
"Don't it hurt, Johnnie?"
"You bet it does."
"Then wot you grinning about?"
"I'm thinkin' wot er good time I'll have watchin' you git it next, dear brother."

"Wot you carryin' dat big revolver fer, Chimmie?"

"You see, Mag, I never has about me less dan twenty-five cents, an' in dese times I feel I've got ter perfect meself."

ISN'T IT JUST LIKE A WOMAN?

Copyright, 1905, by American Journal Examiner

MISS VAN SMYTHE
THAT HORRID OLD THING! TELL HER I'M ILL. JOHN, I JUST WONT SEE HER.
THE DOCTOR HAS GIVEN POSITIVE ORDERS THAT SHE MUST SEE NO ONE.
ISN'T THAT TOO BAD. I HAD JUST THE LOVELIEST SECRET TO TELL HER.
WHY BELLA! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WHY YOUR HUSBAND SAID YOU WERE ILL!
I WHY JOHN! HOW COULD YOU SAY SUCH A THING!

1. She will refuse to see a caller—

2. And leave her husband to make excuses for her—

3. And then come in just in time to prove him a liar.

4. NOW ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A WOMAN?

It's Never Too Late to Hope

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

DEAR SIR—I am much helped by your articles in the BOSTON AMERICAN.

I am a woman earning my living and practically alone in Boston, forced to leave my home city by what seems to be a cruel fate, which separates me from the one I love best on earth. There, however, is no wrong-doing on either side.

This trouble has caused me the deepest distress, and always at the holiday season I am plunged in the depths of despair, although I try to forget myself in the effort to make the season happy for some one else.

Were it not for the faint possibility of the clouds being some day lifted I should lose all hope.

There must be many people in this great city who are in a similar situation, so won't you please write something that will help us?

Do you think it is better to hope against hope, or resign one's self to the inevitable, when such resignation means death to all the sweetest things of life?

I have prayed about the matter, but my prayer seems to fall back upon me from empty skies, until I am being forced to the belief that there is absolutely no one from whom we can receive help when in distress and have done all in our own power to right matters ourselves.

Please do not cast this letter aside. It is not written for effect, but comes from the depths of the heart of one who has almost reached the limit of her ability to struggle against the sorrow that has taken all the sweetness out of life?

Sincerely,

A DAILY READER.

IN attempting to "write something" for this woman, and for the "others in this great city who may be in a similar situation," it is unnecessary that I should declare my heartiest sympathy. I would not be human were I unable to feel for and with those who are in trouble.

But I must not allow my sympathy and sorrow in the case to interfere with my main duty in the premises, which duty is to try to tell the plain truth. If I shall be able to tell these struggling, troubled people something that is true, it may do them some good; whereas, if I simply told them how very sorry I am in thinking about them nothing whatever would be accomplished.

One of the first truths that I wish to tell them is this—that it is never too late to hope. "Hope against hope?" Yes, hope against everything! Hope to the very end!

When you lose hope you lose all. Hope is the good angel that stands beside us in life's battle, whispering into our ears the confidence that carries us through to victory. The departure of hope is tantamount to defeat and destruction.

And this reminds me of the second truth I would speak about here.

This woman asks: "Do you think it is better to hope against hope, or resign one's self to the inevitable?"

Now, let us distinctly understand that there is no "inevitable." Where is this "inevitable"? In the future. In other words, it has not come. That is to say, it does not exist. It is not a fact, but a fancy.

The thing we call "fate" is but the broken shadow of our fear. It is not a reality, but a spectre, born not of truth, but of dream—the unhealthy dream over which fear presides.

This woman says she has "done all that is in her power." Is she sure that she has? May it not be possible that she has not done all that is in her power? She is still alive. It is therefore possible for her to make another effort, and that effort may prove to be just the thing that is needed to give her the victory for which she has been praying.

And that word "praying" reminds me of another truth—the supreme truth of all, which is none other than this—that it is in ourselves, or nowhere at all, that we are to find saving strength.

We may "call to the skies" forever, and call in vain. In our own reason and soul-courage we are to find the help we seek.

"There's no soul can help me but myself. If I am hungry and will make the fact known some one will give me bread; if naked, some one will clothe me; if shelterless, some one will take me in; but the bread, clothing, shelter will not make any change in my soul, will not change the fearful soul into the brave one and thus give me the royal courage that shall make me triumphant over all my difficulties.

And I believe in God, too; but like God that I believe in is the God that lives and works within me, in the shape of the hope that keeps me cheerful, the courage that holds me firmly to my place in the fighting line and the unconquerable will that never thinks "surrender."

To this poor woman, then, and the others who may be similarly situated, I would say: "Cheer up!" Assert yourselves—your better selves. Let the will in you speak, command, reign like a god over the circumstances that threaten you.

Don't give up. Don't feel that "all is over," or that you have done "all that is in your power."

Try again. It is always darkest just before the day. Be brave, and the morning may be nearer than you think.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP LEAGUE

Ward ..... City.....

I, the undersigned, enroll myself a member of the Municipal Ownership League of the city in which I reside. I pledge myself to use every honorable effort to bring about the municipal ownership of public utilities. I believe that city lighting plants to supply the needs of cities and of the citizens as well is one object to be attained.

The attempt now being made to elect a Legislature which will pass measures permitting the establishment of an electric railway monopoly in Massachusetts and granting exclusive franchises to a favored syndicate shows the necessity of a prompt and concerted movement for public ownership by all citizens, irrespective of party.

Name .....

Street Address .....

Cut this out, sign it and mail it to the Secretary of the Municipal Ownership League, No. 80 Summer street.

Little Editorials from the People

MEN ANGELS IN THE BIBLE

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Under the title "What Is Woman's Sphere in the Bible?" I found that the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory and I agree. Now, as I believe in the Bible, I will make a few remarks about that subject from a scriptural standpoint.

God created woman out of man's rib, so she should be subject to his will—being part of him. She was given to man as a present by God. The three angels who came to Abraham to announce the miraculous birth of Isaac came as men. He who came to Manoa's wife and Manoa, the parents of Samson, came as a man. Moses said, "And a man wrestled with Jacob," and Jacob in speaking of it said that he had "seen God and lived," therefore he named the place "Peniel." The "captain of God's host" came to Joshua at Jericho as a soldier and man. The "destroying angel" that David after the three days' pestilence following his numbering of Israel appeared as a man with a sword. The angels seen by Daniel, the greatest Prime Minister of the Babylonian empire, appeared and conversed as men. Gabriel, who appeared to Zacharias in the temple, came as a man, and said that he "stood in the presence of God. The angel who came to Daniel said that he had been contending with the Prince of Persia for twenty-one days. Jesus was in the image of his "father," and chose no woman to be an apostle or elder and would not let one touch him after the resurrection. The angels after the ascension, who foretold the return of Jesus, appeared as men.

ROBERT E. AUSTILL.

Concord Junction, Mass.

COMIC SECTION OF THE
BOSTON AMERICAN.
NOVEMBER 5th 1905
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AND HER NAME WAS MAUD!

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE OFFER A PRIZE OF $100 TO ANYONE WHO CAN RIDE MAUD!
BILL KIN RIDE HER:
BILL KIN RIDE ANYTHING
I'LL RIDE HER MISTER:
1

Lulu and Leander!—They Take an Automobile Trip

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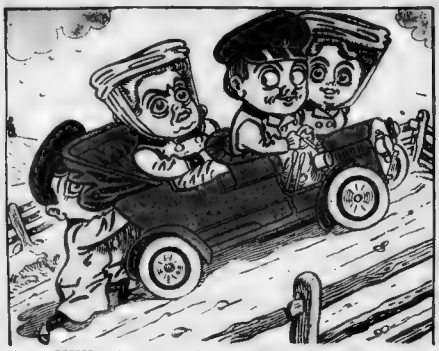
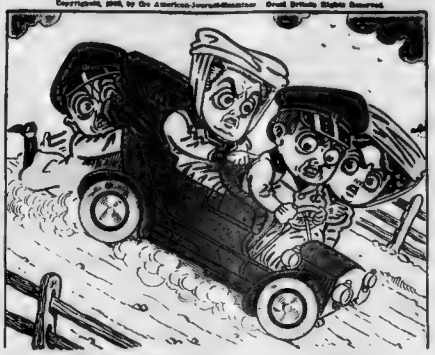
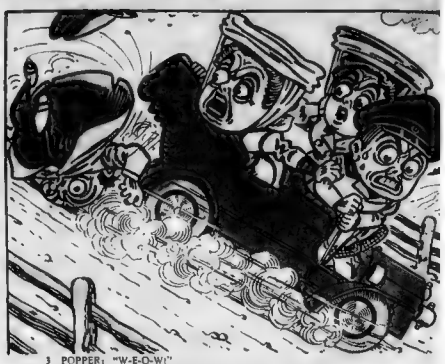


2. POPPER: "There you are; I knew it needed only a little more help to make it go."
LULU: "Oh, isn't Popper strong!"
MOMMER: "If Leander had had any gumption he'd have got out and pushed it himself."
LEANDER: "We're at the top of the hill. Now for a steep down-grade run."



3 POPPER: "Hold on there! I'm not going to push this thing DOWN hill."
MOMMER: "Hi there, Leander, stop the machine! Do you hear?"
LULU: "Leander, why don't you stop it?"
LEANDER: "Just a minute, Lulu."



3 POPPER: "W-E-O-W!"
MOMMER: "Oh, Popper! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"
LULU: "Leander! Popper has fallen. WHY don't you stop the machine?"
LEANDER: "Ye gods! The brake will not work!"

4. POPPER: "I I x z ! ? x x — — t !"
MOMMER: "He's killing Popper! STOP! STOP! STOP!"
LULU: "Oh, Leander, Popper will be killed. Oh, why don't you stop? Popper never did anything to you."
LEANDER: "I CAN'T stop!"

5. LEANDER: "A-a-a-h! There! I brought it up with a sudden stop THAT time."
MOMMER. "Oh, oh, O-o-o-o-o-h! I'm crushed!"
LULU: "Oh, Leander, how could you be so cruel?"
POPPER: "B-I-F-F!"

6 POPPER. "O-h, j-u-s-t w-a-i-t u-n-t-i-l I g-e-t m-y b-r-e-a-t-h!"
MOMMEP. "He'll go to jail for life if I can have him sent there."
LULU· "My poor Popper. Say the word and I'll break our engagement."
LEANDER: "Ye gods! Even the laws of gravity and the complexity of mechanics conspire against me."

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FOXY GRANDPA

FOXY GRANDPA GETS INTO A BARREL AND OUT AGAIN, AND THE BOYS GET ANOTHER SURPRISE

1 GRANDPA: "All right, boys, now for a little game of hide and seek. Count one hundred before you start."

2 GRANDPA: "Ah, this old bottomless barrel is the very place to hide. It is too close for the boys to suspect."

3 BOYS: "Oh, dear! Wonder where Gran'pa is. Come, let us look on the other side of the house."

4. BOYS· "This is the time we caught Gran'pa. In ten minutes we will let him out and enjoy a good laugh."

5. GRANDPA: "Why, bless me, if here isn't Muddy Slowfoot. You are just in time to assist in playing a lark on the boys."

6 GRANDPA· "This is where I have a barrel of fun on the boys."

HAPPY HOOLIGAN! HE COMES! BING! HE GOES! POOR HAPPY!

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WILL YOU GO WITH US TO CALL ON OUR FRIEND THE COUNT? HE WILL ASK US TO LUNCH!
THE COUNT WILL BE CHARMED!
THE COUNT WILL BE DELIGHTED!
WITH JOY!
SURE!
WILL WE GO?
I'LL CATCH IT!
MY DEAR COUNT WHAT A JOY TO SEE YOU!
LOOK OUT FOR MY GOLD FISH GLOBE!
I'VE GOT IT COUNT!— YOUSE BETTER TAKE IT!
YOU HAVE SAVED MY CHERISHED GOLD FISH GLOBE!
GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN
DEAR ME!
HOW UNFORTUNATE!
HANDS OFF THE COUNT
STOP AT ONCE!— HE'S ME BROTHER!
HOBO!
WILL APOLOGIZE TO THE COUNT
ALLOW ME TO APOLOGIZE
PERMIT ME TO APOLOGIZE
A NICE LUNCHEON PARTY WITH THE COUNT!!
F. Opper
1
2
3
4
5

DER KATZENJAMMER KIDS—DEY APOLOGIZES!

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I BET I CAN MAKE DEM APOLOGIZE DOD GAST 'EM!
IF DEY DON'T APOLOGIZE TO DER TEACHER NEVER MORE CAN DEY COME TO SCHOOL
YES, ALL RIGHT- I'LL FORGIVE YOU BUT YOU GOT TO GO HOME DER REST OF DER DAY!
PLEASE TEACHER- FORGIVE US OUR APOLOGY FOR WOT WE DONE—
SCHOOL
HE SAID HE'D FORGIVE US! BAH!!
DID YOU NOTICE FRITZ HOW FATTY LAUGHED AT US?
OH FRITZY! WILL YOU EVER FORGET OUR HAPPY DAYS IN SCHOOL?
NEVER! ESPECIALLY DISS DAY!!
OH WAIT! IF WE ONLY FIND 'EM!
REMEMBER I AM DER TEACHER- UND I GET DER FIRST WHACK!
1
2
3
4
5

JIMMY—HE TAKES HIS LITTLE COUSINS FOR A WALK!

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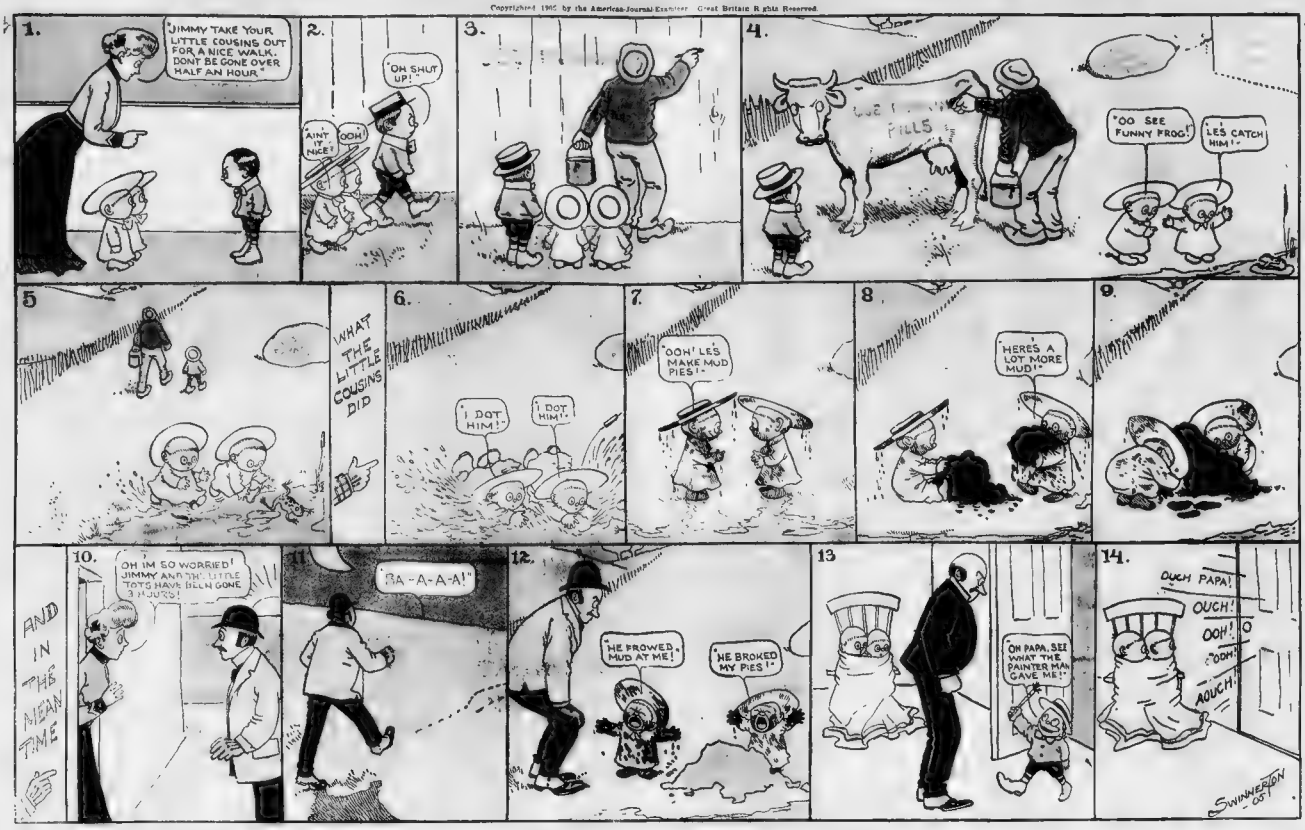

TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL

Nearly One and One-Fourth Feet Tall.

DOT AND PET.

THIS Pretty Pair of Talking and Sleeping Dolls, Dot and Pet, have just arrived from Fairyland, and are beauties, nearly

One and One-fourth Feet Tall.

Both Dot and Pet have lovely bisque heads, pearly teeth, automatic sleeping eyes, mechanical voice or talking attachment, curly hair, lace trimmed red and blue dresses, hat, shoes, doll watches, etc.

Girls, would you like to own Dot and Pet, the charming pair of talking and sleeping dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once, and we will mail you twenty-five fast selling fancy and useful articles to dispose of among friends at only ten cents each. When sold, remit us the $2.50, and we will promptly forward to your address, carefully packed, this pretty pair of Talking and Sleeping Dolls, nearly one and one-fourth feet tall, also as an extra or Christmas present, the Mechanical Toy Automobile Outfit complete as illustrated below. We are a reliable concern and will use you right in every way, and refer you to any commercial agency as to our reliability. Address at once for the twenty-five articles to

CHAS. B. THOMPSON
Importer of Dolls and Novelties,
TT THOMPSON'S BUILDING,
BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

Remember, there will be no delay on our part in the shipment of premium dolls, as we have a big stock on hand, therefore can fill all orders promptly, consequently there will be no disappointments in not receiving dolls on time.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL

Nearly One and One-Fourth Feet Tall.

MECHANICAL AUTOMOBILE

EXTRA Christmas Present GIRLS, if you will send us the $2.50 for the twenty-five articles on or before Dec. 25, 1905, we will forward you as a Christmas present (in addition to Dot and Pet, the Twin Sister Talking and Sleeping dolls) this Mechanical Toy Automobile Outfit complete, as illustrated and described in this advertisement.

Remember, you will receive the two big talking dolls and also the entire Automobile Outfit for disposing of only twenty-five articles at ten cents each.

RUNS BY SPRING MOTOR

Doll Outfit.

THIS MECHANICAL TOY AUTOMOBILE is eight inches long and runs by a spring motor in a circle or a straight line, at the will of the operator. Made entirely of metal, neatly finished and decorated in bright, pretty colors. A pretty dressed six-inch dolly chauffeuse and two little doll baby passengers is included in the outfit, as shown in the picture. Given as an extra or Christmas Present to our little girl friends for promptly disposing of the twenty-five articles at 10 cents each.

With Cars and Four Feet Circular Track.

This Miniature Railway Outfit consists of a handsomely finished **Mechanical Locomotive, Tender and two Passenger Cars,** etc., complete with **four feet** of sectional track, all neatly packed in a great partitioned box. All Locomotives and Cars are interchangeable, and many interesting combinations can be made. These trains afford great amusement, as they can be used out of doors on the lawn or roads, Runs by a clock spring motor at a rapid pace or speed. **Easily earned** by disposing of only 20 fast selling articles at 10 cents each. Send name and address and we will mail the articles. When sold, remit us the money (two dollars), and we will promptly forward Locomotive, Train and Track.

Size 6 1-2 x 10 Inches.

This clock strikes every half and full hour, the cuckoo coming out of his house and calling: "Cuckoo!" Has white bone hands and figure, brass chain with copper finished iron weights. Warranted a good timekeeper and a beautiful ornament. We will send you this beautiful clock for selling only 35 Articles at ten cents each.

Sixty Colored Pictures Given with Each Lantern

Fitted with Latest Telescopes and Slide Support and with Stationary Brass Lamp.

Sent Securely Packed to Prevent Breakage of Glass Slides.

AND COMPLETE OUTFIT
Given to Boys and Girls for disposing of 20 Articles at ten cents each.

Boys and Girls, send us your full name and address and we will mail you twenty fast selling Fancy and Ornamental Articles to dispose of among friends at only ten cents each. When sold, remit us the money and we will promptly forward this handsome MAGIC LANTERN OUTFIT, complete with sixty pictures. We are a reliable concern, and will send Magic Lantern Outfit as advertised.

CHILDREN'S

EASILY EARNED.

THIS handsome set of Children's White Fare consists of both Scarf and Muff, perfectly matched. Made up from White Coney Fur, with Angora trimmings, ornaments, etc., and nicely lined with satin. A beautiful set of fur that will please every little lady who receives them.

Given for selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.

STEM WIND AND SET

WATCHES FOR BOYS. This handsomely engraved **Gold-Finished Stem-Wind Watch** is a beauty, and fully guaranteed to run and keep correct time. Not a big, clumsy clock watch, but a desirable size watch that will please you in every way. We are giving this elegant watch free for disposing of only twenty-five of our new and useful Articles for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, at ten cents each. A fine and dainty assortment. No trash.

36 Piece

For Selling 45 Articles at Ten Cents Each.

Full Size for Family Use.

This handsome **Genuine China Tea Set** consists of **36 Pieces,** is beautifully decorated in flowers and is of the latest shape and pattern. The illustration gives but a faint idea of this beautiful and Artistic Decorated Set. A marvel of beauty that will be the pride of any woman. We guarantee this set to be of **Good Quality Ware** and perfect in every way, the decorations being burned in and thoroughly glazed, so they are permanent. Each set will be carefully packed and secured against breakage.

This handsome full size **36-Piece Decorated Tea Set** is given for selling 45 Articles at ten cents each.

Boys, Girls and Ladies to Sell Our Fancy Articles, Novelties, &c.

NO MONEY WANTED UNTIL THE GOODS ARE SOLD.

Thousands can easily be sold in every town and city in the United States and Canada. Handsome premiums offered for a little work. Thirty days' time allowed to dispose of the goods and make returns. We are willing to send goods on credit to honest boys and girls. Big premium books, no matter what their circumstances may be.

Address all orders to

THOMPSON'S PREMIUM HOUSE,
779 Thompson Building, Bridgewater, Conn.

November Household Number of the American Magazine Section **Hearst's Boston Sunday American, Sunday, November 5, 1905—Pages 9-20**
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UNDOUBTEDLY THE QUEEN OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY

SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE NEWPORT CASINO.

If score could be kept of social triumphs like bridge or golf, then the social championship of the past season would have to be awarded to Mrs. John Jacob Astor. In New York and in the capitals of England, France and Germany she has been the most conspicuous favorite of the year. At the end of the opera season in New York Mrs. Astor went to Paris, and after several weeks of retirement in the hands of the dressmakers and milliners she dawned upon the social horizon of London in March.

Instantly her striking beauty, her matchless wardrobe and her magnificent jewels made her the centre and the sensation of the British social world. During the first week of her arrival she was embarrassed by half a dozen invitations a night, either for bridge, dinner, musical parties or receptions. The news of the arrival of this charming American reached King Edward's ears, and she was asked to dine with the Countess Kilmorey, of the royal set with Hon. Mrs. Greville, Lady Savile, Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck and Lord Acheson.

Mrs. Astor was the best dressed of the women, in rich cream satin, the bodice embroidered with colored wings and a necklace of varicolored gems to match. This dinner was arranged for her to meet the King, but, after all guests were settled, at the last moment a message came from the palace saying the King's throat was so bad he could not venture out, and a good-natured comment that his disappointment was greater than that of his hostess.

Mrs. Astor looked superb. Prince Poklewski, First Secretary of the Russian Legation and a noted bridge player, had her for his partner. Lord Charles Montagu also paid her much attention, while Lord Brooke delighted to find in her a sympathetic listener to his many exciting experiences in the Far East.

To provide the King with another opportunity a smart dinner was at once arranged by Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, and his Majesty devoted himself to Mrs. Astor, quite to the chagrin of Mrs. Chauncey and other beautiful royal favorites. Following this meeting came an invitation to luncheon with the King and Queen, which was regarded as setting upon her a seal of favor that no American woman has so quickly obtained from the royal family in generations.

At the great Ascot races in June Mrs. Astor was the most conspicuous figure. The royal party evinced great interest in her, and Princesses Ena and Patricia sitting together were fascinated by her graceful movements and repeatedly pointed her out

(Continued on Page 12).

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WHO IS POISONING MRS PERKINS' CHILDREN?

The Wickedly Cruel Revenge of a Mysterious Rival or a Desperate Lunatic, Who Is Murdering the Little Perkins Children One by One. Only Four Now Survive of a Family of Nine, and Doses of Poison Have Already Been Given to Two of These.

The Perkins Children. The Four in the Front Row Are the Only Ones Living To-day.

IN the stately staid old city of Richmond Virginia laden with historic memories—there is to-day acted a story of secret murder, of love and jealousy, of plot and counter plot, such as Zola or Gaboriau would relish.

On the lips of every man and woman in the city to-day rises the one question what hidden hand poisoned the children of Mrs. Emma Perkins? And this question, agitating the population of the whole city remains unanswered. One by one five of the nine children of Mrs. Perkins drooped and died like flowers stricken by an icy wind. But it is as to the deaths of the last two children—Willie, a two year-old baby, the only child of his mother's second marriage, and Octavia Blakey, who, until the afternoon of Tuesday, October 14, had been the youngest of Mrs. Perkins's five surviving children by her first marriage to William Blakey—that the whole city asks the questions which has driven every mother in Richmond, from the woman of society to her maiden to the woman of the cotton fields, into a frenzy of fear.

For woman, as she thinks of the hapless innocents dying in the agonies of phosphorous poisoning, instinctively gathers her children around her as if to protect them from the veiled assassin whose hand even now may strike at their lives.

From the moment of that Tuesday afternoon, now nearly three weeks agone, that Octavia, the pretty, golden-haired little girl whom every one around her home in North Sixth street, Richmond, knew and loved, staggered into the house to fall into her mother's arms and die there, has the whole detective force of the city and the State been concentrated on the work of solving the problem and reaching the author of a scheme of murder which in nicety of detail, cold calculation of chances and exactitude of results is worthy of the best efforts of the Borgias. The death of Octavia it was that opened the path to discovery in the case of her little step-brother, Willie, two years old, who on the night of September 21 had died in corresponding agonies, and with the same hideous symptoms. And now do the friends of Mrs. Perkins, in the days when she was Mrs. Blakey, recall the weird circumstances surrounding the death of each of three of the eight children of her first marriage. In these deaths were present the characteristic smoke from the mouth, the odor of garlic, the deathly faintness, followed by complete coma, found in the cases of Octavia and the baby, Willie.

Two More Little Victims.

As though in hideous gibe at the police, at the parents, at all those who would drag the assassin to the light, the fell hand again strikes the Perkins home. And two of the four children left to the mother by the destroyer lie at the point of death, for again in the same way, the poison has been placed in their food.

Not at the end of three weeks, with the accusations of the mother on her oath at the inquest that Mrs. Mamie McDowell, the pretty, dark haired, smiling little woman, with a soft voice and subdued manner, who, under the name of Mrs. Bryant, lived only a few doors away from the Perkins home, had brought about the death of her children and tried to alienate her husband's affections, ringing through the city, the police and the Coroner alike are brought to the end of their resources in the following facts:

1—That both children clearly died of phosphorus poisoning, the stomach of the boy, according to Dr. Taylor, the Coroner, who made the post mortem examination, giving forth in darkness, a lurid "flame"—the unmistakable evidence of phosphorus poisoning.

2—That from the days of her first marriage Mrs. Perkins had been the object of bitter enmity on the part of a woman once her closest friend.

3—That the symptoms displayed by three of the eight children of her first marriage before their deaths corresponded with those shown by the children whose deaths are now under investigation. The earlier deaths were, however, officially stated to be due to natural causes.

Mysterious Threatening Letters.

4—That in May last Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were jointly the recipients of a series of letters threatening death, two being signed "A. M.," the initials of Miss Abbie Mitchell, a friend of Mrs. Perkins, who, however, has denied all knowledge of these letters and has submitted specimens of her handwriting for comparison with the handwriting in the anonymous communications, Miss Mitchell has been fully exonerated.

5—That the poison was administered by a woman.

6—That both children had been nursed by Mrs. Mamie McDowell immediately before their deaths.

The rest of the evidence given at the inquest, powerful in its effect upon general public sentiment, is after all so much conjecture and expression of opinion unsupported by other evidence.

The embodiment of vengeance personified does Mrs. Perkins, grimly relentless, arise from her seat on the witness stand, and, pointing to the plaid figure of Mrs. Mamie McDowell, cry out: "You ask me who I believe to be the murderess of my children. My answer is: There, before you, smiling at me from that doorway, Mamie McDowell, the woman, whom I knew as Mrs. Bryan. Mamie McDowell wrote those letters and murdered my children fith phosphorus obtained from matches.

But, asked to define adequate motive for the murder on the part of Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Perkins grows confused and cloudy and weak, helplessly falling back at last upon a retteration of her accusation.

Mrs. Mamie McDowell-Bryant, Who Was Dramatically Accused by Mrs. Perkins of Poisoning Her Children.

Edward Perkins Holding the Dead Body of His Daughter, Octavia, the Latest Little Victim of the Poisoner.

Following is Edward Perkins, a mild, wispy, timid little man, quietly suggesting his own acquiescence in his wife's belief that Mrs. McDowell killed his children, the stern, indomitable figure of his wife confronting him as he gives his testimony.

More startling than all and yet absolutely worthless and inconclusive in the hands of a skilful cross-examiner was the "expert" expression of belief on the part of the local post office inspector, John Bulla, that four of the many anonymous and threatening letters received by Mr. and Mrs. Perkins during the period covered by the deaths of the two children were written by Mrs. Mamie McDowell.

The local authorities in an imitation of imitation had recalls in certain incident in the Molineux case and had requested that

Mrs. Edward Perkins.

Mrs. McDowell give them a specimen of her handwriting. And so on a postal card the woman, smilingly acquiescent, had written at dictation.

The inspector then, for the benefit of the jury, explained that in comparing an admitted with an anonymous handwriting the expert judged by general characteristics. Several characteristic peculiarities in the handwriting of Mrs. McDowell, he said, had been repeated in the anonymous letters, and on "general characteristics" he had no hesitation in expressing the belief that Mrs. McDowell was the authoress of all the letters.

No sign of fear or trepidation, no sense of the hundreds of eyes turned upon her, some already condemning; some filled with scorn and abhorrence, was to be seen in the trim little figure of the smiling woman who arose at the demand of the Coroner that she should tender an explanation.

And in fluent, easy phrasing, smiling at the Coroner, the jury, the doctors, the police officials she gave her reply as, smiling with her candid look of a child, what had she to explain. She had loved the two children. They had been often to her home. She had given a cake to Octavia on the day that the little one was taken ill. But ours the child had complained of sickness all the previous day. Why would she, a widow with three little children there Mrs. McDowell put her handkerchief to her eyes) seek to harm the children of another woman? How could she write these cruel letters? She knew nothing of poisons. Well, yes; she did remember, come to think of it, that Mrs. Perkins had called her into the house one day shortly before the illness of little Willie and asked her to help in poisoning the dog, and that she had held the dog's head while Mrs. Perkins poured stuff down the dog's throat. And the stuff smelt like garlic. This, however, might be merely a coincidence.

So Mrs. McDowell, or Bryant, ran the course of her narrative until, with a smile and a nod to the jury, she tripped out of court.

And in fact of this situation there is no cause for surprise that the Richmond Coroners' jury took refuge in the time-honored "Murdered by poison administered by some person or persons unknown."

But behind the curtain that shields the murderous lies the story of a deep, unfathomable well of passion running through the dull lives of these simple, commonplace country people, whose only hope in this world is to earn bread, and work until they die; a story of baffled love turned to hate; of woman transformed to a fury by the indifference of the man she sought, and striking at the heart of the mother, whom she hated, through her innocent children.

"Woman's worst and coldest crimes are committed for the sake of love; those of men for money,' says Lombroso.

And eloquent in its testimony of the working of a woman's heart under the stress of passion lie the first of the line of letters dropping one by one into the home. The first letter bore a border of black, and is among those not yet given out for publication.

"The border of black is for my first love," said the writer. "You robbed me of the man I wanted—he who is now in his grave. And now I am determined to strike at you. It is my purpose first to break your heart by making you childless, and then to free your husband. That it is my purpose to do this you may know."

The mother smiled and put the letter aside. A week went by and there came another letter.

"You have taken no heed of my warning," said the writer. "I tell you I'll strike through those you love most."

And with each morning there lay on the breakfast table, in sinister significance, the letter with the handwriting that they knew so well.

Heavier and heavier grew the hearts of the parents with each of these letters.

But at last there came a morning when the familiar step of the postman passed by their door. A second and a third morning came and went, with still no letter.

And they cried for joy at the thought that the shadow of death had been lifted from them. The mere incident of the house dog dying in convulsions was not sufficient to attract attention.

Never was the thought of the unknown avenger less present to their minds than on that September afternoon when the baby Willie toddled out to the doorway and then a few yards along the road.

Only half an hour had passed when there appeared in the doorway a man bearing the motionless figure of the child in his arms.

He had been found lying in the roadway near his father's cottage.

No one at that time took any particular notice of the odor of garlic on the breath of the child.

All that the doctors could say was that the symptoms indicated the presence of some foreign substance in the body. Within twelve hours the boy was dead.

The Poisoning of Octavia.

The heart of the mother was full of a foreboding of that which was yet to come.

With the coming of Monday morning there again lay the familiar envelope on the table.

"There is reason in this warning," wrote the sender of the letter. "There will be more reason before I am done with you."

And now the letters came with every post; slander was now alternated with commonplace verbiage, and these letters, daily telling little of the hideous truth, are the only communications made public by the police at the inquest.

Then once more came a cessation of the letters, and the parents, trembling, waited.

All through these weeks had Mrs. Perkins, quietly watching, bent her eyes on the one woman who of all others, by reason of old memories of which she even now will not speak, she believed hated her.

"There is a woman who is killing my children and who now take my husband, as she would have taken the other," she said.

The world now knows the story of the October afternoon on which the child Octavia was to meet her death by the hand of the poisoner.

She had risen from her mother's side, and ran lightly to the house of Mrs. McDowell, and the next that was seen of her, was when she reappeared in the doorway of the Perkins cottage, and with a sigh and a moan fainted in her mother's arms.

Again was the characteristic odor of garlic; again the shivering convulsions and the sharp gasps and cries of agony, ere eight hours later death released the sufferer.

Suspicion had in the mind of Mrs. Perkins become certainty. From that moment the word "murder" took the place of all others in the vocabulary of the Richmond people. Mrs. Perkins spoke at last and cried out for vengeance on the woman who, she declares, killed her children, and would have robbed her of her husband.

Two women confront each other over the grave of the murdered children.

Mrs. Perkins, defiant, accusatory, pointing with uplifted hand at her supposed enemy. Mrs. McDowell, smiling, mute, perfect in poise, parrying each thrust, denying all things, and laughing at her accusers. Justice, in the persons of the police and the coroner, looks on the picture in perplexity and doubt, while all Richmond awaits the next development in the play.

Mrs. Perkins's Father.

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The Difficult Winning of Cynthia Roche

How the Young Heir to the Ogden Mills Millions, for Three Years the Boyish Champion of Her Beauty and Heroic Deeds in the Surf, Has Now Won Her from a Host of Suitors—According to Gossip in Mrs. Mills's Most Exclusive "225."

NO one is much surprised over the persistent rumor of the engagement of the very lovely Cynthia Roche and the very rich Ogden Livingston Mills. It has been on the tapis, which is a polite way of saying gossiped about, for some time; in fact, ever since the coming out party of the Mills twins, Gladys and Beatrice, about three years ago.

At that time young Mills was still at Harvard and Cynthia, the captivating daughter of a captivating mother, was the freshest of debutantes. They were at the age when they still wore their hearts on their sleeves—the Golden Age, when he said:

"May I dance the cotillion with you? And may I take you into supper? And—Oh, I'll be waiting for you for the first waltz before the cotillion—may I?"

The Golden Age, when Miss Cynthia cried: "Oh, yes—yes—yes!" And then she rushed off to tell her dearest chums, Natica Rives and Laura Swan, that she was engaged for almost every single dance.

"A couple of children!" they smiled them. And Mrs. Burke Roche said Cynthia must really go about a bit and see the world. And Mrs. Ogden Mills said Ogden Jr. must certainly go through the Harvard Law School just—and then, and then—well, then, "we will see."

Then, "A Couple of Children."

It's been three years since then, and now they're hearing it reiterated as the prime gossip of the fag end of the Newport season that Ogden Mills, Jr., is terribly in love with Cynthia Roche.

The only objection three years ago was youth. In three years Miss Cynthia has grown up completely, and Ogden Livingston Mills has done his level best to follow suit.

He was growing up; he was son and grandson of millionaires, and the bluest blood of the Knickerbockers flowed in his veins. His grandfather on his father's side is D. O. Mills, the California millionaire, on his mother's side he is descended from the Maturin Livingstons, he is a nephew of Mrs. Cavendish-Beatlick and of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Whatever he did was henceforth important—

you can see that for yourself.

When therefore, he admired gaiety and openly Miss Cynthia Roche, it was of the greatest interest and even concern to the parents of many another debutante.

Everybody knows that Mrs. Ogden Mills is most exclusive so exclusive that she outdoes Mrs. Astor's mother herself in a much more select way. "225" it is therefore something of an honor if you are a young girl and known to be approved of by her, sufficiently approved to be invited to the great country mansion at Staatsburg as a member of the house party to be given shortly for Prince Louis of Battenberg. Approved of in spite of the present gossip that links the name of Cynthia Roche with the heir and only son of Ogden Mills.

This gossip has sprung up again at the end of three years. Meanwhile Miss Cynthia has been admired and courted which is what her mamma meant should happen when she said Cynthia should go out and see the world a bit. She has had a train of admirers, and if she has rejected all the suitors that have been allotted to her she has been kept busy. Among them, flitting in and out, whether by accident or design has always been Ogden Mills, Jr.

He has persistently witnessed her triumphs and applauded her feats. When she and her very best chum, Natica Rives, decided that it was the thing of things to wear one's hair down one's back, Ogden Mills, Jr., went about Newport declaring that when a girl had such hair as Cynthia Roche she'd—well she wouldn't be the pauper sort of a girl if she didn't let it be seen.

She could do everything in the way of athletics better than any one in her set.

At eighteen she had won fame as a swimmer. She had created a sensation at Newport by swimming from Batter's to Hazard's Beach, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, without even breathing hard at the end of it. You should have heard young Mills tell what she would do in a nautical way. Then one day she surprised even him.

"Cynthia! Save me!" cried her friend Natica Rives, one day when she had ventured far beyond her depth.

With a few magnificent strokes Cynthia was at her side. "Put your hand on my shoulder—there—now—don't be afraid."

An Expert Swimmer at Eighteen.

Young Ogden Mills, with his heart in his mouth, started out to them from the beach. He met them half way.

"It's nothing," cried Cynthia, "nothing."

And when they reached the shore what do you think she did when the crowds pressed around her and tried to treat her like a heroine? She simply began to giggle. She wouldn't be a heroine, she just wouldn't. All she would permit in the way of praise was the boyish comment of her young friend Ogden Mills. He said she was a trick and she rather seemed to like it. "Really, it's funny," she said. "So much fuss to make my way through the water is not like your making your way over land."

Then after that there came a time when she didn't seem to care a bit what young Ogden Mills called her. She seemed to be a shared in some one else very much more grown up. Everywhere young Mills heard hints about young Arthur Scott Burden's attentions to the lovely Cynthia. He watched with her, drove with her, sailed with her and even let her beat him at tennis.

Gossip Links Their Names Again.

Young Mills watched him with envy. The golden age, when he would have gone up to Cynthia and blurted out, "I say, what does this mean?" was long since past. He could only wait and hope and pretend he didn't care.

Every day he would be seen at the tennis court at Cynthia's hour; every day he would be seen at Bailey's Beach at Cynthia's hour, every day he would be seen scorching his automobile in the wake of Cynthia's horse. He was kept very busy, for Cynthia Roche is famous for her energy.

At last Arthur Scott Burden's attentions seemed to wane. The imperious Lady Cynthia had somehow vexed Cynthia upon a day or a day young Mills breathed freely. Then he found suddenly that two more were attached to her chariot. Both were athletic, as any man must be to suit Cynthia Roche. One was Austin Gray, the polo expert, the other was Malcolm Whitman, champion at tennis.

Young Mills had a hard time of it watching Cynthia see the world. He doubtless wondered often if her education would ever be finished. As for Miss Mills was progressing surely, and with each progression the admiration for Cynthia increased. He saw her surrounded, but still apparently heart whole. As the years passed his courage seemed to grow. Every year that Cynthia remained unmarried was a year to his gain.

He hovered about her more and more, and what is even more important, she seemed to distain him less and less, until finally even Mrs. Ogden Mills, who had even declared him entirely too young, seemed to smile upon his chance. How could one help smiling upon anything so favorably as Cynthia Roche? She is a genuine favorite, a girl whom every one likes to have about, both because she is ornamental and useful.

Just now Miss Cynthia is within driving distances of young Ogden Mills. She is visiting Mrs. John Jacob Astor at Ferncliff, visiting tennis balls, driving a four-in-hand coach and playing bridge, which is to say—that is, if Mrs. Ogden Mills is to be her future mother-in-law. She certainly wants to please her, and there is no surer way of doing this than by helping out skillfully a game of bridge.

Miss Cynthia plays admirably, as she does everything else, but much prefers chatting and giggling to dancing, specially if it happens to be with Mr. Ogden Mills, Jr. And as Mr. Ogden Mills, Jr., usually goes to it nowadays that it is with him, the gossips are naturally busy.

When will it be? That isn't announced yet. But now that three years have eliminated the objection of youth, it is bound to be soon.

Cynthia Roche.
Photo by Alice Dupont.
On the left, snap shot of Cynthia Roche in front of the Casino at Newport.

Miss Roche Walking Between Friends.

Miss Gladys Mills Carrying Her Two Pomeranian Pups.

From a photo by Bradley Studios.

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SCIENCE·EXPLAINS·WHY WE·DO·THESE·FOOLISH THINGS

"Absent-Minded" Acts Show That Our Thinking Mind Issues Orders to Minor Brain Centres, Which Then Direct the Muscles; but These Subordinates Often Bring About Ludicrous Results.

The Young Lady Who Threw Away Her Tickets, but Kept the Banana Peels.

The Man Who Collected the Car Fares in His Sleep.

"OH what did I do that for?" wonders the absent-minded person as he catches himself in the act of doing the reverse of what he intended. He doesn't know the answer except that somewhere in the red tape of his mind and nerves some cog has slipped.

But science knows just what happens in each case, and Professor Joseph Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, has explained it all in a volume entitled "The Subconscious," soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Professor Jastrow says that psychologists learn the normal machinery of thought by studying the occasional exception when things go wrong, and in the upset reveal the regular paths.

The thinking part of the mind is busy in a variety of executive tasks continually deciding upon new actions to meet new situations. It has under it a great number of faithful and skilful, but not very intelligent, subordinate parts of the mind.

The thinking part is continually instructing groups of these subordinates in new duties. Once thoroughly instructed they will perform the task in the same way without any supervision as often as ordered.

When there is a slight difference in the orders then the trouble comes. Sometimes these servants forget to report that they have performed their task, and as a result are set to work doing it all over again, to the surprise of the person.

Professor Jastrow mentions the amusing case of a girl in a railroad train who thoughtfully prepared for the coming of the conductor by taking her ticket from her purse and holding it in her hand.

While waiting for the official she started to eat a banana, at the same time becoming absorbed in a novel. When the conductor arrived she found her hand empty, and hastily looking in her purse for the ticket discovered only a carefully folded banana skin. The ticket she had thrown out of the window.

In the same class is a young man who sat reading by a fading light. He knew he ought to light the lamp and was also conscious of a thirst. Result—he walked, book in hand, to the sink, lit a match and held it to the faucet.

Then there was a servant who, after being instructed to put coal on the grate fire and to fill with water the reservoir in the kitchen stove, dumped the coals into the reservoir. A minute later she was almost frightened to death by the explosion she caused by pouring a pail of water into the fire.

EGG IN HAND, WATCH BOILING.

Besides these cases there are the more common ones of dropping the watch into the boiling water while the egg is consulted to gauge the time, of sprinkling sugar on one's egg and putting salt in the coffee, of the placing of washed dishes in the ice chest and the left-overs of the meal in the china closet.

These and all similar mistakes are due to science as "substitution lapses," and come about in this way.

Two simple duties, each perfectly familiar to the person having been learned long ago, have been hastily turned over the subordinates at the same time. These faithful but stupid bits of mind-mechanism get the hasty instructions mixed.

The girl in the train, engrossed in her book, decided she was tired of both holding the banana peel and the ticket and sent out orders to the effect that one was to go out of the window and the other into the purse.

'Fold up and put away," comes the message as it happens to the group who just then are busy causing the hand to hold the peel. Which is cast to question why, so the peel is folded nicely and put away in the purse.

Another group picks up the order 'Throw it out the window."

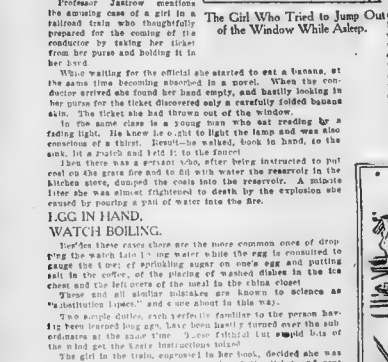
"Throw what out? Not the peel, that has been put away. Not the book, because the "does" is long that. Then it must be the only other thing—ticket.

Out goes the ticket.

BECAUSE THE REASONING BRAIN WAS BUSY.

The other cases all occurred in the same manner by interchange of orders while the thinking part of the brain was too busy on a third matter to notice the mistake until too late.

The hand will write and the tongue will speak anything that its directors think they are ordered to say. This same class of error will cause a person to say and write the most astonishing things, as for instance the little boy in Sunday school.



The Girl Who Tried to Jump Out of the Window While Asleep.

He was a poor reader, and when his turn came the fellow behind helped him out by whispering in his ear. The boy repeated these whispers out loud and all went well until the boy behind found the other had his thumb over the next word and requested him to remove it with unexpected effect on the reading.

"The class was treated to the following:

'And the Lord said unto Moses: 'Get your thumb out of the way, will you?'"

The woman who asked a post office clerk for "individual ashcellars" and the one who made out a check for $25 to "Iran setter pup" instead of to the man she bought it of owed the embarrassment to the same cause.

The simplest type of "unconscious motor response," as these slips are sometimes called, consists in carrying out a more or less suitable and habitual action while unaware of its accomplishment or lapse, accordingly, not of performance, but of notification of the accomplished service to the conscious self.

GETS THE BRAIN ORDERS MIXED.

There is the clergyman who sends out the contribution plate a second time, to the consternation of the congregation; the man who, putting on a fresh shirt, meets an obstruction and finds it to be another clean one he had put on a minute before; and the switchman, who forgetting he has already reversed the switch, does so again, thus wrecking the train, has the same cog out of gear in his brain as the person who absent-mindedly tried to wind his watch twice on his way to bed.

The cog does not always fall wholly out of gear, sometimes it half slips, as do the gears on an automobile when they are thrown in too suddenly in starting.

A student whose mental gears had slipped was able to straighten them out by recollecting the squeak of a door. He was a married man who had been entrusted to attend to certain domestic commissions on his way to the university. Suddenly, upon seeing the word "business" in the course of his work, it flashed across his mind that he had forgotten his commissions. Yet he wasn't sure.

Try as he would his memory yielded no record of buying any of the list of articles — yet in his mind echoed very clearly the squeak of the door of one of the shops. He could not connect it with any other impression, yet decided he must have been in the shop and bought the articles in order to have heard the sound. This proved to be correct.

LAPSES OF PERSISTENCE.

Perhaps the most embarrassing and difficult to explain from the point of the victims and spectators are what are known to science as "lapses of persistence."

A was a young conductor on an interurban trolley line. He gave up his position for a workship in a town at one end of his route. Late one night he took passage on one of the cars of the line and dozed in one of the rear seats, waking up and recognizing the point in the landscape at which he was accustomed to collect fares, he jumped up and proceed to collect and register them until seized violently by the conductor himself.

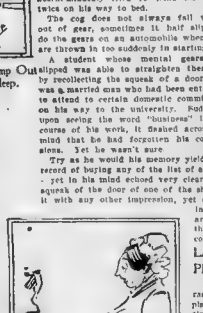
The case of K, a mathematician whom Professor Jastrow knew, is still more remarkable. It was walking in the street deeply absorbed in a mathematical problem, too deep too be solved without the aid of figures. He became conscious of a shiny black surface in front of him, which suggested a blackboard. He at once pulled out a piece of coal from his pocket and fell to work writing formulas. In the midst of his work the "blackboard" moved away and the astonished man found he had been writing on the back of a carriage.

Dr. C. reading the papers near the door of a cafe in Berlin, was repeatedly disturbed by men entering and tumbling violently over the door-sill. Seven times in an hour the accident occurred, exciting Dr. C.'s curiosity.

Investigation showed that the seven tumblers were regular frequenters of the cafe who assembled every afternoon for a game of cards. These men all fell over the threshold while the

"And the Lord said unto Moses: 'Take your foot out of the way!'"

The Mathematician Who Used a Carriage Back for a Blackboard.



The Cook Who Made a Pie in Her Sleep.

comparative strangers came and went without accident. The cause lay in the fact that a new and higher will had just replaced the old worn out one.

All these and similar phenomena happen because the subordinates are allowed to do a part of their routine work without supervision by the conscious self.

The young conductor had schooled the underlings of his mind to run the process of collecting and registering fares without supervision by his conscious part. The signal for these underlings to get to work was the appearance before his eyes of a certain point in the landscape. This point having appeared the doorkeepers took their cue as usual, while the intelligence was asleep.

The mathematician "itching" to use his blackboard had been worrying his mental subordinates, which usually attended to handling the chalk, with the premonition that blackboard work was being considered. It needed only the announcement from the centre of eyesight in the brain that a large shiny black surface was at hand for them to assume that it was a "blackboard" and to get into action.

The mental head of the feet moving departments in the brains of the seven tumblers had learned by long experience just how high it was necessary to pick up the feet when their eyes reported "door of the old cafe."

Having once learned it these feet would forever stumble over a new and higher sill until the conscious self took the head of the feet moving department in hand and explained that altered circumstances required that the feet should be picked up higher.

MUCH LIKE SLEEP WALKING.

Talking in one's sleep and sleep walking are but little different from other cases of absent mindedness. The scientist calls these motor dreams.

Every one is familiar with cases of both of these phenomena, usually funny, but sometimes fatal, for many a person has walked to his death in sleep, and there is on record more than one case of a murderer giving a clew to his crime by talking as he slept.

H, the father of a child, much excited by the account of the kidnapping of a boy, went to bed soon after reading about it. During the night he arose, took the child from its bed, deposited it on the floor and heaped the bed clothes over it. Then turning to the other members of the family who had assembled in the room, remarked exultantly that there were kidnappers about to enter the house, but that they would never find the child here he had hidden it.

He was awakened with difficulty, and when confronted with his work, insisted that somebody else had done it.

M, a cook, was surprised to find the gas range already lit when she entered the kitchen in the morning. In the oven was the charred remains of a pie. Wondering who the careless nocturnal cook could have been, she asked the family to find out who had been in the kitchen during the night.

To her amusement she learned that at about midnight she had been seen to descend from her room in her nightgown and busy herself about the kitchen by the aid of the moon light.

F, a young man, upon retiring, wanted some hot water, but could find no match to light the gas heater.

In the night he found himself standing in the centre of the room with a lighted match in his hand. The details of the dream were gone, but he had succeeded in finding a match during his sleep after failing to do so when in full possession of his reasoning faculties.

LOCATING LOST OBJECTS IN DREAMS.

There are many instances of people in dreams locating lost objects which they had failed to discover while awake. Supernatural causes are given the credit for these wonders. This is wrong scientifically, as will be explained later on.

A man went to sleep with his clothes on in the caboose of a train. When a sudden call for his services came while passing through a town he was amazed to find himself naked.

A fourteen-year-old maiden, the star of her swimming class, was found by her mother poised on the window-sill about to dive into the yard below.

There are duly recorded cases of somnambulists who have performed long complicated acts, such as the man who arose dressed, walked some distance to a pond, adjusted his skates and started for home, then before leaving [illegible]

The explanation of sleep-walking and sleep-talking is the obvious one that the conscious self is asleep or mostly asleep, while there is a sort of reminiscent activity in certain brain areas, realistic enough to fool the simple-minded subordinate parts which perform a variety of muscular acts of speaking and moving which they understand are demanded.

The memory is believed to contain a record of every sound heard by the ears, every scene laid before the eyes and every act and deed in which the person has been in any way connected.

However the entire archives of the memory are not available, as is well known. Persons may often rack their brains a whole day for a word or a name, and then have it pop out when they are thinking of other matters.

SCRUB WOMAN TALKS GREEK IN HER SLEEP.

The memory is often more available during sleep than waking hours. An uneducated scrub woman while under influence of ether after an operation, astonished the nurses and doctors by reciting in Greek a large part of Plato's Apology.

Upon awakening she disclaimed even knowledge of reading and writing in her own tongue. Investigation showed that she had scrubbed floors in a university and had often "heard the chatterings" of the post graduate Greek class. All of these "chatterings" had stored themselves away in her memory, though she never knew, and would never have come out except under peculiar conditions of sleep caused by the anæsthetic.

This availability of the memory during sleep permits the dream intelligence to help itself, so to speak, and to find out where the person left something which he had forgotten all about putting away or leaving.

There is also little doubt that telepathy influences strongly in sleep and makes us dream true in a way that is startling.

The absent-minded temperament is a necessary factor in the most striking cases, such as mathematician who mistook the back of a carriage for a blackboard.

This temperament permits of the individual becoming deeply concentrated in his thoughts while pursuing some course of action entirely foreign to the thought. The other type never become concentrated except upon the duty they are performing.

The following true story of an absent-minded man has found its way on to the stage. A husband is warned by his wife that the city is full of thugs and that he ought to carry a gun to protect himself from being robbed on the street. Accordingly that night, in his hurry to get dressed, he does not forget to put his revolver in his pocket before leaving the house.

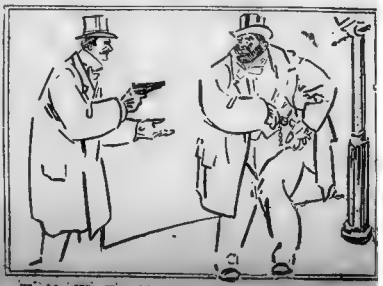
On the street, walking rapidly along, his mind busy on business, he bumps into another man and suddenly remembers that there are thugs abroad. Feeling in his pocket he finds his watch is gone.

Instantly wheeling about and drawing his pistol he places it to the stranger's head and says:

"Now, I've got you. Give me that watch or I'll blow your head off." The stranger meekly surrenders the watch without a word. The man is too busy to march the stranger to a police station, and walks off without further talk.

Upon his return home the husband starts to congratulate his wife on her forethought, and is surprised to have her say:

"What watch? Why, you left yours at home!"



The Man Who Turned Highwayman Through Absent-Mindedness.

The man Who Dropped His Watch in the Saucepan and Looked for the Time at an Egg.

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PROVED THAT SHARKS ARE MAN EATERS

The Shark That Was Captured by the Crew of the P. and O. Steamer "Syria" at Suez, In Whose Stomach Was Found a Man's Head, Two Fowls and Three Sailor Hats.

How Horrible Evidence Shocked Crew and Passengers of the P. and O. Liner "Syria" When the Shark That Followed the Ship to Suez Was Captured and Cut Open by Avenging Sailors.

DO sharks thirst for human blood, and thus deserve the name of "man-eaters?"

All who know the sea, from books or from experience, are familiar with the indictment against the most savage and rapacious of the ocean's creatures—that when he has once tasted human flesh he no other food satisfies him, and that he will follow ships day after day, growing lean in the chase, with his little gray eyes glued on the moving figures on their decks.

Lately there has been the most ghastly demonstration of the truth of this charge that can be conceived. The man-eating shark which gave this horrible testimony against himself suffered capital punishment for his crimes, while giving the crew and passengers of the P. and O. liner Syria enough a ghost that they went about pale and trembling for hours afterward.

This man-eater had followed the Syria hundreds of miles in the Indian Ocean, into the Red Sea and to Suez, where he was recognized as an old offender.

When a shark is seen following a ship tirelessly day after day, this, as all sailors know, means that he has acquired a taste for human flesh, which is to enslave him throughout the remainder of his career—he is a "man-eater." All other food palls on his palate.

"Biography of a Man-eater."

Nowhere in literature are the character and habits of the man-eating shark better described than in Charles F. Holder's "Biography of a Man-eater," printed in a recent number of the Metropolitan Magazine. The thin veneer of fiction does not obscure facts well known to scientists students of these savage creatures of the deep. The following paragraphs from Mr. Holder's story are applicable to the maneater, which was following so persistently the P and O. liner "Syria":

"When his jaws gaped, as they sometimes did to throw out some parasite, an array of teeth would be seen, the front row upright, pure white, larger than a man's thumb nail and perfect triangles, their edges like saws. Back of these were ten or twelve rows of similar teeth lying flat in the mouth, unsuspected, but called into action when blood was tasted and some victim attempted to escape; then all these fierce knives swung erect and sank into the flesh of the enemy making escape impossible.

"His habits had changed. He was now eighteen feet long, and of enormous bulk. He preyed upon dead animals, had become a scavenger, and would follow a rat-tleship half way across the ocean to feed upon a dead steer.

"One Summer he came up the coast searching for some cattle steamer, but finding none he swam on, and attracted by the boats of a fishing fleet, followed several.

"Finally the fishing stopped, and he came to the surface some distance off, and seeing a dory anchored, swam up to it and circled around it. His appearance must have terrified the man, for he grasped an oar and struck at the shark, shouting for help. It was said later that the shark deliberately tried to tip over the boat by rising beneath it; but it is an historical fact that over a dozen men and women on the schooner saw the man-eater rush at the dory, leap over it amidships, saw the unfortunate man waving his arms, then saw him strike at the shark with the oar, but the man-eater fell partly on the dory, crushing it down, and then both disappeared.

He Was Utterly Insensible to pain, as while entangled in a net he was lanced several times by an infuriated fisherman; but the men noticed that he did not stop eating paying no attention to the wounds; and when his size was seen the skipper ordered the men aboard the schooner.

"On another occasion when entangled in a net near Gloucester, five miles off shore, he destroyed it, rolling over and over, biting and tearing it into countless pieces. A dory man attacked him with a harpoon, upon which he turned savagely, gripped the outrigger in his teeth, nearly crushing it and lifting the boat several feet. The men pulled off at a glimpse of his size, and the next day some of his teeth were found in the gunwale.

Carnage His Only Desire.

"This incident occurred off Nahant, and for several Summers the shark haunted the New England coast and the Gulf of Maine. He repeatedly attempted to capsize boats off Boon Island, and terrorized the dory cod fishermen and others by rising beneath them and swimming about their boats. The 'Big Shark' under which alias he was known, is still remembered by the old fishermen of the coast.

"The shark had earned his title of 'man-eater' beyond question, and his nature changed with the acquirement. Though starving at times he haunted vessels, paying but little attention to the large, migrating schools of fish which most sharks follow up and down the coast. In his soggy, brutal mind he associated ships and this new game, and the small gray eyes had learned to distinguish between the animate and inanimate parts of a vessel;

Remarkable Snapshot of a Diving Boy as He Was Seized by a Shark. Made by H. W. Linford.

"THE MAN-EATER."

Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull for the Metropolitan Magazine and reproduced by Permission of the Publisher

a fleet of [illegible] ing over [illegible] a popular gill net deer or giraffe; but the man who is hanging on the chains to overhall painting or raping ship sometimes saw a strange but mighty shadow below them and crawled around to starboard, with an indescribable fear.

It mattered little to this dread hunter that the prey was a realm of beauties that each crystal drop was buoyant with life and countless lovely forms—all were unseen by the lucrative appetite whose sensation or desire beyond carnage."

This might have been the biography of the man-eater that followed the P. & O. so relentlessly, watching always watching for one of those tempting figures on the deck to fall overboard into his maw. While the ship was anchored at Suez the man-eater prowled about her constantly, his sharp fin cutting the surface of the water and his head lifted now and then for a sight of the prey he so coveted.

Seafaring men about the docks were sure they recognized him as the same shark that had followed many another vessel from the Indian Ocean through the Red Sea. They charged up to him more than one sailor snapped from rudder chains, or, having fallen overboard, seized before a boat could reach him.

Members of the crew of the Syria shared this belief. The passengers heard the stories and shuddered as they watched the man-eater circling hungrily about the ship. They remembered how he had not let the ship out of his sight for many days. Now they were eager for his capture and just punishment.

So the officers gave the crew permission to bait a hook for the monster. They were not enthusiastic about the result, for man-eating sharks are nearly always scornful of other than the living food they most crave. But the passengers were eager for the attempt.

So a group of sailors prepared a strong line armed with a hook nearly a foot across from barbed point to shank, baited it temptingly with a whole leg of fresh pork and heaved the morsel out in front of the man-eater's nose as he rose to again inspect the prey he coveted.

Possibly the savage monster imagined that one of the sailors handling the line had fallen overboard and made that splash. At any rate he turned in a flash, showing his yellow-white belly, and with a mere flirt could be heard on deck, seized his jaws on the baited hook.

With a prompt heave [illegible] sharp point of the hook through the creature's under-jaw—and then rare sport began. The surprised and angered man eater lashed himself about frantically, but with a bight of the line about a stout stanchion his captors hauled away until the creature's nose bumped against the ship's side and then raised his head enough to enable a boat's crew to slip the [illegible] over its head and tighten [illegible] back of the front fins.

[illegible] thus taming, while the passengers [illegible] up to the rail, the man eater, with all the fight chased out of him, was raised up to the level of the main deck. In this [illegible] he was photographed from the [illegible] sailing ship.

[illegible] length of the man-eater had [illegible] that of a large horse. Its [illegible] marked mouth distended—a fact that had not been noticed while it swam about the ship. The sailors whispered among themselves, shaking their heads ominously; but the passengers thought of nothing but the pleasure of witnessing the ocean assassin's execution. They did not know of the sailors' suspicions that the man-eater had not gone hungry during all the days that he had been following the Syria, that no food taken merely to stay [illegible] of that nature would have so distended [illegible] stomach.

The sailors were not gruesome, even when [illegible] such gruesome suspicions as [illegible] let the blood the monster by [illegible] it shall. Then they lowered the [illegible] to the deck, while the passengers [illegible] right, and one of them, with a long, sharp knife, ripped the white [illegible] for a distance of six or seven [illegible] the knife does its work when one of the ship's officers standing near flung himself in front of the women passengers who, fortunately, were in a group by themselves, and fairly drove them from the deck into the cabin. They were not allowed to return to the deck till the last trace of the man eater had been removed.

They Saw a Man's Head.

No more horrible sight could have been [illegible] From out the long slit in the shark's belly stared a human countenance. To identify in the man-eater's stomach was a head, with the features still discernible, needed no second glance. Few of the passengers could bring themselves to take a second glance. Most of them turned away, to go to their staterooms—anywhere, away from the awful spectacle out on the main deck, from which the women could congratulate themselves that they had been barred.

The sailors, however, made a thorough inspection of the dead man-eater's stomach. Besides the man's head they found three hats, two of which could be identified as having been blown from the heads of passengers on the Syria; two fowls, with their feathers still intact; a mass of broken bones and remnants of a sailor's woolen apparel.

Only a minute was required in which to make this inventory. None of these gruesome relics were removed from the maw that had engulfed them. Even the sailors who made the capture and administered capital punishment upon the criminal were so affected by what they saw that, with a common impulse, they seized the carcass and heaved it overboard, weighted with the fluke of an old anchor so that it would speedily sink out of sight.

During the remainder of the voyage the capture of the man-eater with the evidence of his guilt upon him was the one topic of conversation among the passengers. Upon landing a month ago it was the first news they had to report; and the photographs they brought with them gave ample corroboration of the truth of the narrative.

HOW WE ARE HEADING FOR

Vastly Important Statements b
Scientists Who Agree That
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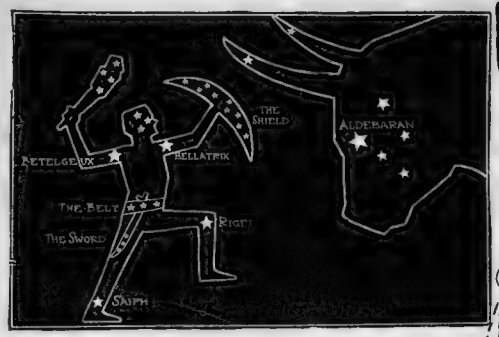


The Constellation Orion, Containing the Gigantic Sun Rigel, Which Exceeds Even Arcturus in Mass and Power. — From a Sketch by Prof. Garrett P. Serviss.

THE Arcturian theory is that our sun is the servant of one a thousand times bigger, heavier and brighter, to which it is tied by the elastic fetters of gravity. Under the domination of this master star, known as Arcturus, our sun with the little earth and the other planets spinning about it swings back and forth from one edge to the other of the ring of the "Milky Way." The shape of this orbit is an elipse which it takes our sun 104,000 years to traverse.

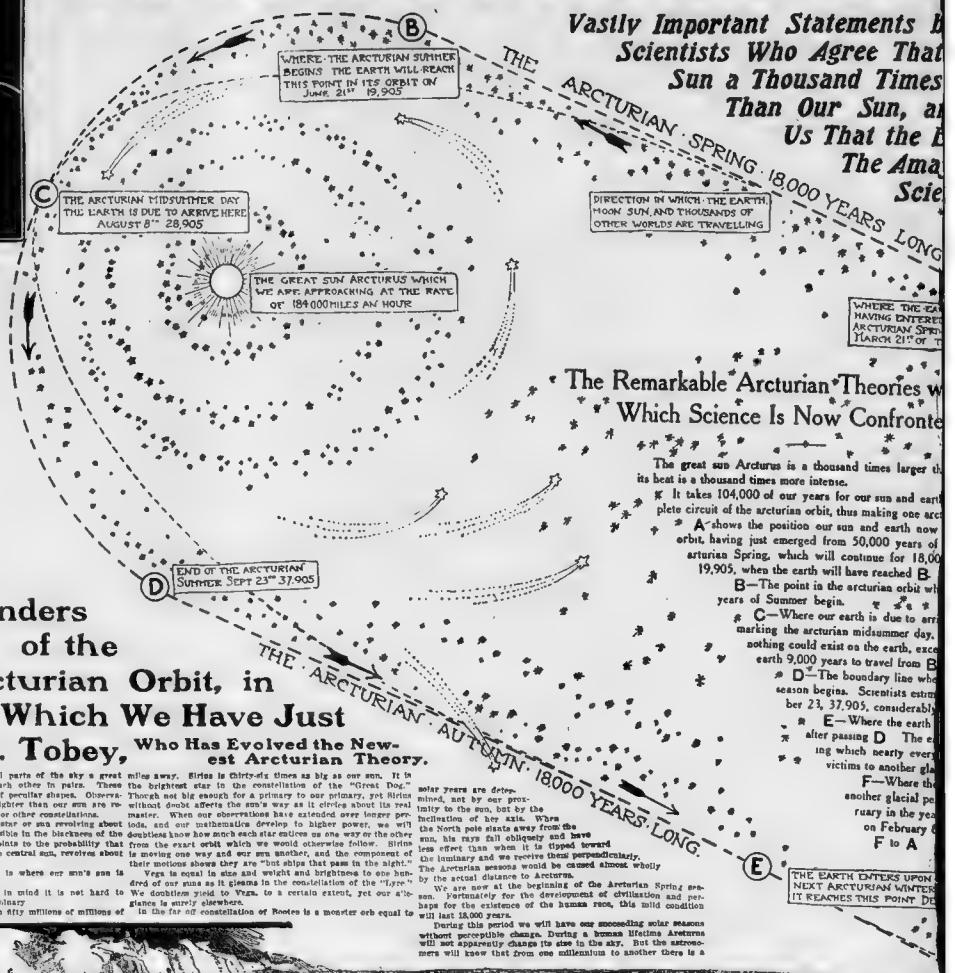
One circuit of this vast orbit, involving 104,000 of our solar years, comprises one great Arcturian year.

What was and what will be mankind's fate throughout it all?

How did earthly creatures sleep when the sun picked its way through occasional groups of stars so close to the earth that they rivalled the solar orb, and for thousands of years there was no night? Where was man or his ancestors in the year 25,095 B. C., when the last Arcturian Winter was at its height and the partially cooled sun swung his satellites at the farthest point from Arcturus's heat? Did the absolute zero of interstellar space creep through our blanket of atmosphere and drape the earth in a pall of ice, even at the tropics, or did we sweep near enough to the star swarm of the Milky Way to be saved by the warmth of its radiations?

What comets are diving to head us off, and what nebulae lie across our path?

All these and other most interesting speculations are discussed in the following exposition of the Arcturian theory by its authors, Prof. Leroy Tobey and his daughter, Miss Olive Rosamund Tobey, who for years have studied the stars from their home in Penn Yann, N. Y.


B
WHERE THE ARCTURIAN SUMMER BEGINS THE EARTH WILL REACH THIS POINT IN ITS ORBIT ON JUNE 21ST 19,905
THE ARCTURIAN SPRING 18,000 YEARS LONG
C
THE ARCTURIAN MIDSUMMER DAY THE EARTH IS DUE TO ARRIVE HERE AUGUST 8TH 28,905
DIRECTION IN WHICH THE EARTH, MOON SUN, AND THOUSANDS OF OTHER WORLDS ARE TRAVELLING
THE GREAT SUN ARCTURUS WHICH WE ARE APPROACHING AT THE RATE OF 184,000 MILES AN HOUR
WHERE THE EA HAVING ENTERE ARCTURIAN SPR MARCH 21ST OF T
D
END OF THE ARCTURIAN SUMMER SEPT 23RD 37,905
THE ARCTURIAN AUTUMN 18000 YEARS LONG
E
THE EARTH ENTERS UPON NEXT ARCTURIAN WINTER IT REACHES THIS POINT DE

Wonders of the Arcturian Orbit, in Which We Have Just Found Ourselves.

By Prof. Tobey, Who Has Evolved the Newest Arcturian Theory.

THE "Sun's Way," as the motion of our primary along its path is called, has long excited speculation and wonder among astronomers. While the earth and all the other planets are spinning around the sun, its bright globe itself is pursuing a steady course, traversing 500,000,000 miles in a year.

Of course, wherever the sun goes there go and we share its fate, which is consequently well worth considering.

The actions of the other stars offered us the clue long ago. We should have suspected that our sun was not merely dropping into eternity at this inconceivable rate, but was pursuing, like our earth, a definite path to which gravity would bind it.

Comparison of early and late stellar observations showed that the stars, far from being fixed, were all in motion in a variety of directions. This general movement of the stars was called the "star drift."

The spectroscope shows us in all parts of the sky a great number of stars revolving about each other in pairs. These are called binaries, and have orbits of peculiar shapes. Observations show that stars bigger and brighter than our sun are rotating about a primary in the same or other constellations.

There are also cases of a bright star or sun revolving about a mysterious, dark star which is invisible in the blackness of the heavens. Analogy and every sign points to the probability that every star or sun, except perhaps one central sun, revolves about some other one.

What we are most interested in is where our sun's sun is located and what he is doing to us.

Scanning the heavens with this in mind it is not hard to locate the sun and master of our luminary.

There it rides, a little more than fifty millions of millions of miles away. Sirius is thirty-six times as big as our sun. It is the brightest star in the constellation of the "Great Dog." Though not big enough for a primary to our primary, yet Sirius without doubt affects the sun's way as it circles about its real master. When our observations have extended over longer periods, and our mathematics develop to higher power, we will doubtless know how much each star encloses us one way or the other from the exact orbit which we would otherwise follow. Sirius is moving one way and our sun another, and the component of their motions shows they are "hot ships that pass in the night."

Vega is equal in size and weight and brightness to one hundred of our suns as it gleams in the constellation of the "Lyre." We doubtless yield to Vega, to a certain extent, yet our allegiance is surely elsewhere.

In the far off constellation of Bootes is a monster orb equal to a thousand suns such as ours. This heavenly lamp, gleaming with 1000-suns power, would burn our earth like a wisp of tissue paper in the mouth of a furnace if we were placed as close as we are to the sun. This star is Arcturus, and it is said to be six hundred millions of millions of miles away, but the latest observations make it probable that the distance is considerably overestimated.

We are approaching Arcturus, or, what is of equivalent import, he is rushing at us with a speed of about four and a half million miles per day. However, we won't hit him, but will probably fly around him on the heels of the sun in much the same way we see comets, headed apparently for the sun, miss it by a hair's breadth of a million or two miles, turn sharply and fly back into space.

The Bible mentions Arcturus in a singular manner, in the Book of Job, as if the Lord had hinted at the importance of the star. Among other references to the phenomena of nature we find the following: 38 Job; 32:

"Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

A long tedious mathematical calculation, based on the distance to Arcturus, its rate of travel toward us and our individual motion toward a point near the constellation of Hercules and the known laws of gravity, make it probable that we make a complete round-trip about this star once in very nearly 104,000 years.

We Are Now Beginning the Great Arcturian Spring.

Our ice caps at the poles, covering the signs of what was once a tropical climate, have been a never ending bugbear to geologists, who tried to explain things without looking outside our solar system.

There is unquestionable evidence that ice, once at least, and more probably many times, advanced from its present position at the poles and encroached on the boundaries of the tropics. Some have been driven to suppose that the earth's axis flopped, and others that the sun cooled down for a while and then suddenly warmed up again to its present state.

Possible, indeed, but very improbable is this theory. Nothing could warm up our sun after he had once reached a point to permit the earth to freeze up but collision of some sort. Such a thing would have left its traces by upsetting the orbits of the planets and killing all life on the terrestrial globe.

Let us see how the Arcturian theory explains the glacial periods. The Arcturian year would be divided into seasons somewhat as our solar year, with this difference. The seasons of the solar years are determined, not by our proximity to the sun, but by the inclination of her axis. When the North pole slants away from the sun, his rays fall obliquely and have less effect than when it is tipped toward the luminary and we receive them perpendicularly.

The Arcturian seasons would be caused almost wholly by the actual distance to Arcturus.

We are now at the beginning of the Arcturian Spring season. Fortunately for the development of civilization and perhaps for the existence of the human race, this mild condition will last 18,000 years.

During this period we will have one succeeding solar seasons without perceptible change. During a human lifetime Arcturus will not apparently change its size in the sky. But the astronomers will know that from one millennium to another there is a great alteration.

Toward the end of our Arcturian Springtime there will be a dazzling star in the sky, not quite as big as the sun appears here on the moon, but the moon will pale beside it and it will be easy to read newspapers on a clear night, and street lamps would be needless.

Winter will be by far the pleasantest and most healthful season of the year. Doubtless unless man adapts himself wonderfully to changing conditions, he will hardly be able to live along the equator in Summer. The ice caps, by the end of the Arcturian Spring, will be wholly melted, and the polar climate will be delightful all the year around.

During the last few thousands of years of this season, doubtless, mankind, thoroughly alive to the Arcturian theory and all the horrors which the Arcturian Summer holds in store, will make strenuous preparations that, if possible, at least, a few human creatures will survive the destined scorching.

The Plague of Heat and Monstrous Insects.

What 18,000 years of thought and invention will give to humanity as it enters the period of torment the imagination of Jules Verne would hardly guess at.

Perhaps part or all of our descendants may vote to emigrate to some world which may be waiting invitingly along our path. Supposing no satisfactory worlds appear within the required distance, perhaps Mars, Neptune or even Jupiter may offer advantages for keeping cool.

Still, nearer at hand, is our own satellite, the moon, which is probably cooled all or most of the way through. Taking their atmosphere with them, or making it after they get there, the men of the future may transfer themselves to that barren little world, bore her way in and disappear like a worm, into an apple, and never come out until 18,000 years later. Their descendants would then emerge at the beginning of the Arcturian Fall, and look upon the sun, the terrible Arcturus and the heavens of which they had read in books compiled from reports 18,000 years old.

If mankind is compelled to stick it out on the planet during the Arcturian Summer he will be gradually driven from the equator toward the poles. Each thousand years he will be much hotter than the preceding millennium.

There will be little difference between our solar seasons. All will be stifling. Forests will die and all plants give place to cacti, and these in turn will give way to strange, heat-defying forms.

As age of insects will arrive. All the countless articulate life of the semi-deserts, such as Arizona, will evolve into creatures truly appalling.

Without birds and mammals to pursue them and make small size and inconspicuousness a necessary condition for survival, many forms will take on monstrous size.

In the burning heat tree dragons will move among the strange vegetation. Huge, mailed, winged monsters, with clattering wings and hooded, sunken eyes will dap about during the hours when Arcturus is below the horizon, and will lurk in the shade of the vegetation during the Arcturian day.

Perhaps 2,000 years of vegetable and insect usurpation, then an ever widening belt of dead, white sand will mark the equator on the land. The surface of the ocean will simmer along this line.

Mankind will only cross from one pole to the other in submarines, ploughing as near the bottom as diving machines, on the shaded side of the outer edge of the atmosphere.

By August 8, of the year 28,905, the poles will have been reached and the earth's whole surface of a red hot stove. For at the poles men may still cling to the spots of the ocean's bottom he may, with the fish in the ambition to reach.

At best, only a few can survive. Life will be swept away. Metal will melt and form beds of ore for future centuries, the metals we smelt to-day have melted again in a dozen civilizations in previous.

Stone and brick will be pulverized away by the deluge of boiling rain.

Slowly each thousand years the Arcturian Spring will operate until about 25,000 A. D. the red hot surface of the Arcturian sphere is boiling.

About this time some adventurous shell sides, may venture his head above the surface of a red hot stove. For at the poles men may still cling to the spots of the ocean's bottom he may, with the fish in the ambition to reach.

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December 22, in the year 25,905, will commence, and each succeeding comfortable.

Man and the insects and animal relop, evolve and multiply. Vegetation bold exclusive away over the tropics turn at last to conditions similar to sation should be infinitely farther a existences at some period shall have back into temporary savagery.

A new set of tribulations will c 53,905. Arcturus, far from being upon as a long lost friend. He will the opposite side of the "Milky Wa

The sun will shine with a much distance from Arcturus, the stim its glory.

Every Winter will be severer th glaciers will grow from year to ye on the high mountains will creep the absolute zero of interstellar s crouch.

Storing Up Food for the 50

Aside there will be, and an Ar were, preparations for the Arcturi Subterranean and submarine abodes almus before, may make it possib acre of ours to survive. A universa thick will cover the globe. The t melt the surface ice at the equator February, in the year 80,905 A. D. 25,095 B. C. (last Arcturian Winte

We are now in the beginning of ago this earth and its inhabitants in the trail of the retreating ice c of that first thousand or two years ice cap evidently drove our simple highly civilized men who survived into savagery, from which they ha Chances, providential and othe terrible cataclysms and change in instance, the sequence of night a

How New York Would be Overswept and Completely Destroyed by a Gigantic Polar Ice Cap if the Glacial Age Were Due To-day.

ARCTURUS AND DESTRUCTION AT 184,000 MILES AN HOUR

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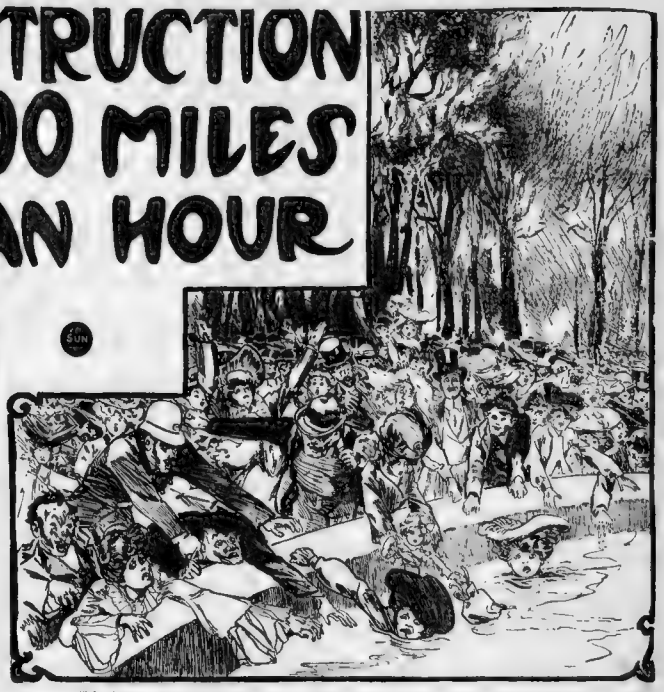
Eminent Arcturus Is a Larger and Hotter ... Who Solemnly Inform ...rth Is Rushing Toward Him. ...ing New Theories Now Confronting ...ce Which Apparently Explain the Hidden Secrets of the Earth's ... Impending Fate and Just When It Is Due to Overtake Us.

Relative Sizes of the Sun and Arcturus, Considered as Globes of the Same Mean Density



"The despairing People of Hattan, frenzied with the torturing heat from Arcturus, rushing to leap into the public fountain in the park."

...is now ... to the ... imp. ... year.

... our sun, and ... make one com... an year, ...rpy in the arcturian ...Winter season into the ...years, or until June 21.

... Spring ends and the 18,000 ... on August 8, 28,905, this point ...n the heat will be so terrible that ...ossibly at the poles. It will take the ... C...

... Summer ends and the arcturian Autumn ...hat the earth will reach this point Septem... ...bled and fit for general inhabitation again ... be on December 22, 55,905, or 18,000 years ... now enters upon the long arcturian Winter, dur... ...g alive will succumb to the intense cold or fall ...catastrophe. ...rth will reach almost absolute zero, and there will be ... The earth is due to arrive at this point about Feb... ...,905. The earth last passed this point, it is estimated, ...5,095 B. C., and it has taken 27,000 years to travel from ...

...TEN ...2 55,905

THE DIRECT PATH OF THE SUN AND THE CIRCULAR COURSE TAKEN BY THE EARTH
THE COLDEST DAY IN THE ARCTURIAN YEAR THE EARTH PASSED THIS POINT A SOLID FROZEN MASS FEB 8TH 25,095 BC. WHEN IT IS ESTIMATED THE LAST GLACIAL PERIOD OCCURRED.
PATH OF THE EARTH DURING ITS 50,000 YEAR ARCTURIAN WINTER.
A
F

...s possible, or in swift... ...the earth far up near the ... ...he crisis of the heat will ...faces will be as sterile as ...aps in subterranean cities ...a, or at the very deepest ...his submarine abodes, vie ...ights the earth. ...very vestige of civilization ...nd sink into the earth and ...dig out. It may be that ...een used over and over ...ous Arcturian years. ...by the heat and smashed ...hich will fall continuously. ...cturian Summer will mod... ...mates will cease to show ...and the ocean will cease ...

...descendant of man, if he ...e ground at the poles. ...e great Arcturian Autumn ...millennium will be more ...

...he has preserved will de... ...and insects will at first ...Then the planet will re... ...as present, save that civil... ...anced, unless the fight for ...driven the human beings ...

...e mortals about the year ...fire fiend, will be looked ...be a faint dot of light on ...

...obled light at this great ...ir radio-active sources of ...

...a preceding one, and the ...The perpetual snow area ...n lower and lower, and ...e will imperceptibly en...

...-Year Winter.

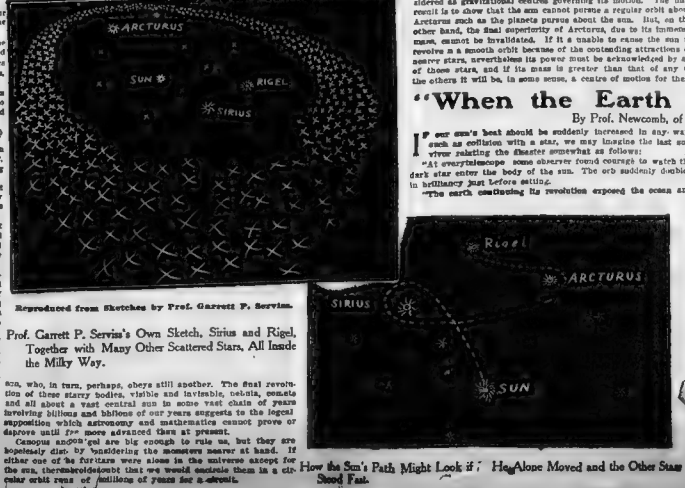
...lan year before probably ...Winter 50,000 years long. ...th food stored up millen... ...ow these asses descend... ...ll of ice thousands of feet ...in red sun will not even ...ering the black month of ...nd it did not in the year ...

...ring. Twenty millenniums ...re struggling for existence ...The miseries and perils ...the mud-slime left by the ...descendants of the few ...he last Arcturian Winter, ...not yet all emerged. ...e, may moderate these ...tumultuous seasons. For ...day only be disturbed at ...son of the universe. We probably is chained to some greater ...

...several points in our ...y a yearly round trip by ...stars and star groups along ...the course. Our luminary is liable ...to be outshone by a group of larger ...suns at several points. ...Such an occurrence would turn night into day ...and make things uncomfortably hot if it should occur ...during the mild seasons of Arcturian Spring and Autumn. ...But one or two star groups conveniently near the middle of our ...50,000-year Winter would, perhaps, prove a salvation to the ...earth's inhabitants. ...As the sun's orbit extends nearly from one inner edge of the ...Milky Way to the opposite one our Winters may be influenced ...by that mysterious star swarm. Countless stars of all sizes ...and kinds abound there together with nebulae and dark stars, ...and perhaps other things we have as yet no record of. ...Close to this galaxy, or "Milky Way," there would doubtless ...be a general diffused heat and light, and though we were too ...distant to bask in the light of any one star, our Winter would ...doubtless be much less severe.

Does the "Milky Way" Save Us in Arcturian Winter?

...Though there is no proof of this, it is not improbable that in ...our last Winter either the "Milky Way" was nearer and warmer, ...or some collision of dark stars in our neighborhood, converting ...them into a temporary sun, made things unexpectedly mild. ...If this happened—and the traces on the rocks go to show that ...the last ice cap did not quite reach the tropics—we may easily ...account for prehistoric savagery. Only a part of the earth's ...population could enter the subterranean and submarine abodes. ...It is useless to guess how the favored ones were chosen, but ...somehow it must have been done at the end of each Spring and ...Autumn. At these times the selected few must have entered ...into their prisons like Noah and his party into the ark. The ...remainder doubtless were left to shift for themselves. ...Nothing but the interference of some other monster star, pull... ...ing our sun far away from Arcturus in the Summer season, could ...make it possible for those outside to survive. The proximity or ...warm, nebulous matter or the other bodies previously mentioned ...might make it possible for a few of those outside to live through ...the Winter, while those inside might have died from starvation, ...accident or asphyxiation. ...The law of survival of the fittest would work powerfully ...among the outcasts. Those who did survive would be great, ...hardy savages, descendants of those who had fought successfully, ...perhaps, as cannibals for the scant food supplies. ...These men would be covered with white wool instead of ...hair, and they would have only a few distorted traditions as ...relics of the departed civilization. Arcturus would be forgotten, ...and the pale sun would certainly be worshipped as a god. ...Their jealousy of the fortunate chosen ones who entered the ...bowels of the earth would be carried from one generation to ...another in the form of weird demon stories peopling the world's ...interior with fiends. Both these beliefs are in existence now. ...One sun revolves about Arcturus and we are taken with it. ...But Arcturus, mighty as he is, cannot be called the master ...sun of the universe. He probably is chained to some greater ...sun, who, in turn, perhaps, obeys still another. The final revolu... ...tion of these starry bodies, visible and invisible, nebulæ, comets ...and all about a vast central sun in some vast chain of years ...involving billions and billions of our years suggests to the logical ...supposition which astronomy and mathematics cannot prove or ...disprove until far more advanced than at present. ...Canopus and Sirius are big enough to rule us, but they are ...hopelessly dim by considering the monsters nearer at hand. If ...either one of the fixstars were alone in the universe except for ...the sun, the remainder doubtless that we would encircle them in a cir... ...cular orbit runs of millions of years for a circuit. ...It relve



Reproduced from Sketches by Prof. Garrett P. Serviss.

Prof. Garrett P. Serviss's Own Sketch, Sirius and Rigel, Together with Many Other Scattered Stars, All Inside the Milky Way.

How the Sun's Path Might Look if Hattan Alone Moved and the Other Stars Stood Fast.

What We Now Know About the Giant Sun Arcturus.

By Prof. Garrett P. Serviss, the Distinguished Astronomer.

THE theory that Arcturus is a central sun around which our sun and others revolve in orbits of immense length and requiring vast periods of time for each revolution is very attractive to the imagination, and recalls similar theories that have been proposed from time to time with reference to other stars supposed to occupy a central position in the universe.

The idea has no doubt taken its rise from the fact, which has come out through modern refined methods of measuring star parallaxes, that Arcturus is one of the greatest suns visible in space. Our sun is insignificant in comparison with it. According to Elkins's estimate Arcturus is a thousand times as massive as the sun. But its distance is enormous, amounting to no less than eight million times the distance between the sun and the earth.

We know, however, that gravitation is not affected by distance. It simply diminishes as the distance increases. Let never ceases to be felt, however great the distance may become. Accordingly it is certain that Arcturus, seven hundred and fifty millions of millions of miles away, exerts an attraction upon the sun, and that the sun must yield to that attraction and set its course through space in accordance with it. It is also certain that if there were no other bodies in the universe than the sun and Arcturus the former would revolve in an orbit about the latter as its master. Arcturus, by the estimate above quoted, is about as much more massive than the sun as the sun is more massive than the planet Jupiter. But the problem is complicated by the presence of thousands of other stars, few of them equal to Arcturus, it is true, but many much greater than the sun, and all together exerting their attractions upon the sun in a thousand different directions. And some of these stars are so much nearer than Arcturus is that, notwithstanding their smaller mass, they must exert a greater actual attraction upon the sun than it does. Take, for instance, the brilliant Sirius. It has, probably, only one one-hundredth of the mass of Arcturus, but it is fifteen times as near. Now, according to the law of gravitation, the attraction varies directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance, therefore, although Arcturus, by virtue of its superior mass, possesses one hundred times the attractive power of Sirius, its effective attraction upon the sun, as compared with that of Sirius is reduced, on account of its greater distance, in the ratio of the square of 15 to 100. The square of 15 is 225, whence it follows that Sirius attracts the sun two and a quarter times more powerfully than Arcturus does, or in the ratio of 225 to 100.

From this it would appear that Sirius rather than Arcturus should be the focus of the sun's great orbit in space. But it can be shown that there are still other stars which also exert upon the sun an attraction great enough to entitle them to be considered as gravitational centres governing its motion. The final result is to show that the sun cannot pursue a regular orbit about Arcturus such as the planets pursue about the sun. But, on the other hand, the final superiority of Arcturus, due to its immense mass, cannot be invalidated. If it is unable to cause the sun to revolve in a smooth orbit because of the contending attractions of nearer stars, nevertheless its power must be acknowledged by all of those stars, and if its mass is greater than that of any of the others it will be, in some sense, a centre of motion for them all. Thus, while Sirius may more directly control the motion of the sun, yet Sirius itself must be controlled by Arcturus, and this is true of all the other stars concerned.

The complication, however, is so great that it would probably be beyond the power of mathematics to determine the precise path pursued by the sun or by any other star subjected to all these contending attractions. About all that we can say with certainty is that the sun, and every other star, is in motion; that these motions appear to be in many and various directions, and that at the present time it is impossible to detect any sun grand controlling centre to which they may all be referred.

Nevertheless, as remarked in the beginning, the theory that such a centre exists, and that Arcturus may actually represent it, possesses a fascinating interest. The proneness of the human mind to speculate on these grand possibilities of the universe, even though such speculations may lead to no positive conclusion, is one of the noblest of our intellectual attributes, since it attests our superiority to merely material limitation. We feel that in us exist the dim glimmerings of intelligence which, freed from the bonds that confine and stifle it under the conditions of terrestrial life, would illuminate all such problems and make their solution as plain as day. If our mathematics were more powerful, if our minds had a greater reach, we could trace the path of the sun in space, through all its windings and discern the controlling centre of its motion as readily as we follow the revolutions of a planet about the sun.

It is interesting to remark that there are known to astronomers one or two suns which are evidently vastly greater even than Arcturus. One of these is the dazzling white star, Rigel, in the Constellation Orion. There is every reason to think that its gravitative energy, as well as its illuminating power, Rigel excels Arcturus as much as Arcturus excels Sirius. But it is also much more distant from us than Arcturus is, so that the direct effect of its attraction on the sun may be less. Still it must, in the end, add to a greater or less extent, control the motions of Arcturus. And so we may go on with no indication, as yet, of where the real master sun of the entire universe may be situated.

But, while the fact that the sun cannot be regarded as describing a closed orbit around any one particular star, is opposed to the theory of a regular succession of Arcturian hot summers and frigid Winters, the adventurers of the sun in its erratic journey, urged hither and thither by so many contrary attractions, would appear of the most absorbingly interesting character if we could live and travel with it for many millions of years. Then we should find ourselves at one time near one side of the ring of the Milky Way; at another time as at present near the middle of the vast central mass, and again on its opposite ... Now we would behold, close at hand, a vast star clust... ...ranged into a region of perpetual day or be... ...ging outposts of a sun many times more pow... ...and now we should find ourselves with some ... ...so remote from all the neighbor stars ... ...from ... ...ral, the rays of the sun alone ... ...possibilities, ...some almost unimaginable ... ...ot, with scarce a ... ...doubt, in the womb of th... ...ne brief space of our ... ...existence renders us physi... ...of experiencing them, ...just as the Maya fly born at ... ...and perishes at the next sun... ...set knows nothing of the gr... ...arch of the seasons.

"When the Earth Becomes Too Hot."

By Prof. Newcomb, of Johns Hopkins University.

IF our sun's heat should be suddenly increased in any way, such as collision with a star, we may imagine the last sur... ...viver relating the disaster somewhat as follows:

"At ... ...warning ... some observer found courage to watch the dark star enter the body of the sun. The orb suddenly doubled in brilliancy just before setting.

"The earth continuing its revolution exposed the ocean and continents in succession to the burning rays. When the sun set at San Francisco, the heat was still not unbearable. But from Asia and Europe came the most portentous news through the period of... that in them was day, while on the American continent it was night. In China and India men could only remain out of doors a few minutes at a time.

"The American continent, forewarned, undertook the most vigorous defence possible. Before the sun rose, every fire engine in Hattan was the place ready for action. Everything combustible in the city was covered with woolen cloth and sprinkled with water. Fiercely though the sun poured down its flood of fire, an engine was ready to extinguish any spot where it might burst forth. As in Europe, they were soon aided with floods of rain. This passed the day, while the sun shed a fiercer heat with every passing hour. At last things became hopeless.

"The despairing people of Hattan, frenzied with the torturing heat of an exploded sun equivalent to Arcturus, rushed to the public fountains in the park, and wherever there was water, plunged into it.

"The whole ocean was boiling like a pot, and the raging steam was carried over the land by a gale produced by the expansion of the air over the ocean, moving with inconceivable velocity. The gale passed over the continent, sweeping before it every vestige of human work that stood in its path. Even the stones of buildings, cracked and pulverized by the heat, were now blown through the air like dust, and churned with the ... buried the land under a torrent of mud. The lightning ... ...ed incessantly everywhere, and, if it did not destroy every ... ...ng exposed to it, it was only because no living thing ... ...ved where it struck. Constantly thickening and darkening ... ...clouds poured down their storm of rain. But no relief was thus ... ...afforded to the mass of cringing humanity which remained pro... ...tected in vaults and cellars. The falling flood was boiling hot, ...scalding to death every one on whom it fell. It poured through ... ...cracks and crevices, flooding cellars, saturating the roofs of ... ...buildings, and if a living being remained it scalded him to death."

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The Newest Motor Coat Which Costs More than the Motor Car.

WITH the introduction of snakeskin motoring coats, weird, fascinating and beautiful to look upon, Winter motoring has been robbed of its chief discomfort—the icy winds that cut one through and through like a knife.

You can buy a really good motor car for about $8,500. One of the new three-quarter length women's motoring coats of anaconda skin will cost $5,000 or even $6,000 —almost twice as much as a good motor car itself.

Imagine paying $6,000 for a snakeskin coat! Who, it may be asked, would ever think of doing such a thing? The answer is best to be found in the prevailing fashion in auto motoring dress. To be really smart you must have one of these snakeskin coats, three-quarter length, made of perfectly matched anaconda skins, lined and trimmed with beaver, or with heavy silk, or, better than all, with white fur.

As the accompanying picture of the new garment shows, these trimmings do not conceal but rather emphasize the very snaky aspect of the lady so garbed. If she be slender and sinuous of form, the effect of her sudden appearance before the eyes of an inebriated person might give him a passing moment of grave concern about himself.

A meet of fair autoists thus attired would give the unaccustomed spectator the impression of having stirred up a whole colony of brilliantly variegated reptiles, and to sit beside one in a tonneau for the first time would be a most thrilling experience.

This snakeskin coat appears to be the last word of the purveyors of garments for autoists. The expense is no more stupendous than the novel effect produced when the four skins constituting the coat are so well matched as to convey the impression that when some giant snake crawled out of the skin the lady immediately crawled in.

Snakeskin has taken the place of seal skin. The anaconda, giant among his species, and the most ferocious of all snakes in attack, has given up his resplendent skin in order to protect the woman of fashion from the fury wind as she speeds in her 50-horsepower automobile through the streets of city and suburbs.

Practical utility, no less than the modern love of display, enters into the reason of the craze for snakeskin that has now taken possession of the women of fashion in three continents. The non-porous skin of the anaconda possesses three times the warmth of the skin of the seal.

In Place of Sealskin.

It takes the complete skins of four anacondas, each anaconda being 30 feet long, to make one motoring coat for a woman. Light, flexible, soft thought the snake's skin be.

The agents of large fur supply houses of New York, London and Paris must travel through far Brazil if they would find anacondas in sufficient numbers to supply the new fad. And the snake hunters must brave the dangers of the swamp and the forest, dangers that include each every day items as battling with a boa constrictor, a rattlesnake, a jaguar, a wolf, or any of the wild creatures with which the forests of Brazil abound.

The advent of the anaconda coat has led the way to a general renaissance of snake skin articles of usefulness. And again woman is the pioneer along the path of extravagance.

Each pair of boots cost $25. Perhaps she soothes her conscience with the reflection that inasmuch as the snakeskin slipper or boot changes its hue under different lights and harmonizes with almost any costume, she may be able to save outlay on new dresses.

For no other woman may possess a coat which shall be the exact counterpart of the coat she wears. No woman alive can challenge her with a replica of her own garment. It is in the character of the anaconda skin that the same markings, the same tints and colors can never be repeated in two reptiles. The skin of each anaconda is peculiar to itself.

The snake skin has coiled itself about fashionable society as tightly as ever anaconda wound its coils around the hapless hunter.

The snakeskin engagement hook, so attractive in the hands of a pretty girl, the snakeskin desk set and watch fob are to-day making their appearance, and even the family photographs are tucked into frames covered with the skin of a serpent. The woman who would scream, jump on a chair, gather her skirts tightly about her at the sight of a mouse, wears the skin of a deadly reptile with absolute composure.

And those who gaze in wonder at the spectacle of beauty in an anaconda coat may, if they will, conjure up the vision of the snake hunter groping his way through the miasmatic mists along a path in which a single misstep or miscalculation means death from the poisonous fangs of a reptile, or from the foul fumes with which the air is laden, in order to serve the vanity of a woman 5,000 miles away.

As he fights blindly through the tangled mass of brush wood, his eyes fixed upon the anaconda, the howl of the jackal, the jeering laugh of the hyena, the snarl of the wildcat, warn the snake of his approach.

The anaconda is coiled and poised for the attack, for more than all other snakes, he will fight for liberty and life. His fellow reptiles are aroused to the rescue of their kind, and from every hole spring out at the common foe. Old hunters tell the story of a comrade found lying dead, his features swollen and blackened, with the anaconda in his grasp.

But even though the hunter escape, the perils of a forest, the chances of life or freedom for yellow fever are as one in fifty. Ghastly in its very commonplace is the rigidly official record telling us that twenty-five per cent. of these hunters die from snake bite, from wounds received in encounters from wild animals, or from yellow fever.

The anaconda being once conquered and killed, the skin begins the journey of many thousand miles over land and sea to New York or Liverpool.

Into the hands of the first dealers the skin passes, and from them it reaches the manufacturer. The first process of preparation for use is that of cleansing, and a compound of salt and alum applied to the inner surface of the skin has the effect of preserving the substance for an indefinite period.

From coat to hat, from hat to jacket, from jacket to snakeskin boots, gloves and slippers is but a step, and the craze is spreading. To match her anaconda coat she must have an anaconda card case, an anaconda purse, an anaconda automobile bag and anaconda shoes.

Woman, who has hitherto been giving little thought to the exact substance of which these things are made, now insists upon knowing whether her belt, her purse, her engagement book, her satchel are of real snakeskin, and by the bye, perhaps, her ambition will lead her to stud her belt with snake's eyes of diamonds.

To woman, however, the great charm of the anaconda coat lies, probably, not in the actual possession of the garment, but in the certainty that she owns something beyond the reach of most of the women around here.

A Striped Garter Snake and Her Fifty-three Offspring.

This photo was taken when the young snakes were but one hour old. They will realize about $100 when sold into ladies' shoes.

THE FIRST OF THE NEW $6,000 COATS OF ANACONDA SKINS.

Snakeskin Purse and Handbag.

Four Gorgeous and Perfectly Matched Anaconda Skins Are Required for Each of the New Three-Quarter Length Coats for Winter Motoring.

Its manufacture involves cutting and drying of the skins before they can be fitted to the figure of the wearer. Only the best kind of silken threads and the most delicate handwork can be of effect in sewing the anaconda skin. The last of many stages is reached when the silk or beaver lining is fitted in, and by the time the anaconda covers the figure of the fair wearer eight cases and fattens as walking cane he has in grim fact sold his life dearly.

I can hum has not escaped the malign influence. To please the women of his household he has been forced to exchange the slippers of carpet or felt, lord of his heart, for the slipper of snakeskin. And if the fever finally gets into his blood, it will not be long before the miserable

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Furs.

By Mrs. Osborn

Creator of Fashions for the Fashionable Women of America

Fine Furs More Fashionable and Harder to Get Than Ever.

Russian Royal Ermine the Last Cry of Fashion.

NEVER have furs been more fascinating, more fashionable, more expensive or rarer than now, and these facts illustrate better than anything else could the utter unreasonableness of fashion. The Russian-Japanese war and our own tariff rates combined to make furs very scarce this season, but one would never imagine this scantiness to see the exhibition of furs abroad and the floods of them pouring into this country for Winter wear.

Because of the scarcity and the immense demand for them furs are more expensive than ever before. Certain varieties of furs—such as mink, for instance—which were once fairly reasonable in price have now jumped to prices which place them beyond the reach of all but the favorites of fortune, to whom a few hundreds or thousands more or less are of absolutely no consequence at all.

Women who aim to be distinctly and perfectly gowned like to wear something beyond the reach of most people, and this may be the reason that they have chosen to make this a fur season. Comparatively few women will be able to indulge in the most luxurious garment of the season, a long fur coat that envelops one from neck to heel.

The universality of the automobile, too, is a cogent reason for the tremendous vogue that fur has attained. One requires warm wraps when whizzing along wind-swept roads these blustering days in most parts of the country, and nothing but fur and leather seem to answer the purpose for warm motoring coats for Winter.

But the fad does not stop at automobile coats—far from it! There are women who wear entire gowns made of furs, principally of lady lamb, whose markings resemble some wonderful and beautiful brocade- and imitation sealskin. This article is quite popular for certain purposes, but for the rest imitations and cheap furs are scorned as only the perfectly gowned woman knows how to scorn a thing upon which she does not set the seal of her own approval. When it pleased her to wear squirrel skins she looked like an animated composite picture of squirrels; now the well gowned woman would not allow a squirrel skin nearer than her kitchen, and warm coats lined with squirrel skins are selling for a mere song. So are long coats lined with white and black skins which are termed ermine and once covered a familiar "meow!" Such a coat can be had for $29.98, while an almost similar coat lined with real ermine costs several thousands. Yet the ermine-lined coat is one of the most modish things of the season and represents a year's fat income in value alone.

Long motor coats are made of all the fashionable furs, and this style of coat will admit of some of the cheaper varieties of them, which a woman strictly a la mode will not wear when made up into any other sort of garment. They are worn indiscriminately with the fur on the inside or outside of the coat and always trimmed with fur, usually with a contrasting kind. A stout woman will do well to avoid fur on the outer side of her coat, a fashion very becoming to slender figures.

One of the chief beauties of fur is its general becomingness. Men, women and children all look better in fur. There is a softness about it which makes a charming framework for the face, and fine fur does not need a price mark to proclaim either its beauty or its value.

One of the fashionable furs of the season is baby lamb. This fur is taken from so young an animal that the article looks like a soft and exquisite brocade. It has none of the soft, satiny surface of Persian lamb or astrakhan, and is as smart and attractive as it is perishable. Gowns, cloaks and all sorts of small garments are [illegible] with some other fur, and also with embroidered passementerie, velvet and lace, and these will all outwear the fashion in which they are made, but will do little more.

A—Dress of Baby Lamb, Trimmed with Ermine.
B—Dress of Baby Lamb, Trimmed with Embroidery Appliqued Upon Black Velvet.
C—Pelerine of Ermine, Bordered with Sable and Worn with a Satin Belt. Smart Coat Tails of Ermine.
D—Short Cloth Coat, with Deep Ermine Collar, Edged with Sable, and Having a Sable and Ermine Bow in Front.
E—Front of Figure C, Showing Long Stoles (Double at Top) of Sable, Fringed with Chenille.
F—Long Empire Ermine Coat, with Tail Trimming on Deep Collar Revers, Cuffs and Skirt Border. Lace Ruffles in the Wide Sleeves.

The Fashionable Fancies in Furs.

Of all the cuts of fur garments the loose auto coat is the most practical and sensible. It may be remodelled as long as the fur lasts and there is plenty for changes of fashion. On the other hand, very fancy articles which represent much cutting and manipulating in fur will prove expensive and troublesome and such extreme styles will probably be discarded before next Winter and the garment be of little use for any other purpose. To make it over into another shape would involve much trouble and expense and the matching of furs to fill out a new design.

As an example of transitory style may be mentioned a fetching Eton coat, just reaching to and fitting around the waistband, with rolled fur collar to the belt, and cape sleeves. The sleeves fit at the top and are very wide below the elbow, where they terminate in full lace ruffles. This snugly fitting little garment appears made of natural musquash, mink, sable and other popular furs and is a style that will last about as long as that of a short box coat made of heavy Irish lace over a wadded lining and covered with long tabs of sable, a sable collar and sable bands around the three-quarter sleeves. The lace shows between the sable tabs and around the bottom of the coat and the effect is quite stunning. So is the price of such a coat.

Another attractive novelty in fur comes in the form of a short, fitted jacket of white caracul (a new treatment of astrakhan), which is given a bolero effect by having rounded fronts, finished with scallops, fastened upon a vest of embroidery and black velvet by velvet buttons in the fur scallops. The fur sleeves are fastened to a cuff of embroidery, velvet and lace ruffles by means of the same buttoned scallops. Black velvet revers turn back [illegible]

Among sensible and practical fur coats is to be found a smart Eton jacket of Persian lamb, for a young girl, with high stock collar, reaching over the lace one worn beneath it, long sleeves with turned-up cuffs, rolling revers of ermine down the front and a flat muff to match. A little hat of the same fur is worn. For skating and walking purposes one could scarcely get a more practical and attractive wrap.

Another practical short coat is made something on the order of a blouse, rather full and loose in front and worn with a satin belt at the bottom. It has a rolling collar, which merges into revers of the same width, and it is trimmed across each shoulder by a skin, terminating on each side the front with the head and tail of the little animal. Each cuff is finished at the wrist in the same manner. Mink is a favorite fur of which to make this style of coat, but it may be constructed of different sorts of fur. One popular fancy is to make a coat of chinchilla and trim it with ermine collar, revers and cuffs.

The Luxury of Furs This Year.

The fancy for combining furs is a universal one, and one sees sable and ermine, mink and ermine, Persian lamb and sable, ermine, mink or chinchilla.

An expensive Persian lamb coat, with round skirts coming below the hips, and long sleeves, has been made up for a London grande dame, and trimmed with a high roll collar and wide revers of chinchilla, cuffs of the same and also a flat muff with a chinchilla hat brim to match. Now that even fur garments are made with three-quarter sleeves it is a pleasure to see women ordering sensible garments made of so extravagant a material as fine fur.

Never have we seen such a variety of shapes in fur garments. There is the wide cape that looks more like a circular rug hung from the shoulders than anything else, with a great rolling collar and an ultra-fashionable dip in the back. There [illegible] something like dolmans, with wide lower portions, rippling below the shoulders and richly trimmed with sable tails and ermine collars and fronts. There are tippets of ermine, shaped like a fichu and crossed demurely at the belt in front; and there are jackets, pelerines and stoles of more forms than any but a distracted furrier could dream about.

Fancy a priceless pelerine of Russian crown sable, forming a wide cape, like a shaped scarf, drooping in a tail fringed tab upon the arms and fastened in front with a deep pleat on each side, the pleats crossing at the waist line and terminating in a sable head. From beneath this original finish of pleats and heads, wide stoles fall nearly to the feet, each stole trimmed in the upper part and end with sable tails.

With this pelerine goes a big flat muff of sable trimmed at the top and bottom with bunches of sable tails, the whole costing up into the thousands.

Russian crown sable comes to this country under a sort of royal protest. The fur is so expensive and so scarce that Russians want to keep it for royal usage. So exclusive has been the use of this fur in Russia that until very recently only royalty was allowed to wear it in that country. A crown sable has been inspected by the Russian Government experts and the skin stamped with the Russian crown. This skin is a little thing, not as large as that of a squirrel by any means, yet each skin is valued at not less than $250. When the great number of little skins necessary to make a large article of attire is considered, it may be readily understood that a garment of Russian crown sable is, like pearls, well nigh unattainable.

Silver fox is one of the ultra modish and very expensive furs, for it is exceedingly scarce and only to be had in countries bordering on polar regions. Usually this fur is made up very simply into muffs and boas, with nothing to detract from the peculiar beauty of the fur. White Siberian fox ranks next in fashionable regard. It [illegible] mensely becoming to both old and young. A rosy young face blooming out from a boa of Siberian fox is, indeed, a sight to see.

Cut in Every Conceivable Shape, But the Long Coat Is the Favorite.

Flat Muffs Supplant Pillow Muffs

The New, Flat, Lace-Trimmed Muffs.

Quite a good deal of lace is employed in trimming muffs made of white fox and chinchilla, perhaps more than is used in connection with other furs. One of the ways of making the new flat muffs is to have a small muff, with wrist and, perhaps, neck cords attached, covered by a piece of chinchilla that hangs in a square on each side the muff. This square of fur falls over flounces of white lace, and the effect is very pretty. Nearly all classes of fur muffs are made up in this style, although the pillow and round muff each have a following. The new flat muff, indeed, is much on the pillow shape, for when the cords are drawn at the top the gathering of fur folds at that point gives the muff a shape known as the "pillow."

Lace flounces are put on the sides, tops and bottoms of muffs and are skilfully inserted in fur sleeves and under ermine and sable tails on fur stoles. Some lovely flat stoles are made of wadded satin edged with alternate squares of chinchilla or ermine fur and flounces of lace. Of course the muff matches this, and, usually, the hat, too.

Coats take on practical shapes this year and many are made to fit around the neck and shoulders with shaped, and somewhat wide ends, in front. Such a new piece, made of chinchilla, has a roll collar faced with ermine that turns back in ermine faced tabs on each side the front of the neck. These tabs, as well as the ends of the stole, are fringed with chinchilla tails.

White fox stoles are smartly finished, sometimes, with the head of the animal on one side the neck and its tail and hind legs upon the other.

Black Persian lamb ripple cloth is a new material of which long cloaks are made. One of these is in Empire style, and has a rich black passementerie upon the Empire waist. Its sleeves and collar are plain.

Besides the round and pointed and irregular shapes which fur garments and neckpieces take on, there is a fancy for absolutely square pelerines. The effect is very odd, but has been made up in nothing less than a fabulously expensive sable. One in black lynx has a broad stole coming around the neck and falling nearly to the feet. On each side of this, hanging nearly to the waist on each side, are short stoles, terminating in tails which hang below the waist, the arrangement being perfectly square and projecting beyond the shoulders, to which the soft fur shapes itself in a bit. A great flat muff is carried with this pelerine.

Josef Wilson Osborn

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Mrs. Keith Made Christmas Money

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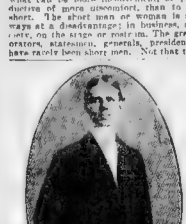

Mr. K. Lee Minges, a Rochester Scientist, Who Makes Short People Grow Tall.

short men are not just as brainy, but their stature is against them. The great society leaders are not short women, it seems there is no longer any excuse for any one being short, if you will just follow our Mr. K. Lee Minges's discovery for increasing the height. Mr. Minges himself once knew the disadvantages, the trials and tribulations that beset the path of the short man. He determined to grow tall. He tried everything he could think of and everything anybody could suggest. He delved deep into the study of anatomy and physiology, finally, when he was almost ready to give up in despair, he discovered one of Nature's marvellous secret laws. Any boy who has a healthy body can actually be made to grow. Mr. Minges tried his new discovery on himself, he worked like a charm, and to-day Mr. Minges is six feet two inches tall and as straight as an arrow. He not only helited others to try his system, and behold their height was also increased. He advertised far and wide, so that persons extremely short in stature to try his system, and put it to the most severe test possible. The results were simply astounding. The following extract from the New York Herald shows what can be done:

"Postoffice Inspector Williams says the Bertillon system of identifying criminals is a failure, and he offers his own person as proof of his assertion. Mr. Williams was measured by the Bertillon system, and went to work to prove how little use it was in detecting felons. He was weighed at the time of his measurement and tipped the scales close to one hundred and ninety pounds. His height was recorded as five feet two inches. Now his weight is one hundred and fifty pounds, and he is five feet four inches in height. The change was brought about by training he undertook. So nearly increased his height was the one thing that broke down the certainty of the Bertillon system. It was known that a man's height might learn to walk erect; one with crossed eyes his optics made straight; or a man with freckles, his face free from these signs of identity; but when it was discovered that several inches could be added to the height of a suspected man, the detectives who relied upon the Bertillon system were thrown into confusion."

Mr. Minges has written a remarkable book which fully explains the secrets and the science of increasing the height. It tells how he himself grew tall and how many of his friends have done so. He said the copyright of his book to the Carnegie Company of Rochester, and this Company proposes to give away 5,000 copies, simply for advertising purposes. But there is little doubt but that the returns which will eventually come from this generous act of advertising will in the end prove profitable, as nearly every short person who sees the book will want a copy, and there will be a perpetual demand for it. Until the 5,000 copies are exhausted, any person who writes to the Carnegie Co. for Dr. Minges' book will get a copy absolutely free, simply by addressing the Carnegie Co., 1004 Temple Building, Rochester, N. Y. Please do not write through mere idle curiosity, as the book is an expensive one to publish, and is offered free only to those who wish to make personal application of the information contained therein.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth or the critical period. Dr. A. Edwards devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all suffering at this time is entirely unnecessary, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Simply send your name and address to Dr. A. Edwards, Dept. 1, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you by return mail a plain sealed package containing his book, entirely free, which tells you all about this wonderful discovery. Do not delay, but write to-day.

$500.00 REWARD FOR A CASE OF BLOOD POISON or RHEUMATISM that S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) Blood Remedy, Atlanta, Ga., will not cure. 50,000 cured in past 30 years in the most severe cases. No mineral "dope" in S.S.S. but guaranteed purely vegetable. Book and medical advice free. Don't rub yourself with poison, but write to us. Address S.S.S. Co., Dept. 1, Atlanta, Ga.

FITS Cause of 20 years standing CURED. Free package of the wonderful new discovery. Dr. Taylor, 1 Taylor Building, Quincy, Ill.

STERLING ROYAL BEDSPRING Guaranteed 20 years. Sold direct to consumer at factory prices. Write for free catalogue. Sterling Bedspring Co., Dept. 1, Chicago.

Celebrating the Silver Wedding.

By Linda Hull Larned, Author of "The Hostess of To-day."

WHEN a couple reach the twenty-fifth milestone on the marriage road it is usually the zenith of their prosperity. When this prosperity is harnessed to happiness, with good health to drive it, there must be a celebration of some kind in order to mark the passing of a quarter of a century of well being.

Whatever the function may be, either large or small, formal or without ceremony, it is usually an echo of earlier silver days, and bears no resemblance to the rollicking jollifications that have marked former celebrations.

The invitations should be engraved in black on white cards, with the date of the two weddings as the only signification of the nature of the reunion. On the other hand, if one wishes to carry the silver idea to its extreme limit, the invitations could be made of silver paper engraved in white, or they could be of white with the letters being in silver. The first suggestion is, however, rather the better form, as those who are carried this goal are generally too settled or too near to being middle aged to be extreme or freakish.

House Trimmed with Silver Paper.

The more sober minded and conservative will simply fill the house with white flowers and adorn the table with more white flowers—perhaps in a huge silver loving cup. There should be some delicious wedding cake in white boxes tied with silver gauze ribbon, and the bride should wear a silver gray gown. This is for the sedate pair, whose heads, as well as their lives, are crowned with silver. To the couple a few more intimate friends would send some choice gifts in silver, although there might be no reference to a silver wedding anniversary in the invitations.

But there are others who have been married just as long, to whom life has not become set quite so strenuously. They are actil young and full of joyful spirits, and because their sons and daughters are either safely married or off at school or college they are ready to throw off all care and to dance and play golf and motor—in fact, do all things that keep folk from being oldish and settled. It is the fashion now to be young, though really old in years and experience, so to such as these the doings of the silver wedding anniversary may be carried to any extreme, provided it always conforms to good form.

These hosts will probably trim everything in the house with silver paper. They will hang silver tissue from the chandeliers, and there will be a silver marriage bell beneath which the bride will be resplendent in white lace and silver spangles. Silver flowers may adorn her head, or a silver butterfly on the tip-top of her magnificent pompadour, and she will wear a silver necklace and perhaps a stomacher of silver. All of this jewelry and the bell, too, may be made of brightly polished tin for the occasion, or they may be covered with silver paper. Silver tissue paper may be used profusely, and even silver paper tablecloth and napkins may be secured for the occasion.

"If the bride is a good raconteuse, she should light the candles."

"They go to the dining room together."

"If the bride is a good raconteuse, she should light the candles." Other hosts will delight in telling a short story of each year of married life, or repeating the happenings of each year. For instance, she might say this: "This is the year we went to Europe," and "This is the year that Harold was born," or "This is the year that we built our new home," and so on. This would be interesting to a few personal friends, and it would be easy of accomplishment, for there is scarcely a year in one's life in which something worth recounting does not happen.

There should be a cake for the bride to cut in which there should be a thimble, a penny and a ring, and those drawing them should know how to apply the significance of the function be a dinner, silver gauze ribbon or white satin ribbon could be used as runners from the centre piece to each place, upon the end of which there should be a silver star bearing the name of each guest in white paint, or the place cards could be made in the form of bells out of white cardboard, with date and name in silver paint. There should be silver baskets for the bonbons and bonbons done up in silver paper should repose in silver receptacles.

The most appropriate fees are in the form of wedding bells in white, at the top of which is a tiny flower arrangement tied with silver gauze ribbon. These sprays may afterward be fastened to the dress or coat as a wedding favor, as they are provided with pins for that purpose.

Even if one does not celebrate, the silver wedding is a delightful anniversary in which to take account of the number of years one has secured during this quarter of a century of married life, and none but those whom happiness has been granted will care to punctuate the day by joyful festivities.

LINDA HULL LARNED.

FREE!

Handsome Fur Scarf

Send your name and address and we will send you at once 24 pieces of our new wool Art Jewelry, consisting of Bead, Gold Plated Articles, worn by the very best people. Every one will gladly buy one or more of these at 10 cents apiece. Return us the $2.40 collected and we will immediately send you this

BEAUTIFUL FUR SCARF.

It is nearly one and one-half yards long, made from dark Seattle Seal, has six heavy Tabs, is warm and dressy, and is the very popular style which the illustration shows, and we know you will be more than pleased with it. It is as good for and thoroughly good, and it will give years of satisfactory wear. The only reason that we can offer them is that we had these from made up for us by a leading manufacturer during the fall Business months, when he could afford to quote us a very low price. This is the only reason that we are able to give you such an expensive premium. We know that you will take advantage of our offer without delay. This is an extraordinary offer and means only a few days' work for you. Write to-day. You will be proud of the Scarf, and we feel sure you will like the goods splendid jewelry novelties until you sell them. Write at once. Address

Friend Supply Co.

DEPARTMENT 366

1 Washington St. BOSTON, MASS.

MUSHROOMS BY. Big demand. Large profits. Easy to make. Illustrated booklet and particulars, 10c. Send for all about them and also showing and telling how to make money at home. Mushroom Spawn, Box 80, St. Louis, Mo.

SONGS Writing Thousands of us We compose music and FORTUNE Hayes Music Co. 39 Hayes Music Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

WANTED! Men and Women to distribute circulars, tack signs, etc. Steady employment. Good pay. Address with stamp, Manager, 1 Nassau St., New York.

SKINHEALTH *Ointment.* Large 25c. Boxes. Infallible Germ Killer and Skin Healer. Marvellous remedy for dandruff, falling hair, eczema, scalp diseases, blemishes, chapped hands, sore lips, burns, cuts, bruises, chapped skin, sore nipples, insect bites, sunburn and irritations of all descriptions. Sold by druggists everywhere, or at all druggists. Samples Free. Hay Bros. Co., Newark, N. J.

$200.00 IN CASH PRIZES FREE

Other Prizes are Given for Sending us Subscriptions; but THIS $200.00 IN CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ABSOLUTELY FREE to the persons sending us the neatest correct solution

Arrange the 21 letters printed in the centre spot into the names of six cities of the United States. Send your answer at once. In case CASH PRIZES, as listed below, SHALL BE AWARDED TO THE PERSONS sending the nearest correct solutions, will be given away. First Prize, $80.00 in Gold. Second Prize, $40.00 in Gold. Third Prize, $20.00 in Gold. Fourth Prize, $10.00 in Gold. Five Prizes of $2.00 each. Twenty-five Prizes of $1.00 each. One Hundred Prizes of 50 cents each. Every person sending a correct solution will receive a prize. Remember, there are NO BLANKS. Every one answering this advertisement will receive a prize. There is NO MONEY to be sent in order to secure a prize. Everything is absolutely FREE

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WHE IT WAS DARK

The Tremendously Powerful Religious Novel.

By Guy Thorne.

(Copyright, 1903, by C. F. Putman's Sons.)

"Basil feels much stronger to-night, father," she said; "he is dressing now and will come down to supper."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In the preceding chapters, Basil Gortra, a young curate of St. Thomas' Church, in Walktown, and later of St. Mary's, in London, becomes conscious that Constantine Schanke, a highly respected multi-millionaire, is the leading opponent of Christian faith. What Schanke has actually done, though Gortra does not know it, is to bribe and threaten Sir Robert Llewellyn, the greatest archaeologist of his time, into forging an inscription on the walls of a tomb in Palestine which purports to be a confession by Joseph, of Arimathea, that Jesus never rose from the dead, but was secretly buried in the tomb by the writer.

Basil Gortra, agent of the Palestine exploration fund, discovers the tomb is fooled by the inscription, and sends the startling news to Harold Spence, Gortra's journalist friend. It is printed in the "London Wire." Father Bingle, the vicar of St. Mary's, Sir Michael Manichee its main financial stay, Gortra and other churchmen try to stem the tide against Christianity, caused by the news. White Schanke and his friends rejoice. Spence, sent by his paper, hastens to Palestine to investigate.

CHAPTER XVII.

Deus, Deus, Meus, Quare Dereliquisti.

THE Prime Minister was a man deeply interested in all philosophic thought, and especially in the Christian system of philosophy.

It was fortunate that, at this juncture, such a one should be at the head of affairs.

The vast network of cables and telegraph wires, those nerves which may be called the nerves of the world's brain, throbbed unceasingly after the tremendous announcement for which Cummany had undertaken the responsibility.

A battalion of special correspondents from every European and American paper of importance followed hot upon Harold Spence's trail.

Nevertheless, for the first two or three days the world at large hardly realised the importance of what was happening. Nothing was certain. The whole statement could be regarded upon two and two only by the mass of people these two names—Hanks, Schmoulder — conferred no meaning whatever. Nine-tenths of the population knew nothing of the work of archaeologists in Palestine, had never heard of the exploring society.

Had Conocle fallen a point or two the effect would have been far greater—the fact would have made more stir.

The great deities with equal standing with the Wire were making every private preparation for a supply of news and a sense of opinion. But all this activity went on behind the scenes and nothing of it was allowed to transpire generally. The articles in the Wire was quoted from, but opinions, upon it were printed with the greatest caution and reserve. Indeed, the general apathy of England at large was a source of extreme wonder to the thinking, fearing minority.

The mass of the clergy, at any rate in public, affected to ignore, or did really honestly dismiss as impossible, the whole question. A few words of earnest exhortation and judgment denial were all they permitted themselves.

But beneath the surface and among the real influencers of public opinion great anxiety was felt.

The Patriarch of the Greek Church called a council of bishops, and Dr. Procopides, an expert of antiquities from Athens, was sent immediately to Palestine.

This purport appeared on the morning of the third day after the initial article. It began to attract great attention throughout the United Kingdom during the early part of the day.

"Professor Clement-Ganneau, the Professor of Biblical Antiquities at the Sorbonne, University of La Sorbonne, arrived in London yesterday night. He drove straight to the house of Sir Robert Llewellyn, the famous archaeologist, and had an interview with that gentleman drove to Downing street, where they remained closeted with the Prime Minister for an hour. While there they were joined by Dr. Grier, the learned Bishop of Leeds, and Dr. Carr, the Warden of Wykham College, Oxford. The four gentlemen were later driven to Charing Cross Station in a brougham on the platform of which the Paris train starts they were met by Major General Adams the Vice President of the Palestine Exploring Society, and Sir Michael Manichee a distinguished party entered a reserved saloon and left, en route for Paris, at midday. We are able to state on undoubted authority that the party, which represents all that is most authoritative in historical research and archaeological knowledge, are a committee from a recent conference at Lambeth and are proceeding to Jerusalem to investigate the alleged discovery in the Holy City."

This was the prominent announcement which began to quicken interest and excite the minds of people in England.

All that evening countless families discussed the information with curious unrest and foreboding. In all the towns the churches were exceptionally full at evensong, but the fact was more discussed than any other, more particularly in London.

Although the six men who had left England so suddenly, almost furtively, were obviously on a mission of the highest importance, no reputable paper published more than a bare fact of their departure. Comment upon it, more detailed explanation of it, was sought in the columns of all the journals in vain.

The next morning was big with shadow and gloom. A shudder passed over the country. Certain telegrams appeared in all the papers which struck a chill of fear to the very heart of all who read them. Christian and indifferent alike.

It was as though a great and ominous bell had begun to toll over the world.

The faces of people in the streets were universally pale.

It was remarked that the noises of London, the traffic, the movement of crowds engaged upon their daily business, lost half their noise.

The shops were full of Christmas gifts, but no one seemed to enter them.

In addition to the telegrams a single article appeared in the Daily Wire, which burnt itself, as the extremest cold burns, into the brains of Englishmen:

(1) TERRIBLE RIOTS IN JERUSALEM.

"The French Consul-General and staff, who were paying a ceremonial visit to the Latin Patriarch, have been attacked by fanatical Moslems, and only escaped from the fury of the crowd with great difficulty, by the help of the Turkish Guards. A vast concourse of Armenian Christians, Russian pilgrims, and Aleppine Greeks afterwards gathered round the palace of the Holy Sepulchre. The strange discovery said to have been made by the English excavator, Mr. Hanks, and Doctor Schmoulder, of Berlin, has aroused the mob to furious protest against it. For nearly an hour fervent cries of 'Hadith Kuber Salaba,' 'This is the end of our Lord,' filled all the air. The Mohammedans and lower-class Jews made a wild attack upon the protesting Christians and Europeans in the church. Many hundreds are dead and dying.

"REUTER."

"Later—Strong drafts of Turkish troops have marched into Jerusalem. By special order from the Sultan to the Governor of the city, the Vice Consul, discovered by Mr Hanks and Doctor Schmoulder, is guarded by a triple cordon of troops. The two gentlemen are guests of the Governor. The concentration of troops round the 'New Tomb' has left various portions of the city unguarded. Naked Mohammedan fanatics, armed with swords, are calling for a general massacre of Christians. The city is in a state of utter anarchy. By the Jaffa gate and round the Mosque of Omar the dervishes are preaching massacre."

(2) Sir Robert Llewellyn's Party to be Conveyed in a Warship.

"Malta.—Orders have been received here from the Admiralty that the gunboat Velox is to proceed at once to Alexandria, there to await the coming of Sir Robert Llewellyn and the other members of the English Commission by the Indian mail steamer from Brindisi. The Velox will then leave at once for Jaffa with the six gentlemen. At Jaffa an escort of mounted Turkish troops will accompany the party on the six mile ride to Jerusalem."

"(3) Berlin.—The German Emperor has convened the principal clergy of the empire to meet him in conference at Potsdam.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hour of Chaos.

AT THREE, during the first days of the Darkness, hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women were chilled almost to spiritual death, and although the lamp of faith was flickering very low, it was not in London that the far-reaching effects of the discovery at Jerusalem were most immediately apparent.

In that great city there is an outward indifference, bred of a million different interests, which has something akin to the supreme indifference of a fool. The many voices never blend into one, so that the ear may hear them in a single mighty shout.

But in the grimmer North public opinion is heard more readily, and is more quickly visible. In the great centres of excitement, the vital truths of religion seem to enter more insistently into the lives of men and women whose environment gravitates them with fewer distractions than elsewhere. Often, indeed, this interest is a political interest rather than a deeply Christian one, a matter of controversy rather than feeling. Certain it is that all questions affecting religious beliefs loom large and have a real importance in the cities of the North.

The conference will sit with closed doors.

"(4) Rome.—A decree, or short letter, of the utmost has been issued from the Vatican to all the Patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops and other local ordinaries having power and communion with the Holy See. The decree deals with the alleged discoveries in Jerusalem. In it Catholics are forbidden to read newspaper accounts of the proceedings in Palestine, nor may they discuss them with their friends. The decree has had the effect of drawing great attention to the affairs in the East, and has excited much adverse comment among the secularist party, and in the yoce della popolo."

Quite suddenly, as if a curtain were withdrawn, the world began to realise the fact that something almost beyond imagination was taking place in the far-off Syrian town.

Those detached and sinister messages which flashed along the cables, with their stories of princes and potentates armed and active, made the general silence, the lack of detail, more oppressive. The unknown, or dimly guessed at, rather, held on men's minds like some mighty convulsion of nature, imminent, and presaged by fearful signs.

Preventive Treatment Emphasized in the Great CONSUMPTION CRUSADE.

Prejudice Has No Room in the Widespread Warfare Being Waged.

There is a touch of pathos in the word consumption that makes the whole world kin. It is the common enemy of all homes in all lands.

Whether you have the disease or not, it is important for you to know that consumption can be cured—and much more readily prevented.

The time has fully enthusiasm been so great as now because of the results obtained by the rational treatment of tuberculosis.

The press is filled with reports of conferences at which every speaker gives most hopeful views based on the cures both in this country and in Europe.

It is now conceded by even the most pessimistic that consumption is as curable as any other serious malady.

Not only is it curable—it is positively preventable.

The laity must be taught at the first suspicion of infection to secure the advantage of treatment in the earliest stages of the disease. This is the most important thing in the whole consumption crusade.

It is the keynote, because by not allowing the disease to develop it is most promptly cured and there is no danger of infecting others.

THE AMBULANT CONSUMPTIVE.

The consumptive whose case has so far progressed that he is practically isolated, but the serious problem is the consumptive who walks abroad—the ambulant consumptive.

With a knowledge that consumption is infectious a disposition is sometimes shown to discriminate against those supposed to be afflicted with the disease. To consider them in the light of lepers or outcasts would be to cause them annoyance and loss by threatening their business or livelihood, and by causing the consumptives to conceal their disease—to lessen their prospects of recovery.

Instead of binding heavier burdens on the consumptive the public will conserve its own safety by the contrary course.

In order that this proposition may hold true, it is necessary to consider the ambulant or walking consumptives so broadly that it will include the great number of unrecognized and unsuspected cases.

This means that at least every one affected with any catarrhal disease of the respiratory tract—coughs, colds, grippe—or recovering from measles, pneumonia, pleurisy or asthma—should use the treatment prescribed for the recognized consumptive.

In many cases the patients do not receive medical aid until the incipient stage has passed, their suspicions not having been aroused by the indefinite symptoms. A correct interpretation of the earlier signs of consumption is often difficult and seems to be as yet attained by a comparatively small number of physicians in general practice.

HOFF'S THEORY PROVEN.

At the Tuberculosis Congress recently in session it was positively announced that consumption can be cured. This same claim was made by Professor Behring, exactly in keeping with the claim made by Professor Hoff five years ago. At that time no concerted action had been taken to cure consumption and the disease was looked upon as being incurable.

Professor Hoff as one of the medical faculty of the University of Vienna, had access to all the clinics of Vienna, the city which stands third in all Europe in the number of its consumptives. Months in advance of the final cabled announcement, in this and other American newspapers, of the great success Professor Hoff had achieved, he had cured cases after case of consumption among people who were on their way to such climatic change.

When this newspaper sent a test case to Vienna, to be treated by Professor Hoff, and the patient returned to New York cured, the first great step was taken toward the actual cure of consumption. Many physicians were convinced that the Hoff prescription was the consumption cure which all the world had awaited.

The second great step was to establish in the American Bureau at the solicitation of Professor Hoff, so that the properly prepared prescription would be accessible to both patients and physicians. Hundreds of cures were brought about by the activity of the American Bureau, following in quick succession, and each cure was a confirmation of the belief then established.

Bendtner & Schlesinger,
American Bureau of Professor Hoff Cure for Consumption, New York.

New Jersey.—Enclosed find one dollar for one bottle of Hoff's Cure. I have used this treatment with success for bronchitis, of three unfortunate cases. After saving it Kings county Hospital from September, 1902, to 1903 I never wanted any further cure of tuberculosis patients. Hoff's Cure has benefited me and I am almost entirely cured. I have just discharged a case from treatment that I started Hoff Cure. I have great confidence in it. Yours truly,
Bleckley, N.

AN ETHICAL PRESCRIPTION.

Physicians who have been disappointed in the treatment of consumption by the old orthodox methods, by cod liver oil, the various emulsions, creosote, expensive fad cures and inhalations, have readily adopted the medicine.

With some pride it is to be said that many physicians, after having had the amplest proof sometimes being converted by their own patients, who, unknown to them, have taken the medicine and been cured—now prescribe Professor Hoff's cure in their practice, ordering the label to be removed and having the druggist dispense it in the form of an ordinary prescription. This is quite commendable, on the ground that anything adding to the general good result is justifiable.

You have read repeatedly what other physicians say of the American Bureau's work. Here are some recent additions:

Arcadia, Kansas, Prof. Hoff's Cure Third Avenue Pharmacy, N. Y. City.

Gentlemen—Please send another bottle of Prof. Hoff's Consumption Cure. Have sold a number of bottles of your remedy and it has given universal satisfaction. Please send by express. Yours truly,
DR. H. J. BERGOLD.

28 South North Street,
Pocatello, Idaho.
Prof. Hoff's Cure, New York City.
Gentlemen—Please send another bottle of Prof. Hoff's Consumption Cure. Have some children to whom it has given wonderful results. The first bottle I got from you has benefited me greatly. Its use gained from 110 to 134 pounds, and is now increasing rapidly.
DR. LYLE POTTLE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.

Fort Fetterman, Wyo., Feb. 21st, 1903.
Prof. Hoff's Cure, New York City.
Gentlemen—Please send me one bottle of Prof. Hoff's Consumption Cure. I have used it with success in my practice and find it a very valuable remedy.
Yours truly,
DR. H. J. BERGOLD.

We are using Prof. Hoff's cure in our practice, and we are glad to say we are meeting with success. We have had a number of cases of bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption, and have found your remedy very beneficial. We have also used your cough syrup and find it very good. Please send us your price list and oblige.
Yours truly,
WILLIS G. SCHERMERHORN.

West Pinch, N. Y.

ASTHMA AKIN TO CONSUMPTION.

Although asthma is almost equally terrifying with consumption, they are so closely related that a cure for one has been scientifically demonstrated to be a cure for the other. Professor Hoff's prescription gives immediate relief in asthma, reducing the number of paroxysms and eventually working a cure.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find money order for one dollar for which please send me one bottle of Prof. Hoff's Cure. It is the only medicine for asthma as I have tried everything without relief. I have not had an attack for about two months, and am now on my way without an attack of it. Before taking your medicine I could be given a dose of morphine and it would not relieve almost to death, but now I can go without it. I am 65 years old and am feeling well. I am very thankful to God, who has inspired me to send to you, and also to you, who have been so prompt in forwarding it. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am, respectfully yours,
1910 Pennsylvania ave., Easton, Pa.

Gentlemen—I received find two dollars in money order for which please send me two bottles of Prof. Hoff's Cure. I think it is a great medicine for asthma and bronchitis. I have got so I can sleep all night without coughing. I am practically well. Yours truly,
Le Sueur, Minn.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me one bottle of Prof. Hoff's Consumption Cure. My wife was suffering from asthma and was given up to die. She had no appetite and was very low. She had no appetite and was very low. She had no appetite and one of my physicians said she had consumption, while another claimed it was asthma, and still another said indigestion. Having used one bottle of your valuable medicine she has enough and can send you testimonials from her own pen. Yours truly,
Oglesby, La Salle County, Ill.

Gentlemen—
I have taken nearly all of the medicine I got from you and can say it has done me more good than all. I think it is a great medicine for asthma and bronchitis. Yours truly,
Rev. 141, Kinmon, Ill.

HELPING TO SPREAD THE WORK.

In every little hamlet some wan-faced, weary sufferer is known to be facing the perils of consumption. In every such case death is expected. Where a cure is accomplished enthusiasm is excited. Those who hear of it look about them for other cases. Where the consumptive is found doing his work, which frequently requires the support of a family which otherwise must have been thrown on the charity of a cold world his enthusiasm is natural and intended.

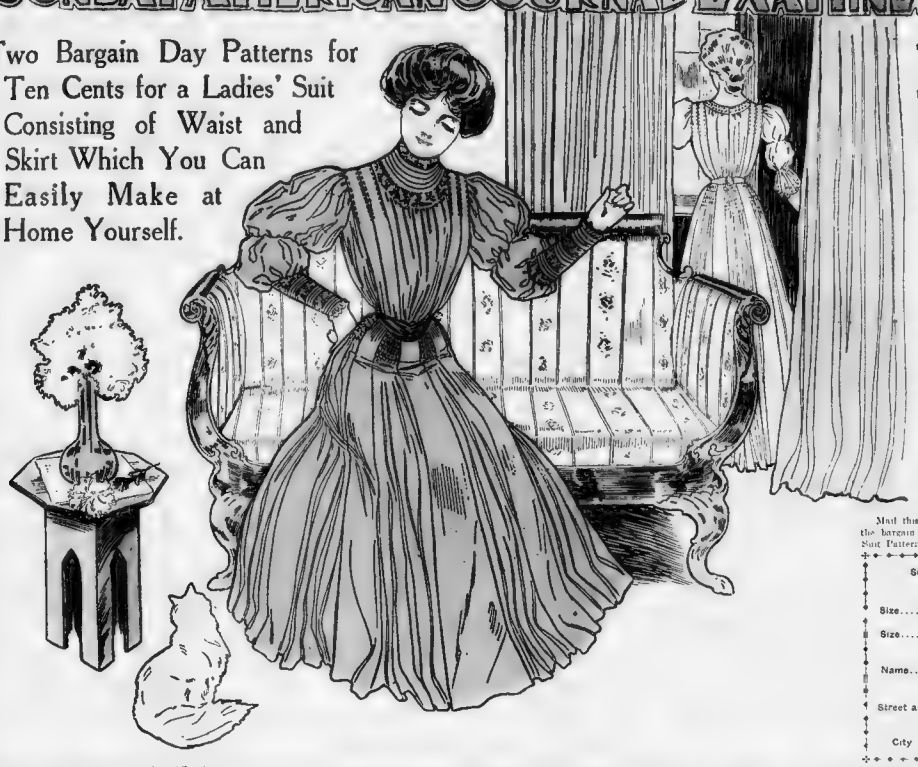
Each patient is prized becomes a self-appointed missionary looking about for others to benefit.

Gentlemen—
Inclosed find money order for one dollar for which please send me one bottle of Prof. Hoff's Consumption Cure. I have used it with great good effect. It speaks for itself. I have used it in my family and also among my neighbors and am satisfied that it is the best for the purpose. Yours truly,
MRS. THOMAS SMITH.

Mt. Brunswick st.,
Dr. Hoff's Schlesinger Tests stood and Third ave., New York City.
Gentlemen—Prof. Hoff's Cure and have never found anything that has equalled it. Through my agency it has done more good than all. I am very glad to say that I bought its being spread. I have had a number of cases of consumption which I have cured entirely. I have been in practice for twenty years and can say that I have had as many cases of consumption as any physician in this country, and I

SUNDAY AMERICAN-JOURNAL-EXAMINER PATTERNS.

Two Bargain Day Patterns for Ten Cents for a Ladies' Suit Consisting of Waist and Skirt Which You Can Easily Make at Home Yourself.



THIS is bargain day in the American-Journal-Examiner pattern series. The two complete patterns, together with full directions for making the charming two-piece ladies' suit shown herewith at home yourself, are offered to-day for ten cents. To obtain the two patterns and directions it is only necessary to carefully fill in the blank printed below and mail, enclosing ten cents in money or stamps, to "Bargain Day Suit Patterns," P. O. Box 260, New York City. Patterns and directions will be sent postpaid by return mail.

The suit, as the illustration suggests, is a very attractive one, and if made of a soft voile it will be appropriate for a great many occasions during the season. Made with the Dutch round yoke and elbow sleeves, it will prove a very fetching party frock in a soft silk.

The round yoke may be made either elaborate or simple to suit the taste, and adds youthfulness to the costume. The box pleats, which are stitched over the shoulders and extend to the waist, add to the attractiveness of the waist. The skirt has an alternate plain and shirred panel, the former taking the form of a box pleat.

This season everything new must have a touch of brown, and it might be shown here in a girdle of brown velvet. A little brown might be shown, too, in the embroidered bands which trim the yoke and cuffs.

The waist pattern, No. 202—3137, comes in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust.

The skirt pattern, No. 202—3142, comes in six sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

For a medium size this suit requires 11 yards of 36 inch material.

In ordering be sure to give the size of pattern desired, together with your name and post office address. Orders for patterns in sizes other than those given above cannot be filled.

Mail this filled-in blank and ten cents in money or stamps for the bargain day suit patterns, waist and skirt, to "Bargain Day Suit Patterns," P. O. Box 260, New York City.

Sunday American-Journal-Examiner Patterns.
Bargain Day Ladies' Suit

Size.....Bust. Nos. 202—3137—3142

Size..... Waist.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....

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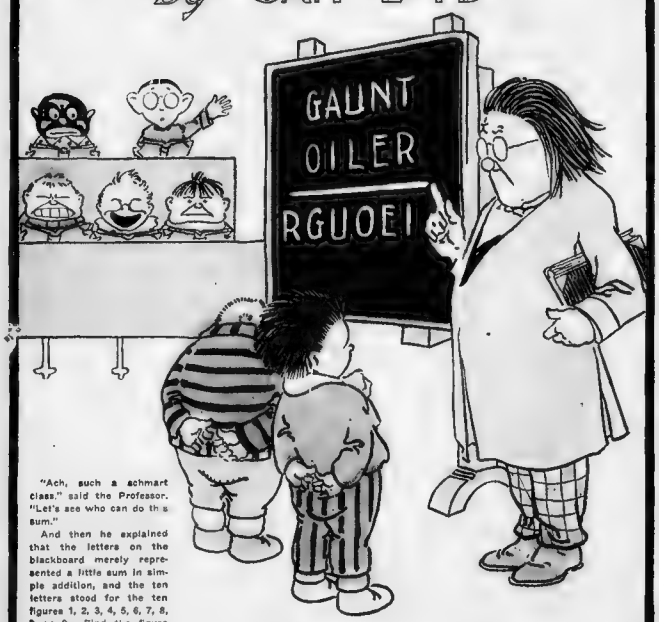
WAS ISS?

by SAM LOYD



"Ach, such a schmart class," said the Professor. "Let's see who can do this sum."

And then he explained that the letters on the blackboard merely represented a little sum in simple addition, and the ten letters stood for the ten figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 or 0. Find the figure each letter represents so that the answer comes out correct. Can you do it?

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A "TRUST" TO LOWER PRICES

The three leading magazines in this country have formed a "trust"—to lower prices, not to raise them.

The three magazines are the **Cosmopolitan**, the greatest of the 10c. illustrated monthlies, which is now published by the Hearst organization—the most successful publishing house in America, **The Review of Reviews**, the principal monthly review in this country, and the **Woman's Home Companion**, the foremost monthly journal for women. These three periodicals are offered together at a price so greatly reduced as to be astounding.

Every Fall the various magazines enter on a costly competition in the work of getting new subscribers—each spending great sums of money in advertising. This year the three leaders have decided to work together and by using one combined advertisement will effect a great saving in their bills. You get the benefit—for the money thus saved goes to lowering the price of subscription and alone makes possible the great half-price offer detailed below.

On receipt of only **$2.50** we will send you for one year these three magazines—

Cosmopolitan Magazine	(Regular Price, $1.00)	Regular Price, $5.00
The Review of Reviews	(Regular Price, $3.00)	GIVE AWAY!
Woman's Home Companion	(Regular Price, $1.00)	**The 3 for $2.50.**

You get the three magazines—each the best in its own line—for just half the regular price. Magazines will be mailed to separate addresses or to one address—just as you wish.

Please Note: This offer is limited. If you want the benefit of its extraordinary values send in your order at once —to-day—NOW.

Put an X opposite the name of the person sending in this order, so that we can acknowledge receipt of money

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon To-Day.

Cosmopolitan, 1789 B'way, New York.
Enclosed please find $2.50 for the 3 magazines to be sent as follows:

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POLITICS & ART

EDITORIAL SECTION

SCIENCE · LITERATURE

BOSTON AMERICAN SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1905.

The Real and the Imitation.

The GREATEST WORK OF WOMAN is to give to the world this much needed, highly important little creature—THE BABY. After that comes taking care of the baby—and then, influencing the men so the baby may have a good chance in life. Women work for municipal ownership on this basis.

A GREAT deal of talk is wasted on "WOMAN'S MISSION IN LIFE."

Here is a good picture of "Woman's Mission."

The idea of the artist is to show how much better it is for a good woman to give to the world a good baby than to wear her life out and her heart and her hopes out trying to give to the world a painted imitation of some other woman's baby—painted by some other artist.

All the work of this world has got to be done by able human beings. AND ALL OF THESE HUMAN BEINGS HAVE GOT TO BE SUPPLIED BY WOMEN.

Considering that it is her task and duty to supply all the inhabitants of the earth, it is strange that women should bother about doing little individual things unworthy of their power, instead of concentrating their pride and their forces on the real work which they alone can do.

* * *

Women, it is true, have in many respects better brains than men. They have more kindness, clearer judgment of character. They are superior in many ways. Some of them have proved themselves good astronomers, able mathematicians.

But how foolish it is to waste energy on that kind of thing, when it is possible for a woman actually to be a CREATOR AND ADD TO THE STRUGGLING MASSES OF PEOPLE THE ONE that may do the work for which humanity is working.

It is a fine thing for a woman to be able to make a speech, be admitted to the bar, practise medicine, paint a picture, ride a horse bareback, jump through a hoop, or do any other similar and remarkable thing.

But ask any woman, and if you get the truth from her you will find out that rather than do anything else in the world she would want to hold up two hands like the hands in the picture and say, "This is the thing I have done. And I don't care much about anything else."

* * *

Now, in connection with this eternal baby question, we want to remind women of one thing.

That is to say that while the profession of MOTHERHOOD is far more important than the profession of the politician, yet every mother ought to be in a way a politician.

The most important work that a woman does is to give the child to the world.

The most important work after that is to educate the child. And after that every woman strives to give to her child and other children the best possible chance in life. Therefore she works for municipal ownership, better government.

* * *

In all public affairs woman is naturally interested, whether she believes in the ballot for woman or not. She still wants men in war times. She favors the selection of men of good character at all times.

BUT SHE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THE QUESTIONS OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP, OF GOOD CITY GOVERNMENT, for such questions relate less to politics *than to housekeeping.*

In New York City at this moment, for instance, there is intense interest among women of all kinds in the municipal election about to be decided next Tuesday.

Thousands of letters are written to the newspapers. And it is a fact beyond question that tens of thousands of votes will be decided by the influence of women in the homes.

This interest is aroused among women because they know that the campaign is a housekeeping campaign, a campaign for economy, for keeping and using IN THE FAMILY for the children, the money that has hitherto been paid unjustly to the Trusts—especially to the Gas Trust, and the Street Car Trust, and the Coal Trust.

* * *

In every city in the United States the interest in municipal ownership has spread among mothers. The question really is a question of figures, very simple arithmetic.

And the poor women with pencil and paper can very easily see that municipal ownership to the careful housewife means a very great saving, a step toward A HOME within a short time.

The municipal ownership of subways and other franchises that the city has not yet given away would mean the opening up of new territory for small homes—cheap land.

The saving of $1 a month on gas, which would be an average minimum, would mean $12 a year for the family.

The father saving four cents each day on his carfare, and that is the minimum, would gain $12 a year more in 300 working days.

And allowing an outing for himself and his wife on Sunday, that would be a saving of $4.16 more. In a year, on gas and street carfares alone—leaving out the saving in coal by using cheap gas for fire—the average small family would save every year $28.16. And at the end of ten years it would amount to more than $280.

Of course, to the men that own the Gas Trust, this seems a wretched little sum, but it does not seem so to the woman who has struggled for years with her family and has never been able to accumulate even $100 at a time.

Women unfortunately are COMPELLED to think about the LITTLE things and pay earnest attention to them.

And this is why they are so influential in all really sensible movements for good government.

The saving of $280 to one family means among a million families the saving of $280,000,000, and that is the kind of saving that builds up one of those enormous Trust fortunes that come from allowing Trust owners to exploit the million families at their will.

The same Trust owner who laughs at the idea of people being excited about saving $280 in ten years is the very man that plans how to get $280 DURING THE NEXT TEN YEARS from each of half a million or a million different families.

* * *

All over the United States for many years to come there will be earnest discussion of this municipal ownership idea.

Women can help the future of the country by influencing the men to think on this great question of political economy and household economy.

And incidentally every woman who holds in her hand a pleasing baby like the one in this picture can make the best possible kind of a municipal ownership argument.

She can say to her husband:

"I want municipal ownership, because I could use FOR THE BABY the $28 that we should save every year."

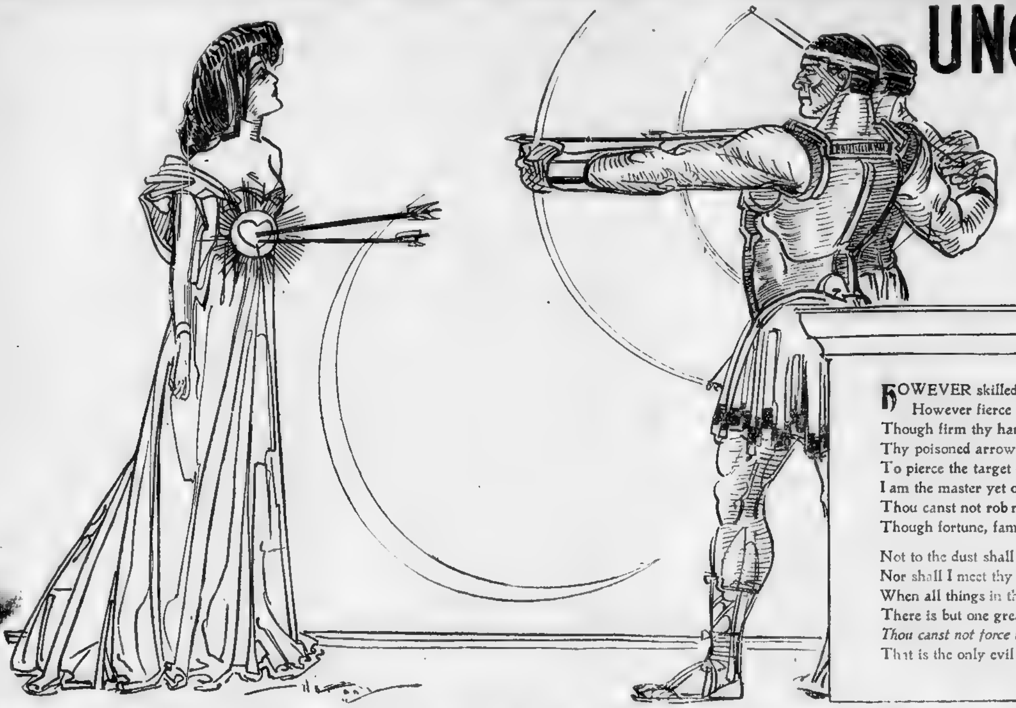
He will say:

"I want municipal ownership, because I know the baby will have a better chance to make a living when he grows up under municipal ownership conditions."

There are a good many millions of mothers and of babies in the United States, and that is why this movement for good government, municipal ownership, for the defense of the people's rights against the Trusts, is going to be a PERMANENT MOVEMENT AND A SUCCESSFUL MOVEMENT.

UNCONQUERED

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



HOWEVER skilled and strong art thou, my foe,
However fierce is thy relentless hate,
Though firm thy hand and sure thy aim, and straight
Thy poisoned arrow leaves the bended bow
To pierce the target of my heart, ah! know
I am the master yet of my own fate:
Thou canst not rob me of my best estate
Though fortune, fame and friends—yea, Love shall go.

Not to the dust shall my true self be hurled;
Nor shall I meet thy worst assaults dismayed;
When all things in the balance are well weighed,
There is but one great danger in the world.
Thou canst not force my soul to wish thee ill—
That is the only evil that can kill.

Mirandy on Love and Lunacy

By Dorothy Dix

"BRER JENKINS was at my house last night," said Mirandy, "an' he was a-tellin' us as how one of dem know-all professer men prognosticates dat love is kinder peterin' out in de world caze folks is quit gwine crazy about hit.

He called dat hefty lady, "My Little Gal."

D[illegible] Brer Jenkins say, 'dat dat [illegible] de [illegible] was full of people w[illegible] was t[illegible] dey hair and beatin' on dey breasts as dey mooned up an' down de corridor a-call[illegible] for dere faithless Isabel or dere long lost Alphonse to come back [illegible] days hit takes [illegible] in a sweet heart dat done hike out and lef' you to addle anybody's brains.

Hit 'pears lak love don't set heavy enough on de mind to worry folks, an' most of dem what's in de padded cell is a-ravin' 'bout de size of de grocery bill, or askin' what is de baseball score, or a-moanin' an' a-groanin' becaze de anti-fat kill didn't work. Wharefo' the professer is done figured hit out dat folks don't fall in love now lak de used to.

"Dat's a most interestin' conclusion," says Brer Jenkins, "when he gets through tellin' 'bout hit, but hit raises de question of whether insanity is a sign of love or not?

"I specs dat mos' married folks thinks dat hit is, an' dey had done had a touch of hit," 'spons Ike, sorter glum like, "for him an' me had des had sort of fambly argument at supper, an' I ain't sayin' which one won out. But twan't Ike. Howsomever, I ain't one to bear malice, an' so I puts in, des as smilin' as a basket of chips.

"Maybe dat professer's right and maybe he's wrong," says I, "but folks dat is in love shorely does act like dey was crazy. I once see a man," I went on, a-cuttin' my eye at Ike, "what [illegible] to have all his faculties [illegible] was able to hold down a good job as a brakeman, an' he fell in love wid a big strappin' woman what would tilt de scale at 225 pounds, an' what you think he called dat hefty lady? He 'dressed he as 'My Little Gal!' an' when he didn't call her dat he called her 'Baby.'"

"He certainly must a been batty," Ike put in wid a snort.

"An' dat ain't all he done," I went on. "He used to tell dat woman what had a snub nose and pig eyes and kinky hair an' [illegible] teeth [illegible], dat she was dat pretty [illegible] of de angels."

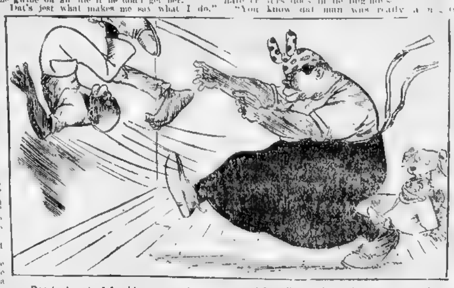
"Anybody dat was dat looney ought not to have been let loose on de community," says Ike wid a face dat look lak he had been eatin' sour grapes.

"An' furder mo'," I pursues, lak I didn't hear him, "dat man shorely did act mighty queer—ev'ry night he'd come an' spend 'bout four hours tellin' dat gal how much he loved her, an' den when her pa chased him away wid de dog he'd hang 'round de house jest to see her shadder on de window blind, or else he'd go an' get his banjo an' come an' set on de fence an' sing to her 'bout how he love her, an' how he gwine off an' die if he don't get her.

Dat's jest what makes me say what I do."

"But," says I, "de funny part 'bout dat kind of love craziness is dat it is catchin'. Dat [illegible] what was a mighty [illegible] had a mighty level [illegible] so she got to seein' things [illegible] hate [illegible] in de big house.

"You know dat man was really a [illegible]



Des had sort of fambly argument at supper an' I ain't sayin' which one won out.

schams lke. "No man in his senses would act dat [illegible] it's a pity dat po' [illegible] didn't have some kind friend [illegible] clapped him in an 'sylum befo' he could do himself any harm. It would have kept him out of a lot of trouble," an' wid dat Ike [illegible] a sigh from de pit of his stomach an' looks at me mighty mournful.

po', ranty, measly, little, bandy legged fellow, but dat [illegible] she was [illegible] had a halo round his head, an' ev'ry time he opened his mouf to speak she thought dat Old Man Solomon [illegible] down de [illegible]. An' she was [illegible] afraid of losin' dat little shrimp [illegible] ev'ry time another woman looked at him she got right ash colored, she was dat scared, an' [illegible] he had knowed de [illegible] of dem dar word [illegible] body [illegible] de men what sees pink snakes an' blue mo[illegible] runnin' 'round de bed dat has ever had em wuss dan dat gal. I never figger out yit how she managed to keep out de dangerous ward, caze hit looks lak to me dat her family what had to listen to de way she was ravin' sho'ly would a clapped her into de crazy house.

"Maybe de gal warn't so looney as you thinks," says Ike. "Dere's plenty of folks dat has got mo' sense when dey are crazy dan dey have at any other time."

"Well," spons Brer Jenkins, "dere's one sure cure for dem what goes crazy for love. Hit's matermony, hit don't take mo' dan six months of married life to knock all dem dreams what you was talking about sky high, an' bring folks to der senses.

"One time I know [illegible] what went [illegible] about [illegible] at sea. She des [illegible] until she [illegible] Sam [illegible] come back [illegible] de dead to her [illegible] creep up an' down [illegible] stand on end. [illegible] to comfort her, but she rolled her eyes and moaned dat life warn't worth livin' without her Sam an' retch for de carvin' knife, an' I seen dat the consolations of religion weren't [illegible] for lunatics, so I made track.

At [illegible] had to jine her [illegible] Sam [illegible] was gettin' a divorse. Yessar, marriage always works."

After Brer Jenkins goes home Ike kinder sidles over to [illegible] says:

"Dat was a mighty interesting story you was tellin', Mirandy, an' I shore would lak to hear how it turned out. Did de woman ever git back her right senses?"

"No, Ike," spons I, "hit was a sad case, for if you believe me, to des day dat woman gwine round under de notion dat she is [illegible] de handso[illegible], an' de peartest fellow [illegible] an' all de other women is after a' [illegible] to take your husband too [illegible]

People wa[illegible] tearin' dey hair.

woman dat knows when to hold on [illegible] hand and help her husband down off of his high horse when he gits on hit. Yessum, I ain't been married forty years without cutting my wisdom teeth."

"M'randy," says Ike, putting his arms as far around my waist as [illegible] love is craziness, I don't want to be sane, do you?"

Nather do I, [illegible] I spons.

In the Beginning

By Little Johnny

UNCLE NED he sed, Johnny, di[illegible] ever tel yu about the dox hound?

I sed no, he dident.

Then he sed, Uncle Ned [illegible], Wel this is wot I wuld have tole you if the site of Mose, wich is the cat, hadent drove it out of my teller. One day wen Addam was a namin all the beests of the feeld and the fouls of the air, and the fishes of the se, and the creepin thing[illegible], he turned to the dox hoond and sed, Yu lazy, roly poly feller, yu go and drive in the rin nosey rose, and the hippotamus, and the tagger, so I can name them and get then fore dark.

The dox he spoke up [illegible] and sed, Wy dont yu send a nuther [illegible]

Yu se, Johnny, the dox wich [illegible] beest [illegible] was created up [illegible] wood [illegible] But Addam he sed Yu [illegible] long [illegible]

Then the dox he started, but [illegible] self [illegible] as long as I gum disted [illegible]

But Addam [illegible] Come [illegible]

Wen the dox had come Addam he sed, I herd yu say yude be as long as yu plese. Now my fine feller, yu wil be as long [illegible]

Then the dox he began for to shrink [illegible] prostrate [illegible]

But Mister Pickel thats [illegible] Ned [illegible] cos the dox was made [illegible] for to show how wunderful is the works of creashion, and man is a werm of the dust. But if I was a werm I wuld turn over and bite the heel wich trodeth on me, [illegible] the Bible it sez that the wurld was made in six days and on the 7 it was cast into the lake of fire and broom stone! But Billy, that's my bruther, he sez werms is bait.

And now Ile tel you about [illegible] Peters wich has got the bold hed [illegible]. One day old Gaffer he was a [illegible] Jack Billy, wich is the wicked [illegible] a long and found him a settin agenst a tre on the bank of the crick, fast a sleep, and snorin offle. Jack he puld old Gaffers [illegible] out of the wotter and unreald all the [illegible] and then he past the hook thru a not hole in a fence and tide the line in a dubble bo not a round a little tre, and then he stole the wisky flask out of Gaffers cote pockit and put the hook thru the cork. Then Jack he rote on a peece of paper, Strong drinks is ragin'! and tide it to the cork too. Wen it was ol done we hided, me and Jack did, by hind a bush, and Jack he yeld offle, like he was cats. Ole Gaffer he woke up and luked ol a round and rubd his ize and sed, I gess I was most a sleep.

Bime by he seen the line were it went thru the not hole and was a stonish, but he tride for to push his rod thru too, but cudent for the reel. Then ole Gaffer he lade it down, and got over the fence, and follerd the line, and untide the not, and follerd it further, and found the wisky bottle. He took it up and red the paper, and skracht his bold hed a long time, and bime by he busted in to teers and got down on his knees and sed, O Lord, if yu wil re stor my reeson Ile sware of from [illegible]!

Then he drank wot was left [illegible]

A settin' against a tre snorin' offle.

Drake[illegible] is [illegible] pigs, but the domestic cow [illegible] Cows is cattle and the little ones is a caf and a [illegible] but the little dog it is a pup and makes [illegible] but the ole cat she hunches her back up and arases her paw, much as to say [illegible] a good deal that way my own self, [illegible] Some dogs is [illegible] others is pugs, and [illegible] Wimen [illegible] that kind [illegible] babys, but Franky thats our baby [illegible] and sticks every thing in his [illegible] world!

One day my sister [illegible] was a wooman, and a gerl and a pug. Just as my sisters yung man [illegible] for to pas by, the pug it dropt back and [illegible] at him, like it wuld bite [illegible]. That made him mad and he kickt [illegible] way up in the air, like it was berds, and it yeld as it flu. The wooman and the gerl servade its flite with horrer, and wen it [illegible] and run away they turned round for to sas my sisters yung man, but he was absorbd in a news paper, mity unconshus. The wooman she sed, You are no gentleman!

He lookd up real hurt like, and sed, Wy not?

Then the wooman she hesitated and stammerd a wile, and bime by she sed, Cos you read news papers in the street, and that isent good maners.

So he folded the paper real cairfle up and put it in his pockit, and then he sed, I beg yure parden, maddem, I was readin the semmy annule report of the Siety for Enter Taining Hevenly Visitants Wen Thay Lite on This Mundane Sphere, cos I am the Presiden of the Siety. I think I seen one of them fellers jest now, come down rite over thare. Maddem, I go for to seek my duty.

Then he crost the street toard the place wich the pug was last to vew, and the wooman sed she never in ol her life.

But if he wuld kick Bildad, thats our new dog, Bil wuld rend him lim from lim! Cos Bil is the king of beests and is give dominyun over every creepy thing wich enters our gate for to marry my sister. And thats wy I say let dogs delight for to bark an bite, for tis thair narture to.

The dog is desiduous and lives to a grate age. He is found in ol parts of the world but is most howly at nite. Wen a dog howls at nite it means there wil be a deth, and Uncle Ned he ses it is frequent the deth of the dog.

One day a woomans dog bit a tramp, and she sed, Poor feller, Ime so sorry my lovly dog [illegible].

The tramp he sed, Thats [illegible], lady, I [illegible] his brother.

Thare was a wooman, and a gerl and a pug.

Stageland's Attractions

SOME OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE CHORUS OF "THE PRODIGAL SON" AT THE COLONIAL

WOTAN'S FAREWELL TO BRUNHILDE, IN "VALKYRIE" AT THE TREMONT

MARION SHALLOU AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

DONNA DE WOLFE IN "THE PRODIGAL SON" AT THE COLONIAL

JANOT SELLIN PLAYING AT SYMPHONY HALL

SCENE FROM "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," SHIRLEY ROSSMORE (GEORGE MARSTON) AND CATHERINE ALAINE (CROWNED WITH LAURELS) AT THE MAJESTIC

ETHEL HORD AS ONE OF THE HOWARD

LOUISE MORRIS AT THE COLONIAL

ROBERT CHILLMAN AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE

JANOTE ELLSON AT THE PALACE

ADELAIDE THANDA AT THE EMPIRE

TINY TYCOON AS "HUBBY" IN "A SON AT THE FRONT"

FANCY FAIRS AT THE LYCEUM

HARRY HOWARD'S PONIES AND DOGS AT KEITH'S

MRS. ELLIOTT DRAKE'S IN "THE DECREE OF DANTIC" AT THE HOLLIS

A Great Variety of Entertainment Promised Here.

ATTRACTIONS AT THE THEATRES THIS WEEK

BOSTON—Primrose's Minstrels.
BOWDOIN SQUARE—"Driven From Home."
CASTLE SQUARE—"Secret Service."
COLONIAL—"The Prodigal Son."
COLUMBIA—"Yankee Doodle Girls."
EMPIRE—"Two Little Sailor Boys."
GLOBE—"Down the Pike."
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"For His Brother's Crime."
HOLLIS STREET—"Duchess of Dantzic."
HOWARD—Howard Burlesquers.
KEITH'S—Vaudeville.
LYCEUM—"Casino Girls."
MAJESTIC—"As Ye Sow."
PALACE—"High Rollers."
PARK—"Lion and the Mouse."
TREMONT—Grand Opera.

BOSTON is to witness, on Monday evening, the first production in America of Wagner's great opera, "Valkyrie," in English, at the Tremont Theatre, by Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company. It promises to excel even the production of "Parsifal." Two big new productions are also to open here, "The Prodigal Son" at the Colonial and George Primrose's minstrels at the Boston. Other new shows to open here on Monday are "Down the Pike" at the Globe, "Secret Service" at the Castle Square, "Two Little Sailor Boys" at the Empire, "For His Brother's Crime" at the Grand and "Driven from Home" at the Bowdoin Square.

At the vaudeville houses, Keith's presents a big programme, the "Yankee Doodle Girls" come to the Columbia, "The Casino Girls" to the Lyceum and "The High Rollers" to the Palace. There is a big vaudeville bill at the Howard.

Two great plays of heart interest hold over, "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Park and "As Ye Sow" at the Majestic.

Tremont Theatre

Eight more performances by Savage's splendid English Grand Opera Company at the Tremont, including three of Wagner's "Valkyrie," and Boston's only opera season of the year will be over. The first week has proved a greater success in every way than Boston music lovers a few years back could believe. Manager Savage has more than kept his promise to give Boston a season of opera in every way satisfactory, not only to the musical masses attracted by the moderate prices, but one that has won the indorsement of fashionable patrons, who were accustomed to bestow their golden favors on the higher priced singers. Herr Conried's visit may be missed by a select few, but this city is giving encouragement to an organization that will be a future in future seasons.

Increased interest centers in the work of the English singing artists during the coming week. Enthusiasts have been looking forward to the first American production in English of Wagner's "Valkyrie" on Monday with an eagerness second only to that when "Parsifal" was given.

There will be the best obtainable cast of English speaking singers, with scenery and costumes furnished by American artists, and a conductor of American blood and education. Scenically there is ample opportunity for entertainment. In "The Valkyrie" the German master's imagination really exceeded possibilities of the most talented stagecraft. The Ride of the Valkyrie with its world famed climax, the earth mother beholden to a little less melodramatic in the thrilling combat on the mountain where the god Wotan intervenes and assists Hunding to slay Siegmund. The parade Hunding to slay Siegmund. The parade scene at the opening to the superb closing in point of the opera where flames are to be burst forth from the earth to encircle the sleeping Brunhilde, is another novel and convention that must be pictured. Mr. Savage will begin the beautiful prelude that pictures the storm and night of Siegmund to Sieglinde's abode at 7.30 o'clock. The performance will come about [illegible] after 11 o'clock. The cast will be as follows:

[illegible]	Mr. Francis Maclennan
[illegible]	Mr. Herbert Waterous
[illegible]	Mr. [illegible]
[illegible]	Mr. [illegible]
[illegible]	Miss [illegible]
[illegible]	Miss [illegible]
[illegible]	Miss

BOSTON SOCIETY at the NEW YORK HORSE SHOW

HACKNEY SADDLE HORSE "KOHANY," George Gibson up. Property of MRS. J. DE PEYSTER DANIELSON

MISS BEULE BEACH driving Kitty Grey and Norina, property of E. D. JORDAN

ALL hail to the horse! The Chicago exhibit is over. The attention of lovers of the steed in Boston is now turned to New York.

Boston-owned horses class with any in the world. Society and judges in Chicago have declared this; now society and judges in New York will have an opportunity.

At Madison Square Garden, where the costumes of the "400" will share honors with the handsomest of all animals, there will begin Monday night what promises to be the most extensive exhibit of the season. Boston society and Boston horses will be there, and both are expected to divide honors with their brothers and sisters of that place.

Jordan's Big Entry.

Eben D. Jordan the horse showking, will exhibit his string, and again is it expected that his horses will carry off a majority of the blue ribbons in the different classes in which he will have entries. They will uphold the laurels of the Boston man in creditable style there is no doubt.

Mr. Jordan's entry this year is by far the most extensive one he has ever sent to New York. The quality is likewise the best that has ever represented him in any exhibition. While he was very successful in Chicago, there were many who thought he did not get all the blues to which he was entitled. In fact on one noteworthy occasion, the decision of the judges in awarding another competitor first prize over Mr. Jordan's exhibit was soundly hissed. But it is a policy of the Boston man never to protest a decision. He is a sportsman that he is he takes the bitter with the sweet.

However, no such judging is expected at the Madison Square Show, and in consequence the entries from "Forge" farm at Chelsealife will get just what they deserve. According to the experts of the country, this is just rank.

25 From "Forge" Farm.

All of Mr. Jordan's entries for the New York show are now there, some going direct from Chicago, while the others were sent direct from the farm. Among all there will be twenty-five horses supporting Mr. Jordan's good name. In all they will have charge of one other animal—Romany, the hackney saddle horse of Mrs. J. De Forrest Danielson. There is in this list a champion for every class, and it is believed the Boston man will be the biggest point winner at the exhibit.

In the hay gelding class, Mr. Jordan has entered Lord Burleigh and Lord Belfast, both of the handsomest animals of their kind in the country. Electric Light and Flash Light are sure of upholding their reputation in the pair harness horse event, while Chatterbox, a crack harness mare, looks to be able to win one prize.

In the gig horse event, Mr. Jordan's colors will be supported by Plymouth Champion, while in the event for hackney harness ponies Lady Eccles, Tangerine, Domino and Lady Kitty will be seen.

Romany, Mrs. Danielson's hackney saddle horse, will be shown, and as Mr. Jordan, thus whom there are few if any better judges, thinks Romany the peer of the country, he will doubtless sport a blue ribbon.

McKinley is looked upon to capture the blue in the event for hackney stallions, while Sorcerer and Brigadier from the Jordan stables will be the entry for the award for young harkney colts.

Seven In One Class.

In the hackney mare class, Mr. Jordan will have seven entries—Merry Cayenne, Elegance II., Lucia, Arcadia, Mary Chilton, Zurita and Azalia, while Dilhow Prime Minister is Mr. Jordan's choice for the hackney gelding stallion class.

Interest in the breeding class promises rare—Mr. Jordan has sent Kitty Grey and Norina, Laodamia and Hildred.

This is a complete list of the entries from Boston by Mr. Jordan:

Large pair geldings—Lord Burleigh and Lord Belfast.

Pair harness horses—Electric Light and Flash Light.

Harness mare—Chatterbox.

Gig horse—Plymouth Champion.

Hackney harness ponies—Lady Eccles, Tangerine, Domino and Lady Kitty.

Hackney saddle horse—Romany owned by Mrs. J. De Forrest Danielson.

Hackney stallion—McKinley.

Young hackney stallion—Sorcerer and Brigadier.

Hackney mares—Elegance II., Lucia, Arcadia, Mary Chilton, Zurita and Azalia.

Hackney pony stallion—Dilhow Prime Minister.

Ladies' pair—Kitty Gray and Norina.

Gig mare—Laodamia.

Hackney harness mare—Hildred.

English grand opera in the full glory of perfect production is the fount at which fashionable ones are drinking deeply just now, and are finding satisfaction abundant.

The engagement opening last Monday night with Mr. Savage's new production of Verdi's superb Egyptian opera, "Aida," called out a distinctly music lovers, whose enthusiasm and applause prophesied success for the most pretentious season of English grand opera ever attempted in Boston.

At each succeeding performance the audience grows in size and in the measure of its enthusiasm.

"Tannhauser," on Thursday evening, filled the Tremont with Boston's socially and musically elect, and beautiful women in bewitching gowns and dazzling jewels added brilliancy and charm to the general effect.

Society at its smartest is counting much on the pleasure of enjoying the coming week the first presentation in English of Wagner's "Valkyrie."

Weddings

The wedding par excellence of the week, in point of interest to Bostonians, was that of Hon. Josiah Quincy and Miss Mary Honey, daughter of Mr. Samuel R. Honey, which took place on Wednesday in the church of Grace Church, New York. Only the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Joseph Hushton, assistant to Rev. Dr. Lubeck, rector of Grace Church. A reception and breakfast followed the ceremony.

A wedding which promises to be an exceedingly smart event is that on the 15th of Mr. Walter Livingstone Cutting, Harvard '00, and Miss Lila Mays, daughter of Captain W. H. Mays of Norfolk, Va. Mr. Cutting is well and popularly known here, and many of the latter will go to Norfolk to attend the wedding. Miss Mays is a typical Southern beauty, with the best of connections, and will undoubtedly be warmly received in Boston society.

A few invitations have been received in this section for the wedding, December 21, of Miss Anne E. Hitchcock, eldest daughter of the Secretary of the Interior, to Lieutenant-Commander William S. Sims, U. S. N. The ceremony will be performed at noon in St. John's Church in the presence of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the cabinet officers and their families, members of the Diplomatic Corps and the personal friends of the bride and groom. The room will be in full dress uniform, as will also the ushers who have been chosen from the brother officers of Lieutenant Sims.

A prominent autumn December wedding, and one which will call a large number of guests from this city, is that of Mr. Kenneth Douglas Robinson, a Harvard man, and Miss May Hadden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Hadden, which will take place in the Church of the Incarnation, New York, on December 12 at high noon. After the Hadden residence will follow the ceremony. The bride's pretty sister has been chosen by her to be the maid of honor and she has decided to have no bridesmaids. Mr. Willard Hutchins will be best man and Messrs. Wainwright Parrish, Alexander M. H. Hadden, William A. Hadden and Harold C. Hadden, Jr., will serve as ushers.

Miss Edith Shaw Hagerman of Cambridge, Harvard '99, also of Berlin University, and Mr. Frederick Sturges Allen, Harvard '99, also of Berlin University, and a resident of California, whose home is at present in London. The wedding will take place November 15. The young people will sail immediately after the ceremony for America and will reside in Cambridge.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Head and Mr. Philip Stockton, which promises to be quite the most brilliant of this year's fall weddings, will bring to a close the series of fall nuptials. The date has not yet been set, but it is thought by many that it will take place the latter part of this month.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Atkinson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. E. Atkinson of Baltimore, to Dr. John Ager of this city, will take place in Baltimore December 4. Miss Atkinson is well known in Boston, having been a frequent guest of her sister, Mrs. Philip Gardner of Brookline.

A pretty though quiet wedding was that on Wednesday of Miss Mabel Evangeline Harriman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orson D. Harriman of Attleboro and Mr. David Frederick Saunders of Lambridge. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents and a large reception was held afterward.

Next Thursday afternoon is the time set for the wedding of Miss Mary Cleveland Wilder, daughter of Herbert Augustine Wilder and Everett Eugene Reed. The ceremony will be private, but many invitations have been issued for the large reception to be held at the Wilder residence on Fairmount avenue.

Engagements

An engagement, the announcement of which has been expected for some time, is that made public the past week of Miss Barbara Viles, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Alden Parrott Viles, of Newbury street, and Mr. Arthur Payne Bodfish of Brookline, Harvard, '01. Both young people are extremely popular in social circles, and the announcement has been kept secret only by receiving the congratulations of their hosts of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. O'Neil, of Columbia road, Dorchester, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Gertrude O'Neil, to J. Ernest Pre, of Ottawa.

An engagement has just been made of the engagement of Miss Grace Eloise Brown to Lieutenant Joseph Hall Ingraham, of the Fifth Infantry, M. V. M. Lieutenant Waterman was at once time a member of the First Corps of Cadets and is a graduate of Tech, class of '02.

An important engagement announced last week is that of Miss Sybil L. Draper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Draper, of Worcester, and Mr. Charles G. Hamilton, of this city.

An engagement arousing much interest in Boston and Washington is one to be announced the past week of Miss Elizabeth E. Hoehling, daughter of Medical Director Adolph Hoehling, U. S. N., to Charles H. F. Ogilby Jr. of this city. Miss Hoehling is a young woman possessed of a most charming personality and has during her visits in Boston made many friends. Another interesting engagement recently announced is that of Miss Katherine Bailey of Dedham and Erik R. Carter, who graduated from Harvard in '98.

Mr. Dexter R. Wiser, the popular society bachelor of Brookline, has at last been brought down by "Dan's" arrow and his engagement to Miss Grace Clifford of Jacksonville has just been announced

Personal

Miss Abigail Adams, who figures prominently in Boston society circles, and who is in fact one of the most popular girls of her set, was thrown from her horse and quite seriously injured Tuesday, while out hunting in Milton, N. H. Miss Adams is the acting president of the Vincent club since the resignation of Miss Dorothy Forbes. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy Adams of No. 177 Commonwealth avenue and Quincy. Although no bones were broken, Miss Adams was badly shaken up and bruised and was unconscious for an hour after the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Eben Blaine Stanwood (Minnie Lawson) who have since their marriage, a month ago, been guests of Mr. Lawson a short time at the Ritz-Carlton, Tuesday from New York for an extended trip abroad.

Mrs. Elaine Foote has rented her house on Berkeley street, to Mr. Walter Peyser of Duluth and is now at the Lenox, where she will remain until the first of November. Then she will sail on the Romanic for Europe. She will spend some time in Paris before going to Rome, where Mrs. Edward Rowsell Tyler, who has rented the Mrs. Margaretta Lawton house, will join her also.

The Gardner M. Lanes still linger at their beautiful summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, reluctant to return to winter quarters. They will occupy the late Edward Codman home on Marlboro street which Mr. Lane has purchased for a winter residence.

Miss Fanny Thompson French, president of Boston's exclusive Thursday Morning Musical Club, has returned to her apartments at the Vendome. Her most intimate friend, Miss Katie Whitney, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George G. Huyck at Bellevue, left for her home in North Andover, has also returned.

Mrs. Howard G. Cushing and Mrs. George R. Fearing, Jr., both daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cochrane of Commonwealth avenue, are to spend the winter in Paris, where Mrs. Fearing will occupy her mother in law's apartments in the Avenue Victor Hugo.

Miss Edith Andrew has closed her country estate in Hingham and is now in Portland, the guest of her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Mason. After her return Miss Andrew will be the guest for a time of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Clark who are occupying the old Andrew home on Hereford street, before sailing for Europe, where she intends spending the Winter.

Mr. Reginald Robbins, a prominent member of the Essex County and Botolph clubs, will leave Boston Thursday for two weeks of fishing and hunting in the Maine woods. Mrs. Blake will visit her mother, Mrs. Arthur Hunnewell, at her estate in Wellesley, during her husband's absence.

Mr and Mrs. Thomas G. Shaunen, after spending a delightful long season at their Stony Beach, have returned to their apartments in Brookline.

Mrs. George L. Gardner has closed her Brookline residence and has opened Fenway Court, where she has been entertained a large house party.

Miss Mary Eustis and Miss Mount Vernon Eustis, only daughter of William Ellery Channing Eustis, who will make their debut, two years ago, went into mourning for their father, who died in Hawley this season, where she will undoubtedly be the supreme, being a girl of attractive personality and one who has a host of friends. She will be chaperoned by her aunt, Mrs. John Amory Jeffries of Exeter street.

Miss Leslie Lawlor is another of the belles to blossom forth this season. She will undoubtedly carry off all honors, as she is a girl of unusual beauty and of decided dramatic style, sings and plays wonderfully well and has exquisite taste in gowning. She is a member of the sewing circle, a coveted honor for all debutantes, and will be chaperoned by several members of the Vincent Club soon after the dance of Lieutenant Lawlor by her daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsey of Beacon street boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs Herbert Mason Sears, who spent the mid summer at Bar Harbor and are now at their villa at Pride's Crossing doing considerable informal entertaining, will open their town house on Commonwealth avenue next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew S. Tyson of Baltimore are to be with Mrs. Tyson's mother, Mrs. Wyeth Wilson, this Winter, at her home in Brookline. Mrs. Wilson is now at Atlantic City, but will return the latter part of the month.

Andrew Carnegie, Jr., son of Thomas Carnegie, with his wife and daughter, Miss Margaret Wood Manchester Maddox, and are spending a few days at the Hotel Somerset before returning to their home in Pittsburg. The Carnegies have many friends here, who are devoting their spare time to making their stay a pleasant one.

Mr. and Mrs. Alanson Tucker, after an absence of six months, spent at their Bar Harbor cottage, have closed it for the Winter and have taken an apartment at the Somerset.

Future Events

Quite the most important social event of the coming week will be the opening tomorrow of Mrs. Gardner's palace to the public, the society public mainly, which has been invited in large numbers to view the wonderful art treasures. The palace will be open from 12 to 5 daily, except Sundays, until December 18. As the number admitted is limited to 200, and it is rumored that this is to be the last time the public will be admitted the tickets will soon be in demand. Another interesting feature of these openings, is the presence of Mrs. Gardner herself always receiving her guests, surrounded by her friends, usually house guests, during that time.

Miss Clara Endicott Sears, the president of the Girls' Art Association of the Carney Hospital, has entirely recovered from the effects of the accident met with last Winter, and is at present engrossed in the preparations for the Christmas sale to be held at the Vendome, Thursday, December 14, from 10 a. m. until 6 p. m. Mrs. Sears has also been interested in helping her charity and as there was no sale last year special efforts are being made to have this year's affair a great success. Many beautiful and choice articles have been imported from Italy and several of the Boston shops in Paris have already made splendid donations.

Mrs. Gardner Cox's pole have received and accepted invitations to attend the entertainments to be given in honor of Prince Louis of Battenberg, Rear Admiral Evans and their attaches. Prince Louis is in command of the battleship Drake which is composed of the fastest and best ships in the navy. Prince Louis is the brother in law of King Edward, and the officers under him are all men of high social standing. King Edward's nephew, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, is also under the command. The luncheon, to be given on Governor's Island, New York, November 9, will be one of the largest and most brilliant affairs given for the prince. Bostonians are much interested in the ball to be given on the Drake, the flagship, November 14, and many will go to New York for that particular function. The last two days of Prince Louis' visit will be spent at Mrs. Ogden Mills's country place on the Hudson, when he will be a member of a large house party given in his honor.

Monday evening is the time set for the marriage of Miss Mary A. Allen, Worcester Social Club for the presidents and secretaries of the foreign clubs. It will be held at Hunt's Hall, and, judging from reports, will be one of the swell affair

Next Wednesday evening, November 8, the second in the series of Shakespearian recitals being given by Dr. Edgar C. S. Brown, will take place at the residence of Mrs. Arthur Robinson, the subject being "King Lear." Mrs. Robinson's residence, number 15 "Julius Caesar" will be given in the home of Mrs. Percy C. Wainright. After the recital tea will be served by Mrs. Wainright and an hour of sociability will be enjoyed. The proceeds from the evening will be divided between the Benevolent Society and the Boys' Club.

The early announcement of the dates of the assemblies to be given by Miss Hall made the anticipation all the more keen and the interest in the society ball to be given Thanksgiving night is already manifested in them this year than any previous year, though they are, as a rule, rather far in the distance, the dates being November 3 and February 16.

The patronesses have already been chosen and include Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Charles Lowell, Mrs. Henry Lee Shattuck, Mrs. Francis Amory, Mrs. Herbert Lee, Mrs. Philip Sears, Mrs. Robert Emmet Van Rensselaer Thayer, Mrs. Rudolph Ellis, Mrs. Roger Allen, Mrs. Arthur Blake, Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mrs. Henry Russell Storrow, Mrs. Frank Higginson, Mrs. Henry D. Quincy, Mrs. Oliver Ames, 2d, Mrs. Robert S. Hooper, Mr. Charles Barnett, Mr. Winthrop Sargent and Mrs. J. Grafton Minot. Mrs. Hunnewell is on the committee for the first time. She is now a Whitney and is this year bringing out her daughter Miss Evelyn. Mrs. Amory and Mrs. Quincy also have daughters to bring out this year, the latter one of the most charming triumph for the debutante, for which very few are favored with but

Many Weddings

in the Boston smart set. Mrs. Russell Sturgis is now entertaining—she manifesting unusual interest in the golf tournament being held at Longwood Whist Association which will open at the Wykeham next Friday and Saturday.

The program includes three pair matches each day, open to members of the Longwood Association clubs. Play will be called at 10:30 a. m. and 2 and 7:30 p. m. Small sections conducted under both the Whist and Bridge systems will be in the rule. Souvenirs will be awarded the winners in each section and grand prizes are offered for the highest aggregate score made by a lady and a gentleman in the Mitchell pairs, likewise in the Howell pairs at least four games and one change of partners necessary to qualify.

Play for the Cavendish Club trophy for women's teams of four will begin with the annual tournament at the American Whist Club Monday, Nov. 6, at 10:30 A. M. Fifteen victories are required to obtain permanent possession, and the present standing of the clubs is as follows:

	Won.
Wednesday Whist Club	14
Back Bay Whist Club	13
Hemenway Whist Club	11
Cavendish Whist Club	7
Massachusetts Whist Club	1

Play for the new challenge trophy for clubs pairs will begin in the annual tournament at the American Whist Club Friday evening, November 10. Each club in the association may be represented by one pair, and patrons must be members of the club they represent. The trophy will be awarded to the club first winning twenty matches, a tournament counting as one match, and play will be governed by the standing rules of the association.

Past Events

A function for sweet charity to which society flocked in great numbers and which was one of the most brilliant and artistic affairs of the past week was the tea given Wednesday afternoon by the countess de Sandal at her beautiful Beacon street home, for the benefit of the Woman's charity Club Hospital. The countess in a beautiful gown of white lace over pastelle pink silk and a rich Spanish shawl received the many guests in her usual gracious manner and gave them the liberty to wander at will through the luxuriously furnished rooms and view the rare works of art adorning the walls.

A delightful concert in the Junior Charity Club, under the direction of Mrs. Edgar Young, was given in the main reception room, where the countess introduced her guests.

A pretty and pleasing trio of young women, Miss Helen Potter, Mrs. Madeline Bates and Miss Josephine Bates, presided over the beautifully decorated tea table and were carefully discreet the "cup which cheers, but not inebriates."

Among the invited guests were present and the affair was one of the social successes of the autumn season.

An event of the past week enjoyed by many of the "400" was the one the song recital given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Ernest Sharpe at his studio at Chestnut Hill. The program consisted chiefly of Irish folk songs and songs by Francesi and Gounod, the latter being the large and artistic studios were filled with guests representing the society and artistic set in Boston.

The Castilian club, of which Miss Helen Lowell Scott is president, was Wednesday afternoon in the New century building. Mrs. Alice Stevenson Greenwood read a paper and Spanish music, dancing and the drama were the study of the day.

The house warming given by the New England Woman's Club, Monday evening, at its new quarters in the building of the College Club, in the Grundmann studios, was largely attended by prominent members of various organizations. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the president of the pioneer club in Boston—is still in Newport, and was unable to be present. The guests were received by the vice-presidents, Mrs. Mary Ashton Rice Livermore, Mrs. Willard, of Wollaston; Miss G. E. P. Rowe, Mrs. E. N. L. Walton, of Newton, and Mrs. Julia W. Smith. The ushers were Mrs. Henry Phrier, Mrs. Charles T. Gallagher, the Misses Hewett, Miss Alice Whiting, Mrs. Addie R. Bradbury, Mrs. Ellen M. Stone, Mrs. Joseph B. Cole, Mrs. Clara R. Gay, Mr. H. H. Germain, Mrs. Mary A. W. K. Porter and Mrs. Ida M. Robey. The rooms of the club are most attractively furnished with antique furniture, rugs and tapestry, and the walls are old paintings made of it a veritable treasure land. The portrait of Mrs. Walpridge, which hangs near the entrance and under which the committee received, was painted by a Boston artist and presented to the club by Mrs. John L. Gardner in 1899.

Milton

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Ware will reside this Winter on the Dwight Frouty estate in Fraustingham.

Eugene Coughlin of Central avenue will shortly move from his present residence to Dorchester.

Eugene E. Whalen of Randolph avenue returned Monday from a vacation in New foundland.

Thomas A. Johnson of Reservation road, East Milton, is spending a few weeks in western Pennsylvania.

Superintendent John Keegan of the East Milton branch postoffice has returned to his duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth of Granite street are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter this week.

Miss Lottie Palmer of Amesbury, who has been the guest of Miss Annie and Miss Aaron Issac of Pleasant street, East Milton, has returned home.

Sir George G. Kennedy of Blue Hill avenue, Mattapan, has returned from a visit to Maine and Mildred have returned from a three months' trip to Europe.

Franklin

Franklin, Nov. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert D. Thayer are home from a hunting trip in Maine.

The pupils of Dean Academy observed Hallowe'en in the gymnasium.

The operetta "Grandpa's Birthday," was presented to a good sized audience in Horse Opera House Friday evening.

Mrs. C. F. McCarthy of Winchester is visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Healey.

The High school juniors held a social in Odd Fellows hall Friday evening. The committee in charge were Louis Hiscock, Homer Winters, Clara Laycock, Louise Grant, and Ruth Whitaker.

Bradley M. Rockwood has returned from his Maine hunt with two fine deer.

Brookline

Countess de Sandal St. Angell received a large party at her new home on Beacon street Wednesday afternoon and served tea for the benefit of the Woman's Charity Club. Mrs. Edgar Young had charge of a number of young ladies representing the Junior Charity Club, who assisted during the afternoon. Others assisting in pouring tea were Miss Helen Fairy, Miss Mabelle White, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. M. E. Dinsmore.

Among those present were Mrs. Ester F. Boland, Mrs. John F. Wood, Mrs. Herbert C. Parker, Mrs. Harland J. Fay, Mrs. H. B. Cushing, Mrs. Allen McIntosh, Mrs. J. Park Hamlin, Miss Edith Hersom, Mrs. H. M. Kirtland, Mrs. Frank Rook, Miss Beebe McIntosh, Mrs. George W. Hollis, Mrs. Louisa B. Quint, Mrs. Edwin Lord and Mrs. M. J. Merrill.

Mr. Walter Murphy will be married Tuesday to Miss May A. Sweeney of Mansfield, but formerly of this town. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride in Melrose.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn Rooney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Rooney of Cambridge, to Mr. Hugh Montgomery of Brookline has been announced.

Among those returning from abroad the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Reserve of Beacon street, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Riddeing and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey L. Dyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Metcalfe, 446 Beacon street, were in town the past week visiting relatives.

The last meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of St. Mark's Church will be held November 15 at the home of Mrs. Ayars, on Davis avenue.

Cambridge

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Howe of Bow street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Julia Elizabeth, to Elmer W. Woodside of Fairmount street.

Miss Josephine Hanson of Harvard street has just returned from a visit to relatives abroad

Mrs. Austin C. Wellington is making arrangements for a concert and readings at the Young Women's Christian Association on Temple street, November 9. Among the performers will be Miss Bessie A. and Margaret Fuller House.

Mrs. A. P. Sullivan of Winslow street is entertaining Mrs. James Brogan of Lowell, a former sister.

"Jack, and the Bean Stalk," an operette, is to be presented at Sanders theatre afternoon and evening by the children of St. Peter's parish.

Miss Helen F. Rooney of Arlington street gave a tea party on Saturday evening a few days after her return from a month.

The Dixon Club has engaged G. A. R. Hall, on Park street, for its meetings the second Thursday of each month.

Miss Julia Leighton of Longfellow street has entered St. Ann's convent at Suffolk, Va., for a course in studying to become a teacher.

Mrs. Edwin Palmer of Houston avenue, Mattapan, has been spending a few weeks with friends at Poughkeepsie.

The old Pierce house on Oak avenue, built in 1645, was thrown open to visitors Tuesday afternoon. There was an exhibition of antique furniture, pewter, needlework, embroidery, family records and papers and other relics of Puritan days.

South Boston

At the annual meeting of the Suffolk County Association of the Woman's Relief Corps, held in Grand Army Hall, on E street, South Boston, last Monday, the following officers were elected: President Mrs. Ella Gardner, Corps 56, Dorchester; senior vice president, Mrs. Maggie M. Jones, Corps 13, Charlestown; junior vice president, Mrs. Lizzie Venables, Corps 16, Chelsea; secretary, Mrs. Carrie Dustin, Corps 5, East Boston; treasurer, Mrs. Ellen M. Sawyer, Corps 70, Brighton; chaplain, Mrs. Mary A. Bryant, Corps 137, Jamaica Plain; conductor Mrs. I. Moore, Corps 120, Roxbury; assistant conductor, Mrs. M. J. Richmond, Corps 63, Charlestown; guard, Mrs. Mary A. Bryant, Corps 137, Jamaica Plain; assistant guard, Mrs. L. M. Buddy, Corps 39, Charlestown; delegate to Grand Army Fetts, Corps 63, Roxbury.

After the election of officers a collation was served to the 250 ladies who were present, and in the evening a splendid floor and instrumental entertainment was enjoyed.

A very enjoyable hop was given by Commodore Hanskoth of the South Boston Yacht Club last Wednesday even ng at the yacht club house for members and friends.

A committee of the Memorita Fleet Yacht Club is busy arranging for the usual Winter bowling tournament to be held this

Dorchester

The harvest supper and social of Corps No. 63, G. A. R., was held in G. A. R. Hall on Park street Tuesday evening.

A party of young people from Draper street gave a Hallowe'en dancing party at Wilson Hall, Geneva avenue, Monday evening. Those present were Miss Mabel H. Hodley, Mrs. Theodore H. Shain and Mrs. Robert Ainsworth, the Misses Annie and Ford, Michael H. Hedley, Harry Shults, James Gollmartin and Roland C. Smith, Jr. The committee of arrangements comprised Miss Jennie Gollmartin, Miss Rosella Ford and Harry Hedley.

Miss Gertrude F. Leaker of Somerset, Ind., and Mr. Harry Allen Mac Kay of Lundgren of Norton street.

The "Quiet" party an enjoyable dancing party at Jubilee Hall, Grove Hall, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. William Smith of Westville street is spending a few days at North Weymouth.

The first of the Arlington High School dances was given on a party at the home of Gardner Porter, on Arlington street. There were thirty-nine members of the class present, besides a few invited friends of the school, who were the special guests.

Mrs. Ella Lenfest, a former well talented wife, entertained the members of a for mer literary club at her home on Adams street Tuesday evening at "The Maples," which has been in the family for years and occupied in part and continued into 1802, and Mrs. Blake removed to Chicago.

The Arlington Social Union party met Thursday evening in Wellington Hall on Arlington street. Mrs. Ella Lenfest was host ess of the evening and gave an outline of the work of the union for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howell Crosby gave a Hallowe'en party at their home on Myrtle street to members of the Mothers Club and their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson W. Fay announce the engagement of their daughter, Edna Nelson, to Herbert R. Peirce of Arlington.

Wednesday Mrs. Peter Schwamb gave an "at home" at her home on Academy street. It was in honor of Mrs. W. S. Peirce, a recent bride and the wife of Rev. Mr. Peirce, pastor of the church. Mrs. Schwamb was assisted in the dining room by Mrs. Fay and Mrs. J. W. Bailey and Miss Grace Stanton

Medway

Medway, Nov. 4.—William S. Gray of Milford and Miss Mary A. Stevens of West Medway were married in the Baptist parsonage last Saturday afternoon by the Rev. Lewis A. Walker. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a few friends, after which was suspended a wedding bell. A wedding supper was served by Mrs. and Mrs. Gray took the afternoon train for a honeymoon trip to Milford, after their return they will reside in Milford.

Mrs. Lewis A. Walker entertained Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Long. They were guests of honor at a party given by Mrs. Walker and the former being an uncle of Mrs. Walker's and a will cousin.

Mrs. Mildred B. Hamlin has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lyons of Dorchester have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kenney.

Millis

Millis, Nov. 4 The Hallowe'en social in Sanford Hall last Monday evening, under the auspices of the High school seniors was very well attended. The hall was decorated with jack-o-lanterns, cut flowers and evergreens. The proceeds of the affair will be added to the graduation treasury.

The dancing party in Grange Hall Tuesday evening was a very successful affair.

Fred H. Williams and family have gone to their home in Brookline for the Winter.

Being Sensible Amounts Almost to A Fad With BOSTON WOMEN

"BEING sensible amounts almost to a fad with Boston women" is the observation of the brilliant Baroness de Bazus, aptly called the "Empress of Journalism," and who takes vastly more pride in the title she has earned in America than in the one she inherits from her French ancestry.

Baroness de Bazus, known in the world of letters as "Frank Leslie," is visiting in Boston and is the guest of Countess de Susini of Beacon street.

Here, as in London, Paris, Madrid and the fashionable watering places on the continent, where she queens it socially, women are her chief delight and study.

Boston women are especially dear to her, as her mother was Boston born and a member of the aristocratic Danforth family. "She saved the union by marrying a Southern man," says the Baroness, naively.

Her father was a French Huguenot and of a family who abandoned their titles and estates at the time of religious persecution in their own country. She is a direct descendant from Philippe Picot, on whom King Louis IX, the St. Louis of history, conferred the titles of Count de Lapeyrouse and Baron de Bazus, the latter title being transmitted and ceded to her as the representative of the American branch of the ancient South-of-France family—the "concession" being most gracefully done, not only as a right but as a token of esteem and affection.

"Amazon of Journalism."

Well might [illegible] proud [illegible] of this beautiful woman of business whose story is that of one who [illegible] nothing only debts and opportunity [illegible] met with Napoleonic calm a crisis before which an ordinary woman would have collapsed [illegible] who showed herself to be the calibre that wrests the miracle of victory out of threatening defeat—a woman who proved herself of the blood that tells when a real test comes.

The Pall Mall Gazette calls the Baroness the "Amazon of Journalism," and the Paris Figaro pays her the tribute of a sparkling chronique, citing her as an example to the majority of her sisters of both continents.

To his beautiful young wife thirty years his junior [illegible] and whom a stranger would have thought the picture of delicate and feminine helplessness, Frank Leslie said as his last words before he died: "Go to my office, sit in my place and do my work until my debts are paid," and in all social or business history no one woman, not a reigning sovereign, has ever been called to face a mightier task, nor does any page from any romance teem with situations more dramatic and thrilling than the efforts of the inexperienced, luxurious and beautiful young Creole heroine to redeem her husband's business honor. His affairs were at that time in the hands of an assignee. He had contracted $300,000 of debts to place his publishing business on a paying basis, and having placed it there he died, but not before he had been forced to make an assignment and sacrifice all he had to meet inexorable demands. The creditors had agreed to accept the discharge of their debts out of the proceeds of the business. Mr. Leslie's death seemed a chance to absorb the business. Only his widow and heiress stood between them and what they saw was about to become a magnificent property. And her position was insecure and ambiguous through a suit that had been instituted to break her husband's will.

No Hint of the Storm.

One who was among the guests when Mrs. Leslie was giving a luncheon on the eve of an intended departure for Europe tells graphically a story of how the plucky little Baroness met what threatened to be her Waterloo, had it not been for her more than Napoleonic nerve when she received the news of the failure of the Arkell concern in which her financial interests were deeply involved. [illegible] thunder[illegible] from a clear sky [illegible] says.

[illegible] Mrs. Leslie [illegible] only [illegible] excusing herself. The door [illegible] upon a perfectly formed [illegible] woman, whose toilettes and the figure which adorned them were alike the envy and admiration of all who knew her. The [illegible] dragged into twenty [illegible] returned the same calm, smiling woman who had left them so short a time before, with no hint in her face or [illegible] of the storm of [illegible] which had [illegible] over her head.

Meanwhile [illegible] a soft Southern "Hello!" Then came the news [illegible] "It is reported on the street that the Arkell Company have made an assignment."

The blow fell with all the force of utter unpreparedness. One hundred thousand dollars and an income of $8,000 a year swept away in less than a second. But Mrs. Leslie's wonderful faculties did not desert her for a moment.

"Are you sure that the report is true," she asked.

"Certain," came the answer.

The Crown of Labor

In a moment the Judge Publishing Company were asked to verify the news, and then the telephone in the office of the Popular Monthly began to ring and the same soft voice, with no tremor of emotion in it, inquired:

"Does your offer of a stock company with myself as president and editor of the magazine, which you made me some ago, still hold good?"

The Popular Monthly had been leased to a syndicate for a term of years, in order to give Mrs. Leslie freedom from editorial cares and time in which to complete two books begun by her.

The affirmative answer which came from this syndicate laid the crown of labor upon the brow from which had glittered but a moment before the diadem of fortune.

"I accept your offer; meet me at 11 o'clock to-morrow," said the woman's voice, and the tiny hand which hung up the receiver, in less than a half hour had rung one fortune from the stage of life and rung on another.

The heroism of this author-editor went farther. Wounded to the heart by the thought that [illegible] trusted friends [illegible] blow had come to her, she controlled her feelings and went back to her guests with a smile on her lips and an apology for keeping them waiting.

"How long you have been!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "I was just about to go."

"Well, my friends," said she, "in the interim since I left you I have lost $100,000 and put myself in the way of making another $100,000."

When some one reminded her of the great reputation which would make the task an easy one, she added:

"Ah, it is easier to make a great reputation than to live up to one."

Works Hard With Pen.

She was a true Southern woman [illegible] loved, and that settled it. After [illegible] there was nothing else to do but [illegible] passion of her being into the [illegible] would lift the name she honored [illegible] the world high above reproach [illegible] which she cannot even yet mention without the glorious gray eyes filling with tears. She not only did this with splendid success, but she also made her fortune and her friends regard her as a sort of commercial Joan of Arc.

With nine lawsuits on her hands when she stepped into the breach, she still found time to master the details of the business with such perfection as to command the [illegible] admiration from a staff, that first inclined to resent being bossed [illegible] a mere slip of a girl.

The Baroness is frankly and [illegible] feminine in her manner, showing her [illegible] and gentle breeding to the tips of her jewelled and aristocratic fingers.

She lives when in New York in beautiful apartments, where she still works hard with her pen [illegible] she delights in dressing and dining and [illegible] the lady [illegible] through it all. She has money to command abundant leisure, but [illegible] no joy in idleness. [illegible] daily mail brings her all kinds of curious requests, including those for her hand in matrimony [illegible] the latter she has a set form of declining.

Her intimate friends say of her and [illegible] perfection of physical development that she swings dumbbells like an Amazon and is devoted to bathing and riding. She speaks English, French, Spanish and Italian with fluent perfection. She believes that it is eminently a woman's business to be charming.

28 Marrying Age

"Being sensible seems almost to [illegible] fad with the Boston women," says the Baroness in speaking of the mannish [illegible] of dress and manners affected [illegible] "This style of dress has advantages in [illegible] business life, and I do believe that Boston women go out into the world as [illegible] winners more gracefully and successfully than women in any other city in this world."

To a Boston girl of the severely sensible type, who eschews the use of powder with a most Puritanical horror, the Baroness told this story the other day: "Horace Greeley and his family had the finest complexions in the world. When Mrs. Cleveland, the sister of Greeley, accompanied her niece, Miss Cleveland, to Europe on her wedding trip, one of the ladies of Eugenie's court said to her: 'Mrs. Cleveland, you do not need powder to whiten your complexion, but you do need it to take the lustre off your skin; the difference between the person who wears powder and the one who does not is the difference between a dairymaid and a duchess.'"

Speaking of the sensible ideas of the women of the Hub, the Baroness says: "Not only in Boston but all over the country marriage has ceased to be a necessity; a girl makes a position for herself before she even thinks of a husband, and although the editor of 'The Ladies' Home Journal' thinks that every man should be married at twenty-five, I still hold that a woman should not be married before twenty-eight.

"As my [illegible] is based on what is best for women [illegible] I hold that [illegible] woman of twenty-eight [illegible] nor [illegible] of wifehood or [illegible] that she is better [illegible] when she reaches this period of [illegible] as many [illegible] have learned."

The Baroness is that most attractive of all human beings, a woman's woman, having [illegible] that she has in a womanly way and having found that her sex has rights [illegible] enough when it wants to employ them. In enterprise, discretion and ability she has proved herself the equal of any man in the world. She has passed through trials [illegible] dignified her beyond description and [illegible] her to the [illegible] than which [illegible] of the [illegible] who knew [illegible] good, kind [illegible] and simple faith [illegible] Norman blood.

Springfield

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 4.—Two Hallowe'en weddings of importance were held Tuesday evening, Miss Estelle Anderson of this city becoming the bride of Rev. George Arthur Miller of Manchester, N. H., and Miss Lotta Edith Hitchcock being married to George Watson Paull. Both were home weddings.

The Rampogue Historical Society celebrated Hallowe'en in the old Day house, West Springfield. A feature was a palmist dressed as a black cat.

Miss Luna Girard gave a dancing party Tuesday evening at her home on Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Slater entertained a party from Mapleton, Ct., at a Hallowe'en party at their home on Collins street.

Miss Irene Kenyon of Lafayette street, Miss Abline Sexton of the Boston road, Miss Elva Chapman of S[illegible] street and Miss May Pierpont of B[illegible] street were among those who gave Hallowe'en parties Tuesday evening.

A tea was given by Mrs. William B. Sleigh of W[illegible] avenue and her sister, Miss Edith Collins, Wednesday afternoon, for Miss Olive Butler of Buckingham street, whose engagement to John Collins has been announced. Mrs. Sleigh, Miss Collins and Miss Butler received. Those who served tea were Mrs. George Sleigh, Mrs. Robert K. Fuller and Mrs. E. F. Lyford, assisted by Miss Annie Fuller, Miss Marion Richards, Miss Dora Cook and Miss Lillian Collins.

Manchester

Manchester-by-the-Sea, Nov. 4.—The delightful autumn weather is holding many of the North Shore Summer contingent at their cottages well into the Fall, and many have decided to remain over Thanksgiving who usually return to town in October.

Miss Diana W. Rockwell, who has been spending the Summer at Bethel, Me., has arrived at her cottage on Smith's Point for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. R. D. Smith and family closed their cottage Thursday and returned to Boston.

The N. S. Bartletts and the J. Warren Merrills were among the departures from Manchester the first of the week.

Continued on Page 26

Meyer Jonasson & Co

Tremont and Boylston Streets

TAILORED and SEMI-TAILORED SUITS Of "Velvet." Copies and adaptations of Foreign Models, in Helio, Navy and Alice Blues, Plum, Wine, Red, Green and Black—Manufactured in our own New York workrooms, perfection of fit and style is assured. Special Price-leaders for Monday, at

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Values $25.00, $30.00 and $35.00

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Shows a complete assortment of Neckscarfs and Muffs, of Russian, Hudson Bay and American Sables; Lynx, Ermine, Fox, Natural and Blended Squirrel, Beaver, Chinchilla, Kolon, Sable, Etc.—At attractive prices—And place at your disposal a most pleasant show-room and competent sales organization.

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BLACK CLOTH COAT Natural Mink gills and paw lining, Lynx trimmed $225.00
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BLACK CLOTH COAT Japanese Mink lining. American Sable Collar and Cuffs $195.00
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BLACK CLOTH COATS Extra fine quality, solid grey lining, Black Lynx Collar and Cuffs........ $75.00

Special Value, FUR-LINED COATS, at $28.50, $40.00, $58.00

Fur-trimmed Coats—Quilted Satin Linings

For Monday **SPECIAL WAIST SALE** In Basement

The encouraging results of our recent Waist Sale and the knowledge that many customers were disappointed by not making an early selection urge us to further efforts to popularize this department—We advise an early selection, while assortments are complete.

WAISTS Of Striped Madras and Mercerized materials. Value $1.90 .... 75c
WAISTS Of pure Linen (tucked model). Value $2.50 ...... $1.35
WAISTS Several models in Chiffon Taffeta, Bobinet and Lierre Laces. Reg. values $5.50, $6.75 and $7.90, for $3.90

To avoid confusion with the regular Waist Department, this special sale will be held in Basement salesroom—stairway in rear of store.

"Yankee Husbands Are Martyrs" Says Actress Evie Greene

By Eleanor Ames.

The sweeping white plumes of Evie Greene's Paris picture hat nodded saucily to the yellow chrysanthemums on the Touraine luncheon table, and the flowers seemed to shade their shaggy heads in greeting to the plumes.

"Do you know," said the newest Sans Gene, with that same bewitching manner which fascinates in "The Duchess of Dantzic," when she has her scene with Napoleon at the Hollis Street Theatre, "Do you know that the American husband is a fool?"

She nibbled an olive in innocent reflection. Her guests clamored in protest.

"It's quite true," she declared, her eyes lowering so that the sweeping black lashes hid the twinkle in their gray depths, "absolutely true. The American husband is a fool—a dear, sweet, loyal, noble, self-sacrificing, unselfish fool. But a fool nevertheless. He allows himself to be simply hoodwinked and ruled by the American wife. He's the best husband in the world, but I do wish he had more thought for himself. American women are quite selfish. Oh, yes, they are. I know, because they have taught me to be selfish. Since I came to America I demand ever so much more attention and admiration than when I was in England. I like to be It. I want the centre of the stage.

"But about the American husband. He is perfectly content to efface himself that his wife may be the star.

"The English husband is selfish like the American woman. He wants all the attention. He wants to be pre-eminent. English wives are like the American husbands. They are unselfish, patient, content to sit by and help their husbands gain admiration.

When Greek Meets Greek.

"Do you know what I've always wanted to see?"

The lashes let the merry eyes flash into sight.

"It is this. I've wanted to see a typical Englishman marry a typical American woman, and watch them manage each other. I'd wager they'd have many a lively row! Neither one would give in. Each would want all the attention."

She laughed that hearty, gurgling laugh which makes everyone else laugh in sympathy.

"But," I said, "you see that all the time. American heiresses and English titles."

"Nonsense," she declared. "That's a different matter. Nothing is equal. Money on one side, title on the other. Everybody's eye on them. And how do you know they don't fight when they're alone? I'm sure enough of them separate. Still the American woman is wonderful. She is really a superb creature. Nothing seems beyond her accomplishment. Everything she does she does well. She deserves all the admiration that she receives."

"We spoke of the American voice."

"I'd heard so much about it," said Miss Greene, "and heard it unpleasantly so often at home, that I was prepared for the worse.

"I was delightfully disappointed. It is only New York women who talk so high and so loud. They have to or they would never be heard. There is so much noise. Their voices are pitched very high. One doesn't notice it in Boston.

"So many Americans talk with an English accent. Why do they do that? It seems foolish unless it is natural. Wouldn't it be absurd for an Englishman to try to speak like a Frenchman or a German? It is silly."

"You have a bit of brogue," said Miss Irene Edwards, who is Miss Greene's dearest friend and companion.

"Glory be!" responded Miss Greene sincerely, "I'm glad of it. I'm quite Irish, and I'm proud of it."

Ah! Now you realize why Evie Greene makes such a bewitching Sans Gene. She understands the temperament of the woman, once a loyal, warm-hearted, impulsive Irish woman, always the same, despite the fortunes of war.

Warm Irish Nature.

She knows the Irish nature, because it is her own. And so she is capable of giving to the fascinating character of Sans Gene a sincerity, a subtlety, which is inherent rather than acquired by study.

Evie Greene, young, clever, lovely with her marvellous gray eyes, her wealth of dark hair, her svelte, perfectly molded figure, has had more success than usually comes at her age, but success has not spoiled her, and it never will. Since she was fourteen years old she has been on the stage, playing at first Shakespearian heroines, and later, with her wonderful voice, which combines those rare qualities in a soprano, dramatic color and velvety depth, winning her rightful place in opera.

In the future she has dreams of again playing Shakespearian roles.

"I have so many ideas that I would like to try out," is the way she puts it. "I love Shakespeare and I adore opera, so I must one day do both."

Evie Greene knows by experience that fame, like Heaven, is seldom gained at a single bound.

For more than one season she toured the Provinces. Then came the great chance for the leading role in London. After that—the sweetness of established success. London capitulated. The king heard her and was charmed. He called her a nightingale. He sent her messages about her heavenly notes reminding him of the exquisite beauties of nature, the sweet freshness of lark filled fields and the soft purling of quiet streams.

One success followed another. Perhaps the greatest triumph was the role she created in "The Country Girl."

Then, last season, she came to America, playing only in New York. As professional and society people both recognized her charm and were her stanch friends in England, so were they in America. In the most exclusive and fashionable circles of New York Evie Greene was warmly welcome. For Evie Greene, off the stage, with her vivacity, her simplicity, her originality, is more fascinating than the Evie Greene who charms theatregoers.

Mrs. George Gould Her Ideal.

One of her warmest admirers and closest friends in New York is Mrs. George Gould. Of her, Miss Greene says: "She is my ideal type of woman. She is kind, clever, democratic, brilliant in society, devoted in the home. If I had a daughter and I wanted an example for her, more than any woman I can think of I should point out Mrs. George Gould."

But to hark back to the time when Evie Greene had her first opportunity in London reminds me of a story which she tells of that time and which, more than anything else, gives an idea of her simplicity and genuineness. The company had been called together in Daly's Theatre for rehearsal. Miss Greene, the star, dressed in a plain serge gown and unpretentious hat, was seated on a roll of carpet, behind the scenes. A stately young woman dressed in the extreme of fashion, rustling in silks and luxurious in sables approached.

"Members of the company?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Miss Greene.

"Anything to do?"

"Yes, I have some lines."

"Do you know who this Miss Greene is? She has the lead. I wonder what sort she is."

"I've seen her. I really can't tell much about her, though."

The elegant young person chattered on merrily.

"How many lines have you?" she asked finally.

Miss Greene listened to her chatter demurely and answered her questions innocently.

"Oh, I've quite a few lines," she said. The silk and sable lady looked surprised.

"Have you, really?" she said, and walked away.

A moment later Miss Greene was called. She went forward to read her first lines. The girl with whom she had been chatting stood in the chorus. When she saw Miss Greene she gave a gasp of surprise.

"She said she had quite a few lines," she whispered to her neighbor. "I should say she has!"

Edna May's Sweet Note.

"I'll never forget how sweet Edna May was to me on my first appearance in London," said Miss Greene thoughtfully, after we had all finished laughing.

"She was the idol of London at that time. I suppose I wondered then if I would ever be as big a success. She sent me the sweetest little note of good wishes and a glorious bouquet of flowers."

Around the circle the talk drifted.

About theatricals, Miss Greene admires Ethel Barrymore immensely; about golf, she is "a fiend" at the game; about dogs, she had the dearest dog that ever lived in England and he died. I had the dearest dog that ever lived in America and he died. Perhaps we shed a few sympathetic tears. At any rate, we had found a common bond which made us friends. Then the talk came back to America and things American. It always does.

"The American Autumn is the most gorgeous season I have ever known," said Miss Greene enthusiastically. Her English friends agreed. "It surpasses in beauty anything I can imagine. Why, my letters home have been filled with its praises. I suppose it is the climate that makes the foliage so brilliant.

Sends Autumn Leaves Home.

"Do you know, I gathered a lot of leaves and sent them home to my friends in England. I do hope they will reach there safely. But one ought to see them on the trees to judge rightly of their beauty. In England the leaves fall so quickly we fail to get this marvellous coloring. Coming to Boston from Springfield I sat with my eyes fairly glued to the car window for fear I should lose the effect of one single leaf."

Miss Greene has two homes in England. One, in Portsmouth, is the home of her parents. It is the dearest spot on earth to her, for the family is wonderfully united and devoted.

There are three members in theatrical life. Frank Greene and his pretty wife, Lottie Sargent, are in "The Duchess of Dantzic" company. A younger brother, Norman, is playing in England.

Then in London Miss Greene has a charming establishment, presided over by a housekeeper who was her nurse in babyhood.

"She is the dearest thing, and I miss her so, and she is so good to me," she said as she told of her life at home. "All my friends love her, and we love to go down and have tea with her, sitting on the end of the kitchen table or anywhere, and listening while she tells our fortunes."

Miss Greene says she is not superstitious. At the same time she has a few mascots or charms or whatever you choose to call them.

"Golliwag" Her Mascot.

One is her "golliwag," a rag English policeman, who has a wonderfully fierce expression on his rag face, and a band on his stuffed arm which shows him to be always on duty.

He shows signs of age, and has accompanied Miss Greene on many a long journey in distant lands. He has had his photograph taken any number of times, and Miss Greene's own camera has caught him held by friends on the deck of the steamer crossing the ocean. Another talisman is an odd chain of fine gold, dotted at intervals with tiny gold monkeys.

During her stay in Boston Miss Greene is going to have her miniature painted. She is an ideal miniature type, with her delicately chiselled features and rich coloring, and the artist is most enthusiastic.

There is no more tireless worker on the stage to-day than Evie Greene. She simply refuses to rest. After playing here last season she went back to England to fulfil a Summer concert engagement, going almost from the theatre to the steamer and letting the trip across do for a vacation.

She is studying, reading and singing all the time. She simply refuses to be idle.

"I'm pretty keen on work," she admits, "but I'll have plenty of time to get lazy when I get old."

HOW 'A CAPE CODDER' CAME TO BOSTON Especially TO SEE "AS YE SOW"

"I calculate," said the captain, "now that I'm here, to have all the fixings. I never seen no such a cab on the Cape, but I'll ride in it."

He eyed the hansom a trifle dubiously, but figured out the step and climbed aboard, while his "pilot," as the captain called his guide, whistled up the driver.

"I tell ye," said the captain, "I do pity the men who have to ride and drive out o' doors in all weather. My own carriage is glassed in, and I'm indoors, no matter what she blows outside."

Inasmuch as the captain spent many years of his life at sea, and was on deck in Cape Horn weather over and over again, fighting for his very life through the Winter nights, his pity was funny.

The captain is probably the most widely known resident of Cape Cod. He drives the "depot carriage" at Barnstable, but that is merely an avocation, not a vocation. He does it only for fun, for the captain is well fixed. And his name is Cyrus B. Smith.

Invited by Snyder.

"I told the tax collector last week," said he, "that my house rent was paid for another year when I got his receipt for the money. But, my Godfrey! ain't this town changed!"

He peered right and left at the sidewalks, over what he called the "hatch coamings." "I'm looking for Cape Codders," said he, "but I don't seem to see any. There's enough of 'em come to Boston to live since I was here last, forty years ago, to make a fair-sized city."

"How did you happen to come up this time yourself?"

"Well, now, I'll tell ye. You see, this Mr. Snyder, he preached to Barnstable one Summer, and I knew him well; Lord, yes, went to his church. So when this play of his came here he wrote to me, and he says: 'You better come up to Boston as my guest,' he says, 'and see it.'

"And here I be. Forty years since I was here before, and all that time I've driven the carriage down to the station. 'Tain't so dull as it sounds; we have lots of fun there. The Summer company, you know. Some of 'em is that mean you can't do any thin' with 'em, but they're all funny.

"One 'oman sent for me one day; wanted me to carry her purse down to another part of the town. Two miles up there it was, and two miles to where she was going. And right near train time.

"Well, I went soon's ever I could, but it was an hour or so. An', sir, she says, 'When I send for you, you are to come instantly,' says she.

"My Godfrey! I says to her: 'Since when,' says I, 'was I your dog to be whistled in, madam?' says I. 'Bringing folks up here from the train is accommodation,' says I, 'but taking of 'em two miles ain't. Now, the next time you want your purse sent anywhere on the instant of time,' says I, 'you just get a wheelbarrer an' put her in and take her there.' My Godfrey! She was too mad to speak.

Too Busy for Wire.

"There was another one of 'em came down on the train with three domestics. She had wired for her carriage, but I knew the man didn't get her telegram, because there was nobody to carry it up but me and I was too busy tendin' the trains. So when she comes down, lo and behold, there wasn't no carriage there. So she asks if the servants can go up in my carriage and I says, 'Git right in.' 'But how'll I go?' says she. 'Git right in, git right in,' says I, 'there's plenty of room.' 'But I can't ride up in the same carriage with the servants,' says she. 'My Godfrey! Woman alive,' says I, 'ye came down on the same train with 'em, didn't ye?'"

The captain's chat was interspersed with remarks on modern Boston as the cab rolled along, and though he was interested in all the growth and modern [illegible] of the city his talk showed plainly that he was no simple-minded countryman gawking in astonishment at every street sight. Indeed his experience has been world-wide.

He is bred of that race of navigators which has made Cape Cod known through the seven seas. "The fellers that rowed Washington across the Delaware was all brothers of mine," he says, and he took to the water before he was out of his teens. He sailed in square riggers in the East India and Pacific coast trades and worked his way from the boy's berth to the skipper's cabin.

In an interval he worked for the Wells Fargo express people in San Francisco. Then he found he had all the money and all the sea-going he wanted, and he retired comfortably, "so's to get a whole night's sleep," he says.

"I want to see how they get out a newspaper," said Captain Smith. "I read the BOSTON AMERICAN, and I've sent pictures up by the early train, and got 'em back on the same day in the paper. I don't see how they do it."

A short trip was made through the AMERICAN'S plant, and the captain marvelled at the processes. "Seems like the thing you spend most to save," was his comment, "was time."

Visits Stock Exchange.

Then he wanted to see the stock exchange. "Crazy scene," he murmured, leaning on the rail of the gallery and staring down at the shouting throng below. "Crazy, I guess. Some of 'em go in with money and others come out without any, I suppose."

"Often it's the same man going and coming, captain."

"Well, they haven't got any of mine," said Captain Smith, smiling shrewdly.

A billboard advertising "As Ye Sow," the play he had come all the way to Boston for the first time in so many years, caught his eye. It showed the lifeboat putting off to the wrecked [illegible].

"It seems," said the captain, "how that [illegible] knew about this sort of thing. [illegible] never went out in no life [illegible], but he's drawn it true to life. Those fellers are just a bendin' of their oars, and you can see how the sea cocks her up so's to git her stern out o' water. Oh, I know; I didn't suppose he made this picture himself, but he must have given them the idea."

The captain cocked one eye aloft and announced the sun had crossed the yard arm. But he wouldn't take a drink. "Ner smoke," he added. He would eat, however, and did. The afternoon was put in at a variety theatre.

A rathskeller was suggested.

"I don't know what it is," said the captain, "but I'll do it. I'm here to do anything there is to do, except I don't take nothing. Ner smoke."

"Kind of funny to go down into a cellar to a dining room?" asked a reporter, trying to work up Cyrus for copy. Cyrus was on, however, and froze the young man good naturedly.

"Lots of 'em in 'Frisco," said he, smiling.

The oysters caught his critical eye. "Bet you they're Cotuits," he said. They were.

Then the world-traveled captain met for the first time in his seventy-two years [illegible]. [illegible] he tried it not at all gingerly, however, and the steak lost.

He waited for a car on a corner, and the cars didn't come for a moment or so.

Sees "As Ye Sow."

"We haven't so many cars on the Cape," said Cyrus, "but by Godfrey they run oftener." An automobile was suggested. "No, siree, sir," said the captain. "Don't git me in one of them. We have more of 'em on the Cape than [illegible] these days [illegible] I'd take no comfort in them. You take it on a fast vessel at sea and if anything goes wrong you can git overboard and there you are nice and easy, but if one of these autos goes wrong where are you? I've seen 'em turn over on a sandy road. But you'll never see one turn over with me in it, because I ain't going to git in."

Crawls Under Rope.

Coming out, the captain made his only "break." A cord across the aisle separated the front from the back of the orchestra stalls. When Cyrus reached it he tried to unhook it, but fumbled and gave it up. Seeing no other way he got down in the aisle and crawled under the rope, to the huge amusement of the audience.

A planked steak at the American House.

"I like it," said the captain. "I like it because there's so many different things. I don't get tired watching one thing. And you git a chance to sit down."

Cyrus B. Smith of Cape Cod.

Mr. Snyder met his guest in the lobby of the Majestic, and produced checks for a box. The captain followed obediently, but balked when he found he was "fenced off behind," as he put it. It was explained that the boxes were better because one could see better, move about, and sit in a chair instead of a seat.

"'Minds me of the woman who wouldn't ride with her servants," said he.

"She's a Cape Codder, all right," said he in delight, as Hulda Cushing appeared. "And he's a Cape Codder. I know a man who might be this one himself," he laughed as the deacon of "As Ye Sow" got up from the case of eggs on which he sat.

"But that town crier ain't no Cape Codder," he added a moment later. "Mr. Snyder must have got him from over in Nantucket; that's the only place I know near the Cape where's a crier."

Storm Appeals to Him.

The storm in the second act appealed most to the captain. When it was over he sat back in his chair. "Seen it at sea, just exactly like that," said he, "an' and come up jest so quick, blow and rain, swear and flash and smash, and all over again 'fore the sea had more'n a chance to git its back up. But they can do awful damage in that short a time.

"What I can't see is how they git it to rain like that. That sort of work is all new to me. I've been to theatres in every port I touched, but I guess they've improved things since forty years ago."

And when the play was done, Cyrus B. Smith, able seaman, navigator of the depot carriage, wit and critic, gave Mr. Snyder the most appreciated compliment he has received for his play since it came to Boston.

"By Godfrey," said the skipper, "you [illegible] that's what you done. You made me believe I was right in some village down our way. The folks was the sort of folks we have and though I couldn't [illegible] the town [illegible] the look of it, it was just as natural as home.

"I did hate that infernal jealous feller, too, and I'll bet he never did amount to much. And as for that sassy girl and the young feller that was station operator and expressman and all that, I know some young folks down the Cape that I'll have [illegible] every time I see 'em, thinking of these of yours."

"And I [illegible]," said the captain finally, "[illegible] another forty. This [illegible] good."

Society News and Gossip

Continued from Page 25

Newport

Newport, R. I., Nov. 4.—Mrs. Charles Glen Collins, wife of Captain Glen Collins, is back in Newport, where she was so well known as Miss Nathalie Pendleton Schenck. She with her baby boy, George, are guests of the Reggie Vanderbilts at Sandy Point farm. Little George and Kathleen Vanderbilt are to be photographed together.

Mrs. Whitney Warren and her pretty daughter, Miss Charlotte Warren, are being welcomed back to Newport and New York, after a trip abroad which caused considerable speculation among the Newport smart set. Few have been entrusted with the secret that custom house officials held up Mrs. Warren and her daughter four hours after their arrival. After a wearying session with the inspectors, Mrs. Warren pleaded to be permitted to depart in time to catch a late train for Newport, and this was granted. Among other things brought out of the twelve trunks by the inspectors was a wedding trousseau bearing the names Doucet, Worth, Paquin and Veron, famous Parisian makers. Before the departure of the Warrens for Europe gossip had it that Miss Warren would shortly marry Mr. James Hazen Hyde. The Warrens have been at their Clay street villa in Newport for some days, but their stay is reported to be only of temporary duration.

Mrs. Richard Gambrill has completed her Newport stay and gone to New York. Mrs. Gambrill, who owns a fine place on Bellevue avenue, the real estate of which was formerly the property of James R. Keene, continues one of the handsomest and most interesting widows in Newport cottage life. Mrs. Gambrill is a sister of Mrs. Giraud Foster, whose husband owns a handsome Italian villa at Lenox.

Mrs. William G. Roelker, who is shortly expected back from her flying European trip, will come at once to Newport and join Mr. Roelker at Hawxhurst villa on Kay street to remain until New Year and perhaps longer before returning to their home in New York.

Lewiston

Lewiston, Nov. 4.—An important society event for Auburn was the home wedding on Monday, when Miss Ada Chase, daughter of Mr. George W. Chase of Elm street, was married to Everett Bickford. Rev. R. E. Gilkey officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Bickford are spending their honeymoon in Boston.

Frank P. Wagg of South Lewiston, Bates, '01, has been elected principal of the Webster Grammar school in Everett, Mass., and will begin his duties next week.

The Rev. W. J. Taylor of the First Universalist Church has returned from Minneapolis, where he delivered an address at the convention of Universalists.

On Wednesday afternoon the recently organized club formed by the women of the Bates faculty and the wives of the professors met with the dean of the women, Miss Caroline E. Libby, at the new dormitory. The name adopted is "The Bates Needle Club." Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn has been elected president and Miss Constance Gutterson secretary.

Worcester

Worcester, Nov. 4.—The most fashionable Catholic wedding of the season was solemnized this week in St. Peter's Church when Miss Anna M. Kehoe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kehoe, No. 1,044 Main street, was married to Alderman John J. Power, a contractor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Daniel H. O'Neil, pastor of the church.

The bride was attended by her three sisters, Miss Elizabeth A. Kehoe as maid of honor, and Miss Elizabeth G. and Miss [illegible] Kehoe as bridesmaids. William [illegible] Power, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers at the church were William F. Kehoe, brother of the bride; George Power, brother of the groom; J. Frederick Donnelly, Dr. James McDonald, Edward P. Fitzgeralds and Edward J. Fitzpatrick.

After the ceremony at the church a reception was held at the home of the bride. Guests were present from Providence, Milford, Boston, Quincy, Marlboro, Holyoke and Clinton. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kehoe and the groom's mother, Mrs. Nora Power, received.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Power left on their wedding trip. On their return they will live at No. 1 Granite street.

Miss Anna Ines Taft, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Pond Taft, No. 28 Windsor street, and Benjamin F. Feit of Boston, formerly of this city, were married Tuesday night at St. John's Episcopal Church, by Rev. Eliot White, the rector. Palms and chrysanthemums were used in decorating the church.

Magnolia

Magnolia, Nov. 4.—Mrs. Frederick R. Sears, Jr., has been spending part of the week at Coolidge's Point visiting her brother, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr. The Coolidges will open their town house the middle of next week, and though the marble palace here will be kept open all Winter for week ends, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge will return to their Back Bay home for the Winter.

The S. V. R. Crosbys, the P. M. Stanwoods, the E. S. Grews, the Andrew Carnegie, 2nds, and the Stones are among the week's departures.

Beverly Farms

Beverly Farms, Nov. 4.—Mrs. Nathaniel S. Simpkins gave a pretty Halloween party for her young son, William, at her cottage Tuesday evening, a number of the boys and girls of the Summer contingent who are tardy in leaving for town being invited in.

Dr. Morton Prince, who has been at the Boardman cottage, and the Frank B. Bemises, who have been spending the Fall at the Jumbo cottage, left Thursday for Boston.

Portland

Portland, Nov. 4.—Under the auspices of the College Club of this city, a course of lectures is being given on Wednesdays at the Advent [illegible]. Miss [illegible] Tinker of Boston, the speaker, is entertained by Mrs. J. W. D. Carter of Spring street during her visits here.

Mrs. J. S. Winslow and the Misses Winslow will be at the Lafayette Hotel this Winter. Miss Elizabeth Winslow will be presented to society.

Mrs. Blake White of New York, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles D. Merrill of Pine street, has been entertained at many social functions.

Dr. William H. Bolton, recently of this city, and [illegible] of Portland were married in St. Louis.

Professor William R. Chapman, director of the Maine music festivals, has been seriously ill at the Eye and Ear Infirmary.

The following list of persons lately married will receive their friends in November: After November 1, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thomas Freeman, No. 14 Monument street; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Talbot Kendall, No. 15 Pine street; Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wyman Phillips, No. 356 Forest avenue; Mr. and Mrs. George Hilliard Philbrook, No. 718 [illegible] street; Dr. and Mrs. Frank Pierce [illegible], No. 505 Washington avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Hatch, No. 19 Cumberland avenue; Rev. and Mrs. Charles M. [illegible], No. 146 Cumberland avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Corey, No. 16 Merrill street, are receiving after November 15. Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Hale Boody, No. 1245 Congress street, are holding at homes on Wednesdays.

Beverly Cove

Beverley Cove, Nov. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. L. Carteret Fenno have gone to Lenox, Mass., for the month, but their cottage on the North Shore they will keep open practically all Winter for week ends.

The Alexander Cochranes, the W. S. Spauldings and the Colonel C. L. Pearsons were among the Thursday departures.

William A. Slater has just purchased at Beverly Cove the picturesque Summer home of Dr. Charles T. Parker on Prince street and will occupy it next season.

Pride's Crossing

Pride's Crossing, Nov. 4.—The John L. Saltonstalls, the Harcourt Amorys, the Isaac R. Thomases and the T. E. Proctors were among the week's departures from this section of the North Shore.

Francis Bartlett and family returned to Boston to-day. The Bartlett estate is the heaviest taxed on the Beverly shore, the levy amounting to almost $8,000.

Providence

Providence, Nov. 4.—Mrs. Amos C. Barstow announces a series of Saturday receptions [illegible] this month at her residence, No. [illegible] street.

At the Monday whist and afternoon tea at the Agawam Hunt Club were the following society people: Mrs. Samuel M. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Littlefield, Mrs. F. P. Richmond, Miss Ethel Chapin, Miss Harriet Hazard, Miss Mary Lewis, Miss Henry B. Dexing.

The largest and most fashionable audience of the season saw Monday evening's production of "The College Widow" at the Providence Opera House. Among those who gave box parties was Miss Emily Aldrich, whose guests were Miss Conner, Miss May Grant, Miss Martha Hale, Douglas Mercer and Evan Owen. Miss Virginia Shepley's guests were Miss Georgia F. Fiske, Miss Carolyn Peck, Miss Mather, Stephen Ames and Leonard Tingley.

Halloween was marked by quite a number of entertainments. Not the least attractive was that given by Miss Ruth Ely in honor of her guest, Miss Elizabeth Trescott of Washington, D. C. Among the guests were the Misses Mather, Miss Rowena Campbell, Mrs. Buffum, Edward R. Barrows, Edward F. Ely, Harry Stiness, [illegible] Richmond, George Briggs.

Miss Esther Tillinghast gave another delightful party at the home of her aunt, Mrs. H. A. Tillinghast, on Hope street, pumpkins and colored peppers predominating in the color scheme, with pippins and paper souvenirs. The Misses Peck assisted Miss Tillinghast in receiving.

At their Summer home, Oakland Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Milton D. Brown entertained Tuesday evening in honor of their guests, Miss Alice Leslie, Swampscott, Mass.; Miss Barbara Stowe of Newtonville, Mass., and Miss Grace Ayling of Arizona.

The Attleboros

The North Attleboro Country Club held its last social event of the season at the clubhouse Monday evening. A turkey supper was served, followed by dancing. The committee in charge consisted of J. E. Judson, Herbert J. Straker, Orin W. Clifford and Fred B. Brigham.

Miss Florence Dispeau gave a Hallowe'en party to a number of her friends in Columbus Hall, North Attleboro, Tuesday evening. The hall was beautifully decorated with jack-o-lanterns and other weird objects, and several of the dancers carried small lanterns during the dance.

The Kamla, North Attleboro's "400" club, will meet to-morrow with Mrs. Whiting. Mrs. Leland will give an address on "The Duty of Happiness." Music will be furnished by Miss Blackinton, Mrs. Bullard, Miss Perry, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Melcher, the latter of Boston. Mrs. Whiting will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Gerould, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Sturdy.

Stories of Success in New England—No. 6

Thomas W. Lawson, Famous Boston Financier, Says the Secret Is to Make Sure of Ideal and Then Follow It.

This unusual and picturesque interview by Thomas W. Lawson is the sixth article in the series, "Stories of New England Success," which is appearing from week to week in the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN. Previous interviews have appeared with Major-General William A. Bancroft, President James L. Richards of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, Colonel William A. Gaston, Governor Douglas and former Governor John L. Bates. Others will appear each week.

By J. Frank Davis.

"I don't believe any human being ever was a success by accident. I don't believe success can be gripped without one first identifies his ideal, then it's play. It may seem like work or hardship to the onlooker, but to the to-be winner it's just play."

It went without saying that when Thomas W. Lawson might have to say of the secrets of success would be picturesque. More than likely it would be highly original. Certainly it would be a valuable addition to the collection of successful men's advice. No man questions that Lawson has been materially successful; few people would say he was not a success from any standpoint. And the Lawson style of epigram does not get tedious—except to certain ones who see darkly through an oily medium.

He scoffed to a degree at my request.

"My experience in bumping up against men and things on this rapidly revolving ball of earth and theory has shown me that the easiest thing to do is to tell other people how to be successful," he said.

"I never started to hand out a dime to a bum who had presented me the opportunity of making a long-time investment of 'A nickel for the love of God, sir,' but he repaid me with 'If you'll just add ninety cents to that dime, I'll show you how to turn it into a V while you wait.' I had never got further than the second lesson in 'How to Turn a Hundred into a Thousand in the Stock Market,' but my clients from the country, who had never seen the tape uncurl or listened to the magic chirping of the ticker, called a halt that he might give us the real thing in 'How to Stand Wall Street on Its Head Long Enough to Tie Its Heels Together and Go Through Its Jeans.'

As To "Good Intentions."

"We have all heard of Wall Street—I think it is Wall Street—being paved with good intentions, but all the late wireless messages from his Black Majesty's realm tend to explode the theory and confirm the one that the pavements are compressed 'How To Be Successful' recipes. I repeat, it is dead easy for anyone with a gift of gab to give the world the real-thing recipe for 'How I Made Myself a Success.' All he needs besides the flow of words is the opportunity to get them in the papers."

It was in "Tom" Lawson's suite of rooms at Young's Hotel, amid the flowers, the bric-a-brac and the sculptured elephants, and as he talked of success he gave the best kind of a demonstration of one of the ways he has attained it.

At least three times he was interrupted by the entrance of his secretary with cards or messages, to which, for the second, he gave his undivided attention. At least twenty times he answered one or another of the telephones on his table, and sharply and concisely passed judgment on business transactions, or issued orders to buy or sell in the market. Once he excused himself for five minutes and rapidly dictated a letter that could not wait.

After every interruption he came back to the exact point where he had left off in his homily on success, without hesitation or fogginess.

Marvel of Energy.

"Tom" Lawson is a marvel of concentration and energy. It isn't given to every man to be a financier, a philosopher, a brilliant writer of picturesque English, and an enthusiast over a half-dozen fads of flowers and farms, live stock and statues, landscape gardening and yachts. Yet to watch Lawson at his work you could readily believe that he could add a dozen more things to his list and do them all well, without letting any piece of the machinery jar into another, if the days were only each forty-eight hours long.

Whatever he says, this is one of his great secrets of success, that he works eighteen hours a day.

It is another that when he has something to do—whether it be a deal of millions in the market, a chapter of his story that will be read and praised and picked to pieces by hundreds of thousands, or talking characteristically to a newspaper man on a subject suddenly thrown at him in the middle of a busy afternoon—he does it thoroughly and as well as he can.

He spoke with some disdain of the conventional advice regarding the achievement of success.

"For a number of years, at irregular intervals, with thousands of other readers, I have been entertained and instructed by one of our great citizen business princes on 'How I Became Successful,' 'What a Young Man Should Do to Get to the Ladder Top' and so forth and so forth," he said. "The formula always reads like the real thing, and I have no doubt many thousands or millions of the rising generation are whittling out pegs to fit the eleven-cornered holes diagrammed by the particular instructor in 'Success' I refer to.

"It happened to be my misfortune a few years ago, when this instructor was a struggling salaried officer of a business institution, to get a peep at his real formula for success.

"Borrowed" from Institution.

"His salary was not sufficient to pay the house rent for a little home in the suburbs, where his wife and children lived and prayed every night that he would slip back none of the ladder rounds, and at the same time the rent of a superb little flat in a Tremont street apartment house, and properly clothe and feed the two little families and pay club dues and church dues and cold-bottle-and-hot-brid dues, and leave anything over for poker losses and other now-and-then flyers. Therefore, to make both ends meet, he 'borrowed' from his institution, 'just a little at a time,' until one bleak, early December night he realized that his formula for success allowed him just so many days to make good or the examiner on his first-of-the-year rounds would order him up to the captain's office.

"Our instructor on 'Success' and prince of business men thought long and seriously on just the proper way to adjust his situation to his formula, and, as he afterwards explained to an intimate, he 'flipped a penny; heads, throw up my hands and take my medicine; tails, grab all the cash in sight and make one stock market plunge.' And it came tails.

"He plunged with $100,000 of the institution's money, and he won, and won big, and has never stopped winning since. He is president to-day of the institution he robbed; his wife and children are big guns in the community; the little flat has been transformed to a big mansion in New York, over which a gaudy dowager presides and publicly mourns her long-departed husband.

"While I read in this particular formula for 'Success' much of honesty, sobriety, religion and morality, I search the different effusions for little flats, poker games and flipped stock market plunges."

Writes Just As He Talks.

Did you ever know what is the greatest secret of the success of "Tom" Lawson's writings? It is that he writes just as he talks, and talks just as he writes. If all the newspaper writers could learn to put down on paper just what they would say if somebody asked them to tell about the happening they are at work on, what a difference it would make in their incomes! It has been said in criticism of Lawson's pen style that he uses quaint and picturesque construction, with unusually long sentences and many quotation marks and coined adjectives. Bless you, that isn't a point to criticize. He talks exactly the same way—or more so.

"On my word," he went on, after a buzzing telephone had taken his attention for three or four minutes, "it is easy to give the growing generation formulas for success. For my part I would want someone to first define 'Success' before I would dare hazard a recipe for its attainment."

"You know hundreds of men who are regarded as highly successful. How did they get there?"

Mr. Lawson laughed. "Some of the biggest political successes I have ever known were the result of getting down on one's belly early in life and industriously staying there through any and all changes of weather.

"The biggest business successes, measured by dollars, that I have investigated, were due to steadfast, never-tiring, relentless pursuit of their neighbor's goods, regardless of all the laws of God and all those of man which could be shot around, jumped over or crawled under."

"But your idea?"

"Form Ideal Early in Life.

"My own idea of success is the selection or invention early in life of an ideal, and getting to it—getting to it regardless of the cost.

"The man who selects or invents his ideal and gets to it is a success, never mind what the world calls him.

"President Eliot of Harvard is a success; so is John D. Rockefeller. I once knew a Boston barkeeper, who was as much of a success as either. Every man who came to his bar liked the drinks he handed out a bit more than any other drink he ever tasted, and every man liked the man who handed them out a bit more than any other concoctor of drinks he ever ran up against. He could dispense liquid refreshments a bit further into the clouds, and decant them in deeper darkness, than any other, and, as he had never tasted liquors himself, he could philosophize an ever-the-bar customer out of his hankering for further exhilaration and on to the road home in less and pleasanter time than any other thirst-quencher. The ideal he had selected early in life was not the one some of us would pick, but after he picked it he got next to it in record time, and stayed there.

"For my part, I would rather fill President Eliot's shoes to a silk-hose fit than be John D. Rockefeller or the 'bar-keep,' but that is simply a matter of taste, perhaps of environment. The-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar success is no more one case as in the other.

Thomas W. Lawson of Boston and of "Frenzied Finance" fame.

"I have seen many successful men in my day, but the two greatest successes I know you will laugh, and so will your readers—were, first (and I put them in the order of completeness), Ralph Waldo Emerson, and, next, J. Reel Whipple, the Boston hotel man.

"Mind you, I know but little about the business of either of them, but I do know that if I had selected literature as my ideal, I would have stood on my bind heels days and on the headboard nights, trying to be an Emerson; and if I had chosen to be an ideal Boniface, I would have pushed and pulled early and late to get J. Reel Whipple's formula."

After an interruption that lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, Mr. Lawson came back to his subject. Speaking more slowly and thoughtfully, he said:

Make Sure of Your Ideal.

"My idea of how to be a success is to calmly and coolly sit down with yourself early in life, turn your face to the blank wall and sit until you are sure you have your ideal. It may take a long time and be the toughest job you ever tackled, but don't leave it until you have it well photographed.

"Then turn about, put your face toward the sun and keep it there. When the sun goes down, face the moon. If it is not up, pick out the biggest, brightest star, and if none shows through the clouds keep both eyes on them until they sail by. And in every sun, moon, star and cloud see nothing but your ideal.

"Pay no attention to the other fellow's ideal. Let him have it all himself, but see yours at all times, waking, sleeping and in between.

"Hobnob with that ideal, work for it, fight for it, pray for it, and when you have it, fondle it, venerate and worship it. If necessary, go in rags for it, starve for it, sail water, fire and hell for it. Never lose it; never let it lose you, and—you'll get it, or if perchance you stub your toe and find yourself sailing the 'big river,' it will keep you company on the long, black voyage and will be a passport St. Peter will know when you get to the big gate all ideal chasers reach.

"My advice to all those just starting to travel life's turnpike is:

"Don't start until you have your ideal. Then don't stop until you get it. Then it won't matter to you whether the world labels it 'success' or 'failure.'"

"According to your belief a great many men are successes whom the world never regards so?" I said as I shook hands at the door.

"I read the other day," said Mr. Lawson, "of the double back somersault turner who had reached the pinnacle. He turned a triple without breaking his neck as all others before him had. He was a success just as much as President Roosevelt, who can do anything he starts out to do, and who never starts out to do anything he knows he cannot do."

"Tom" Lawson's Rule for Success

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The policy is for one year, and you are not required to send in any more money. But you must save the following FREE COUPON every Sunday, which keeps you insured for the week.

Fill in this coupon, then cut it out and keep it until next Sunday:

KEEP THIS COUPON AT HOME UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY

Sunday American-Journal-Examiner

FREE COUPON
$100.00 Insurance

Sunday, NOV. 5, 1905

If you are registered keep this coupon, and in case of accidental injury this week, mail THIS coupon with statement of the accident and NUMBER OF YOUR POLICY to the United States Casualty Company, 141 Broadway, New York City.

☞ Save this Coupon, which keeps you insured for this week; next Sunday's Coupon for next week. A new Coupon each week. Keep this Coupon until next Sunday.

CONDITIONS OF THE POLICY.

THE UNITED STATES CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK, provided the Insured shall have in his possion the free insurance coupon taken from one of the Hearst Sunday Newspapers (the New York Sunday American and Journal, or the Boston American, or the Chicago American, or the San Francisco Examiner, or the Los Angeles Examiner, or Das Morgen Journal), bearing date of the Sunday next preceding the day of the accident, WILL PAY

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

If the Insured sustains a bodily injury effected exclusively by external and violent and accidental means which shall cause the DEATH of the Insured; and providing such injury occurs:

(1) While actually riding as a passenger in a railroad car or steamboat or public automobile or omnibus, or
(2) While actually riding as a passenger in a passenger elevator, or
(3) While actually riding as a passenger in a conveyance drawn by one or more horses (but not a working or a business vehicle, or
(4) By being struck while walking on a public highway by such a conveyance, or
(5) While within a burning dwelling house or a barn or hotel or theatre, and the Insured is burned by fire or suffocated by smoke (but not a fireman, policeman or watchman), or
(6) While actually riding in a private automobile, if not the hired chauffeur.

Should such accident NOT cause the death of the Insured, but be the cause of any one of the following disablements, the United States Casualty Company will pay for:

LOSS OF BOTH HANDS (by actual and complete severance at or above the wrists)..... $50.00
LOSS OF BOTH FEET (by actual and complete severance at or above the ankles)..... $50.00
LOSS OF BOTH EYES (by actual and total and permanent loss of sight) $50.00

And subject to the usual conditions of insurance policies.

REMEMBER—

No person shall hold more than one policy; and persons under 16 or over 65 years of age will not be insured.

If you send your ten cents in STAMPS (instead of money) BE CAREFUL not to stick them to the registration blank; just drop them in loose and dry into the letter.

Danderine

GREW MISS LEWIS' HAIR
AND WE CAN
PROVE IT

The Great Danderine Never Fails to Produce the Desired Results

MISS Lewis' hair was very thin and it was less than two feet in length when she began using Danderine. She says her hair and scalp are now fairly teeming with new life and vigor. That's the main secret of this great remedy's success as a hair grower. It enlivens, invigorates and fairly electrifies the hair glands and tissues of the scalp, causing unusual and unheard-of activity on the part of these two most important organs, resulting in a strenuous and continuous growth of the hair.

The following is a reproduction of Miss Lewis' last letter:

January 3, 1905.

Dear Doctor Knowlton:—
You know I told you in my first letter that my hair would not reach much below my shoulders, and that all of it together only made one tiny braid.
I am sending you my photograph, which I had taken at Stevens Bros. It tells the whole story better than I can tell it.
Everybody I know is using Danderine, so you see I am doing something to show my appreciation.
Sincerely yours, (Miss) EVA LEWIS.

Latest Photograph of MISS EVA LEWIS
3978 Hamilton Avenue, Chicago

Danderine makes the scalp healthy and fertile and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp fertilizer and therefore the greatest hair-producing remedy the world has ever known. It is a natural food and a wholesome medicine for both the hair and scalp. Even a 25c bottle of it will put more genuine life in your hair than a gallon of any other hair tonic ever made. It shows results from the very start.

NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1, per bottle

FREE. To show how quickly Danderine acts we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

THE PRODIGAL SON

He Soars Over the City in an Airship and Writes in High Vein

WENDELL PHILLIPS SUMNER, who is touring Boston after years of absence, sails over the city in an airship, and writes for the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN how the city looks from an altitude even higher than the Good Government Association.

BOSTON looks down on all the rest of the world, but Hobe and me have looked down on Boston. We had to go up in a flying machine to do it.

"It takes a fly man to take a raise out of this town, but any jay can get a fall there," said Hobe, as he took up a post of vantage on the hurricane deck of the Welsh Rarebit. That was the name of the aerial craft. It also explains how the inventor got his nightmare.

"Whenever," said Hobe, "a man makes his home of thought the cloister for one idea, he is likely to get into the Danvers home for parsnips or try for high office in an airship."

"In the early history of aeronautics," said Professor Chick Mooney, the altitudinarian conductor, "they used only hot air as an accession projector, but now gas is the real thing. Gas is a great piece of goods. You'll find it in about everything. There are two kinds of gas in water."

"If there's as much gas in water," said John B. Moran, "as there is water in gas stock, it accounts for aqua pura rising to the cloud factory. They ought to get Addicks and a few others of that coterie to establish a capitalization plant in Arizona. It would save 2 million miles of irrigation ditches."

While we were sailing over Bunker Hill, Professor Henry Fluhbeiner climbed the mainmast and began his lecture.

Boose Deadlier Than the Bullet

"Below us," says he, "we see the lofty obelisk erected to commemorate the place where Revolutionary sires fit the British. The next time the armed cohorts of the King of England landed at the base of that historic mount 128 years had got by, and the Ancients had assembled to capture them. The result of the second conflict showed that booze is deadlier than the bullet.

"Boston was built on three hills, but something mellow prevented the population from taking up permanent abode on any of them. After the quinine was able to burn two languages they cut down Fort Hill altogether; Copp's Hill they used to bury the dead, although Ward 6 causes lists do not indicate that anybody ever died in the North End, and on Beacon Hill they built a large yellow building to provide quarters for the men sent from Cape Cod and the Berkshires to govern Boston.

"The original settler in Boston was a clergyman and his name is in the mouths of many. They took it to christen a cigar. There was a time in Boston when it was against the law to smoke on the streets, and a man was held godless if he kissed his wife on Sunday. There are men here now who think every day is the Sabbath at heart, but cut it out of the calendar on the outside.

"City Hall is the finest public building in School street. It looks as if it ought to be cleaned, but the people have never authorized the job by vote. School street was so named because it was the site of the first schoolhouse in Boston. Very few of the population know enough about English to spell it, and so the town showed its reverence for the dead past by instructing the youth in Latin. There has been strong talk of moving City Hall to some other spot. If here a conception on one side, the old court house in the rear and horseware in front of it. That is a gauntlet no politician can expect to run in safety. Tommy Keenan wanted to move the Hall to the Public Garden after Alvah Peters prevented him from flying the Green Flag on it on Patrick's Day, but compromised by erecting the Colonel Cass monument. The first monument fixed a church, but the latest edition was shifted to watch millinery shops, on one side, the old court house in the rear and horseware in front of it. That is a gauntlet no politician can expect to run in safety. Tommy Keenan wanted to move the Hall to the Public Garden after Alvah Peters prevented him from flying the Green Flag on it on Patrick's Day, but compromised by erecting the Colonel Cass monument. The first monument fixed a church, but the latest edition was shifted to watch millinery shops, on one side, the old court house in the rear and horseware in front of it. That is a gauntlet no politician can expect to run in safety. Tommy Keenan wanted to move the Hall to the Public Garden after Alvah Peters prevented him from flying the Green Flag on it on Patrick's Day, but compromised by erecting the Colonel Cass monument. The first monument fixed a church, but the latest edition was shifted to watch millinery shops, on one side, the old court house in the rear and horseware in front of it. That is a gauntlet no politician can expect to run in safety. Tommy Keenan wanted to move the Hall to the Public Garden after Alvah Peters prevented him from flying the Green Flag on it on Patrick's Day, but compromised by erecting the Colonel Cass monument. The first monument fixed a church, but the latest edition was shifted to watch millinery shops.

Where Lawson Slings English.

"The old State House is at the head of a thoroughfare where they captured Captain Kidd, the pirate. Out of regard for the fitness of things they built the Stock Exchange near the spot. Tom Lawson practices literature there, and you have to go deeper than the East Boston tunnel to get on the ground floor of financial operations in the neighborhood. It is a dangerous place for all hands and may bank president who tries to do too much business.

"The old State House is opposite a building built by a man named Sears, who came from Cape Cod and got to be the richest man in the city. A youth from his ancestral home came into his store one day with a hard luck recital and talked so long he drove the proprietor to the till. "These Cape Cod boys are great fellows to get ahead," remarked a friend to the merchant. "Yes," said Mr. Sears, 'and there goes one who got fifty cents ahead of me.'

"That long alcoque street bears the name of the Father of His Country. It is where the women spend all the money that the men make anywhere else in town. There are also a few small printing presses on the thoroughfare. If you want to see the biggest in the world go down to the BOSTON AMERICAN office on Summer street. The newspaper press is the most powerful in the world—"

"Except," said Hobe, "the one that works off the long green for the United States treasury."

"Boston has a severe climate and you never can tell what kind of weather is coming, but it looks like a hard Fall on Washington street between Summer and Winter if they don't brace up the subway sag in the roadway.

Famous for Its Political Crop.

"That thickly settled peninsula is mapped as South Boston. It used to be a fine farming section, but they never produced an agricultural crop as numerous as the politicians. There are more candidates for the Common Council in South Boston than seats in Marine Park. General Washington had to go there to drive the British out of the city. They left Boston on the Seventeenth of March and the Irish have been coming here ever since. It comes natural for South Boston men to go into politics, get contracts and move to Dorchester.

"This large structure facing a small park is the Franklin Square House, which is tenanted by 500 young women who can all talk and eat at the same time. The meal-time symphony sounds like a Wagnerian overture executed by a coffee grinder. Vacant rooms are occasionally to be had in the House, but there is no recorded instance of a cozening parlor being left unoccupied. That the percentage of weddings is so small is a sad reflection on the taste of Boston men.

Where John L. Had His Home.

"The rocky stretch of country below was called Roxbury because there are so many rocks there. It is the home of John L. Sullivan, who believed in patronizing local industries. It was here that they began the task of converting Indians. Rallies at the Cabot street bathhouse show the work was not wholly successful.

"Below us stretches the magnificent domain known as Franklin Park, because the man who invented the cook stove and kited electricity instead of notes gave the money which paid for the land. The donation by Franklin was intended to establish young mechanics in business, but like all money contributed by the municipality, the politicians wouldn't consent to anybody taking it away but themselves. People who believe in the Dock Trust charges will be astonished to learn that there is half a million left which Aldermen have not spent."

"Below us," says he, "we see the lofty obelisk erected to commemorate the place where Revolutionary sires fit the British. The result of the second conflict showed that booze is deadlier than the bullet."

WHY GIRLS ARE DESERTING MILL TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND

Where are the mill workers of New England? Why is it that the mill hand section of the United States is running short of hands?

At the session of the National Cotton Spinners' Association, held recently in Boston, the following statement was made:

"There is a steadily growing disposition on the part of the parents of children and young people in mill centres to keep their children away from the mills because of the lack of elevating conditions and because of the small wages, and this is shown by the scarcity of help, particularly young men and women, in every mill district of the country where cotton spinners are employed."

Fall River alone is 10,000 short of what it should be in mill hands at present. Where are they?

The depopulation of Fall River as well as of other milling towns is due to the fact that wages were so low that the people had to leave—and when they did they invariably found more desirable conditions elsewhere, and so did not return after the strike was settled.

As to what happened many of the girls, one who was on the ground all through the recent strike says that at that time there was a carefully and covertly worked scheme afoot to get hundreds of the young Fall River mill girls to go to Rumford, Me., to the paper bag factories. Rumford being a small town in need of new population.

The girls' fares were paid there, comfortable board, including laundry and doctors' bills was assured them, and they were paid wages somewhat better than they could get at home. The result was that the girls took kindly to Rumford, great numbers of them marrying and settling down there—just as the promoters of the pretty scheme expected they would.

With Good Samaritans.

Miss Gertrude Madden, one of the girls who went out West collecting funds for the strikers during the last strike and who is willing to go again should it be necessary, is one of the best leaders of the labor union movement among women and is corresponding secretary of the Women's Union Label League.

Of the scarcity of mill hands—girls especially—Miss Madden says that at the time of the strike many of them fell into the hands of good Samaritans, who gave them comfortable homes and good positions for them in the business world.

One particularly pretty and intelligent young girl who is now a bookkeeper in Dorchester, says she found her way from Parmitory into Paradise, when she stepped from the cobble pavements of the mill to further declares that if she had a mill hand sister she would not hesitate a day to help to relieve the conditions of the mill workers.

In answer to the ever recurring question, "Where shall we work in greater numbers and more unpopular, do not girls take up domestic service?" Miss Mary Kenney, who is general secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, Miss Madden, Miss Barrett and others of an interesting experiment undertaken by the Boston branch of the Women's Trade Union League, which asks the question of 150 intelligent girls in the grades of housekeeper among them for other work than domestic service.

By Gertrude Barnum.

When, during the recent strike at Fall River, 1,000 mill girls were brought to Boston by the Women's Trade Union League and placed in positions in domestic service, the results from the point of view of the "maid" were enlightening to the league which was led to make the experiment from many motives.

Distressed mistresses searching for servants ask constantly, "Why do not factory girls forego their hard lot by taking up housework?"

Our committee, on proposing this question to the unemployed women of Fall River, discovered many difficulties at the outset.

The first objection of the mill operatives to their drudge is caring home. The loss of home is considered by most club women one of the bulwarks of society, and mill workers like other women have this sense of home strong in their hearts.

"But," say the clubwomen, "we offer them good homes."

To reply the factory workers, "a good home is just what you cannot offer us. Home is the place where the loved ones live—a place of freedom, with the companionship of our equals, on equal terms—a place where we sit at table with our families, and gather with them around the piano or the lamp. In our homes we open our door when everything to our own tastes, in all we would welcome or shut out. House is not the kitchen and a back bedroom in a house belong to another."

As House Servants.

The next difficulty was the prejudice arising from the social stigma which attaches to "going out to service," a stigma which is not imagined but actual. Even the average mill worker herself with less superiority toward the clerk or the weaver than toward a servant in her home.

The lack of funds for transportation to a "place" proved another obstacle. Inexperience in housework and a dread of ills they knew not of deterred many girls from abandoning the trade in which they had already acquired skill. Lack of a place to stay in a city, while waiting for a possible position, and the dread of being lost, robbed, or insulted—these were other of the objections.

The committee met the protests one by one. The new field of domestic service was not represented as a field of flowers without thorns. The experiment was encouraged on the ground that it would with all the valid objections to it, might prove better than mill work under existing conditions.

Cape was taken that all girls should have recommendations for honesty, cleanliness and willingness to learn. There was soon a list of three hundred applicants, which promised to grow faster than the list of possible places for servants.

Funds for transportation, food, lodging were raised by the league, girls were sent to Boston ten at a time, twice or three times a week. They were met at the station by the representatives of girls' befriending societies, and were conducted to the Boston Employment Agency. The able managers, Miss Batchelder, is a member of the Women's Trade Union League, and took special interest in the Fall River girls. She welcomed them with genuine sympathy and refused to charge them a fee for positions furnished. The league committee increased the demand for servants, through the press, women's clubs, etc., and members of the committee helped Miss Batchelder in making connections between mistresses and maids.

Got Places at Once.

Many of the girls secured places at once upon arriving. The others were taken to luncheons at Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and, when necessary, they were kept over night at Hotel Berard, with breakfasts and dinners at the Young Women's Christian Association. Hotel Berard, a most attractive and comfortable house, is run by the Salvation Army. The regular rates were out for the girls and the hospitality and help received was beyond price to the bewildered, homesick, long-suffering victims of the Northern textile situation. Even to-day the hotel is the centre where the girls gather with the most freedom on the Thursday and Sunday afternoons off.

Of the 130 girls brought to Boston not more than twenty-five have gone back to work in the Fall River mills. Many of them returned to Fall River from homesickness or from trying experiences of various kinds, but, with the exception of about twenty-five, they have later taken other positions in housework or in more congenial factory work. A very large group is working in paper mills in Rumford Falls, Me. These girls say that they discovered from the Boston experience that they are not obliged to stay in the new ten mills under present conditions. They have learned to move about.

But Few Are Happy.

Seventy or more are still in domestic service, though not more than twenty are happy in it. These seventy have gained flesh and have lost the nervous and anaemic appearance which was common to them while working in the mill. However, they persist that it is not a physical evil they desire, but life. The servility of their positions, the isolation and the long hours "on duty" are the main "grievances."

Employers, except in a dozen out of 130 cases, have been desirous of keeping the girls, and in most of the dozen cases where girls were dismissed, it was with a friendly recommendation for other kinds of housework.

A more direct answer to the question being asked could scarcely be had than from one who has literally been through the mill and knows its grist from beginning to end as has Miss Rose Brennan of Fall River, recording secretary of the Women's Union League, who is studying the problem at first hand.

By Miss Rose Brennan.

To the question if wages are the only reason for the help's not being in the mills, I can say that the mill is not a pleasant place in which to work. As a rule the heat is excessive, the noise terrible, the air impure, and oftentimes the sanitary conditions compel many of the women to leave the mill. While the girls as a rule have no objection to working in the mills as long as they are treated fairly and receive fair wages.

During our recent strike, we especially compelled many of the girls to seek employment elsewhere, and several hundred of them went to Rumford Falls, Me., to work in the paper factory and since others have gone to work in shops as dressmakers, sales persons, etc. A few have gone over to the telephone stations and a number have gone West, where great opportunities are offered to young girls. Every evening in the papers there are advertisements for help all over the State.

People are getting disgusted with the conditions of this city and are leaving every day. A number have also gone to Canada, Miss Rose Brennan herself remained as domestics as they found it too trying. In the mill one is afraid to look at a girl knows that her work is done—where, as a servant, she never knows when she is through. As a mill worker, no matter how long the day seems or how weary she is, a girl knows that her evenings are her own for rest and she gets a taste of a liberty and independence which she never would get as a domestic. No one can work in the mill and still be at home, but as a domestic she generally has to live where she is employed.

Win In New Fields.

Those who have gone to seek new employment seem to be successful, as they have not returned and are constantly encouraging their friends to follow them.

Parents are coming to put their children in the mills. The reason that if the manufacturers are to outlast at the present date that it is where to put the children to learning some other trade, for as things seem now the rising generation would have to work in the mills or remain ignorant.

That is one of the reasons why mill hands are becoming short. There are no lawyers in the mill now. The operatives do not want their daughters; they do not even use just cause to distrust them, and if they do not send their children to run their mills with unskilled help, the mill owners got to try and break the strike, and this they have done by the most vindictive those who will work for the least pay.

The good results which we have for thinking them unjust is that since the strike we have run their mills with only half the help and have still made a profit. We claim that if they can do that they can pay back the old wages, thereby getting back the old help and filling their mills again.

We do not claim that new machinery is not an improvement, and we are not fighting against it. We are fighting against conditions that are not an improvement for us—such as make us work harder and give us less pay.

MISS GEGRTRUDE HOLDEN. MISS GERTRUDE BARNUM. MISS ROSE BRENNAN.

SOME OF THE GIRLS THAT KNOW ABOUT THE WAGE QUESTION AND THE WAGE PROBLEM.

LADIES' BOOK PLATES. BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

The growing tendency to be individual leads to dress and in household surroundings has resulted in the demand for book plates. The matter of fact view of a book plate is that it is a label affixed to denote ownership, but it is capable of a wholly inadequate. Undoubtedly they originally grew from the coat or arms illuminated in the manuscript which was intended to be the signature of the possessor; for in those days heraldic indications were more widely understood, and a man's rank and pedigree were more immediately apparent.

The most ancient specimen of this device extant was made for Jean Knaupenberg in 1450, and another bearing the date 1480 was inserted as a gift plate, and was in the books given by Hildebrand Brandenburg, of Biberach, to the Monastery of Buxheim, and since that date book plates have been used by persons as a means of preserving their property, and were almost exclusively heraldic in design.

It is not a matter of surprise that as the ideal of the past was the merging of the identity of woman in that of husband or father, the feminine book-plate was rare. One country, however, has always offered an exception; that country was France.

The French woman has always been alive to her individuality, always conscious of her charms, the solitary type of feminine brilliance, till the Revolution uprooted the palm, and she had left not a few "ex libris" which enhance the value of the volumes which bear them.

Even as far back as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the "Grande Dame" gave proof of loving her books and stamped them with her own insignia.

It is probable that originally the fashion was set by Catherine de Medici, for she brought to France a fine collection of books, and when widowed, in 1570, chose as her device a heap of ashes watered by large tear drops.

Diane de Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II., never missed an opportunity of having her own initials entwined with those of her royal lover, accompanied with such symbols of the goddess whose name she bore as the triple crescent and the star. Among the Marquise de Pompadour knew the value of handing down to succeeding generations like relics of the time when they reigned in high places.

Now, however, we have a new phase, the modern pictorial plate. Most women object to the heraldic book-plate, and prefer to be set free from the dead hand of the past, and revel in the device their own indiscretion. For such there is a wealth of choice in the book-plate, pictorial, allegorical or floral.

Among well-known English women the Duchess of Sutherland has a flying Cupid and a cross, while the Duchess of Portland has a lamp representing the light of knowledge shining on an open book. Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, has a profile, but a picture of her favorite pug dog, surrounded by honeysuckle, her favorite flower. Lady Mar and Kellie, whose name is Violet, has a row of those modest flowers growing under her coronet.

Women who possess such Christian names as Margaret, May, Lily and Florence are always tempted to choose book-plates indicating their floral namesake, while the wheel of St. Catherine, the organ of St. Cecilia, the roses of St. Elizabeth are appropriate to women named after these saints. The Queen of England has a picture of her favorite home, Sandringham, and in the distance a representation of her native Elsinore, her dogs, her horses, books and flowers, to denote her favorite places, pets, occupation and adornment.

Mottoes are almost always added to the name of the owner, and we have examples of the facetious motto, of which the owner must surely grow tired when she sees it repeated scores of times. "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," with a picture of a cow chewing the cud, is a jest which must pall after a while, and the bookplate of a friend of mine which bears the motto, "The wicked borrowth and payeth not again," will become an outworn joke ere long.

Walter Crane, the well-known artist, set the fashion of a pun on his name by adopting a crane for his bookplate, and a bird of water. Among French women the Comtesse de Noe has a symbolic and artistic representation of the ark sailing on pre-diluvian waters.

American women have adopted some of Mr. Godine's delightful designs, notably those executed for Jane Eldridge and Isabel Armstrong Collins, but we expect that in the future a new class of design will come from their artists, and the work will be more obviously original.

There is infinite scope for beauty and originality in the bookplate, but the tendency is too much to advertise every taste the corner possesses, and to allow the bookplate to degenerate into a pictorial poem

PALMS, FERNS AND RUBBER PLANTS WINTER FAVORITES FOR INDOORS

GARDENER DOOGUE TELLS VALUE OF GOOD CARE.

HOW TO TREAT Your Plants IN THE HOUSE

BY LUKE J. DOOGUE

This is the fourth in the series of articles on house plants prepared for the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN by an expert gardener, Luke J. Doogue. In this article Mr. Doogue tells how to care for palms, ferns and rubber plants, house plant favorites, during the Winter.

In the choice of plants for the house for the Winter preference is strongly for palms, ferns and rubber plants. These by their color and grace of foliage add much to the decoration and furnishing of a room, and, underneath all this, these artistic qualities are their undoing. They are placed in dark corners, where little or no sunshine reaches them, also upon radiators, where they are toasted for twenty-four hours each day, in cold hallways, where they are subjected to a draft every time the door is opened, and many other positions are found for them equally unsuitable.

These plants are tropical and as such flourish in a soft, moist, warm atmosphere, which is seldom found in our homes. The nearest to the tropical atmosphere is in greenhouses, where a liberal use of the hose, wetting down twice a day, induces a humidity that is grateful to the plants and enables them to thrive, but we cannot have this moisture in the house without detriment to the furniture, so the best you can to make up for this lack by consistent and regular attention.

The simple fact of having plants does not insure their future welfare, as many think, but by bringing plants into the house you assume a responsibility, a piece of work that is considerable, if you intend to keep the plants in good condition. Fresh from the greenhouse the plants look well, but to keep this appearance of health your care of them must be the best from the day of their arrival. When the leaves begin to turn yellow and droop it is a rather hard job to bring with them, repotting and dosing with plant food. The warmth and light of the sun is the life of plants. Without it your decorative plants lose color, the leaves drop and the soil turns sour, conditions which spell ruin for the plant.

Daily Sun Baths.

During the Winter months the sun is not too strong and the plants should have a daily sun bath. If you have plants in a dark corner bring them out to the sunlight at least for a portion of the day, for the whole day if possible, and this will preserve them for you for many months. It means work if you have many of them, but it is worth the labor and there is no shirking it. Wipe off the leaves often with a soft cloth, examine the underside of the leaves for scale or other insects, water when the soil needs it, move it away from the window when you open it in cold weather, give it sun and when it needs repotting take it to a greenhouse. Do things properly and your plants will be the better for it.

When to repot a plant should be judged by a natural method to handling them. The house gardener repots when the plant is doing well and also when it shows signs of going back, in fact, repotting is supposed to be a remedy for all plant ills. There are times to repot and there are times when repotting is injurious if not properly done. For instance, when a plant is turning yellow and showing that something is wrong it should be turned out of the pot, the sour soil removed from the roots and all broken roots cut off and the plant put back into a pot smaller than the one from which it has been taken. This is putting back, and the operation enables the roots to take hold more readily than if in a large pot. Putting such a plant in a very large pot would stagnate or kill it. Repotting is a shock to the plant, as the roots are injured to a great extent, and the plant requires the most favorable conditions of heat and moisture to enable it to re-establish itself. As this is not done in the house it would be best to have the work done at a greenhouse, afterwards leaving the plant there for a month. The method accepted as correct seems to be: When plants are not doing well, repot them first and afterwards dose liberally with plant food.

As to Plant Foods.

In regard to the matter of plant foods, it is well to remember that there are times when they cannot be given to plants, and serious injury will result if it is done. There is virtue in most all of the artificial foods on the market, for they are generally of the same composition though labelled differently and sold under fanciful names. When plants are flourishing and show vigor and good color in leaves, an occasional dose of the foods may be given, as the plant is in a condition to assimilate it. The plant responds to the treatment by a more rapid growth and richer color, but it doesn't follow that the continued application of the food will bring a proportional improvement in the plant's condition.

If you feel that you must doctor the plants do not forget to use the foods very sparingly. First see that the plant has been properly watered, keep them free from dust and dirt and scale, according to their needs; if you do this you will find little necessity for the use of plant foods.

The matter of watering plants is a great stumbling block to the amateur, and even in greenhouses the lesson is not always grasped. Plants in pots are easier to take a hose and shoot it around than to go every day with the watering pot, and should be done. When you know how to water your plants you have overcome one of the care of house plants is removed. When you see that they are dry give sufficient water to quench your thirst and no more. Apply the same rule to your plants. Water them when they are dry and not before. Do not water from fear or from any condition of the soil. If you see that a very warm day approaches it will be rapid and water can be given freely, but on days that are cool, cooler rooms and also in dull cloudy weather, give them less water rather than more. A soil continually saturated will soon sour, and the roots, deprived of air, will quickly evidence its injurious effects.

Scales on Palms.

Palms are apt to have an injurious scale in them unless guarded against and when found removed. Wash them down with a little shell-like substance covering them. Scrape them off and wash the leaves thoroughly with a weak solution of whale oil soap as a preventative. If the whale oil soap is too strenuous for your use a milder soap can be used. Inspect the leaves of the plant daily; wipe them off with a soft cloth both above and below there is considerable labor to this if you have many plants under your care, but it is much easier to keep the pests in check than it is to overcome them when established. Rubber plants will sometimes drop their leaves when first taken into the house, and this is apt to happen if the plant has been repotted before coming taken in. Of it may be that the plant has been fixed for sale and made to look impressive by being placed in a large pot. A large plant for a little money is what the purchasers are looking for, and they are accommodated by the greenhouse men. Plants that should be in four-inch pots are put into sixes and eights. It makes them look better for the time being, but later the buyers find that something is wrong. Palms are treated the same way. When your rubber plant has shed its lower leaves there is little probability of its sending out new shoots through the hard wood.

Such a plant, that is, if it is got too large, should be treated in the following way. In the denuded stalk wrap some sphagnum about an eye, or joint, and bind it loosely with string or anything that is handiest, and after a time the stalk will throw out roots, it will inspire the plant in the course of a few weeks, if you have a greenhouse to put your young roots will strike out into the moss from the stalk and then you can cut through the stalk just under the moss. The top part can be potted and will grow. The lower part will again send out leaves and thrive.

Selection of Palms.

In the selection of palms for the house there are several varieties that are suitable and there are others that are never found in the house. The Kentias are the most decorative and hardy. They are accustomed to the dust and atmosphere better than any other palms. The varieties Belmoreana and Forsteriana are the best. They are very similar in appearance, the latter, however, being somewhat dwarfer and spreading. Latania Borbonica is much prized for the house and stands the unnatural conditions very well. In almost every home where they make any presentions towards plant culture you will be pestered with specimens of palms in a more or less flourishing condition, generally on their last legs, and I am thankful thing is Cocos Weddelliana. Its erect stem and gracefully branching leaves and hardy nature make it most desirable for the house. Phoenix Rupicola is another desirable plant. If you have very favorable conditions you might be able to grow with success a plant of Areca Lutescens. The leaves are shiny green and the stems are the dividing point. It will not stand a great amount of abuse and for that reason is not so desirable as the Kentia or Latania.

The little tree-like plant that is so much admired is called Araucaria Excelsa or Norfolk Island pine. It is sometimes found in the house, but it is not particularly hardy. If it won't bring, for it will pay you even if it doesn't thrive as well as the hardier plants.

A plant that will stand endless abuse is the aspidistra. The variegated variety is the most desirable. A very beautiful plant is Pandanus Veitchi. It grows erect and its striped leaves fall over in graceful curves. It grows well if kept in a warm position and carefully watered. No water should be allowed to lodge in the heart of the plant as it rots it.

CLEANING THE ROOTS.
PANDANUS VEITCHI FROM THE EARTH IS HARD
ROLLER CUTTING
MAKING TWO FROM ONE
POT IN DRAINAGE
SECTIONAL VIEW OF POT SHOWING DRAINAGE CHARCOAL AND LOAM.

MOTOR-EYE PATIENTS FLOCK TO AN EXPERT

Special Cable to the Boston Sunday American.

London, Nov. 4.—A suggestion from "motor-car eyes" are flocking to Wiesbaden.

They are going to Wiesbaden," said an official of the British Medical Association yesterday, "in order to consult Dr. Wilbrand, whose name is known throughout the civilized world as a specialist in motor-car eyes.

"In most cases 'motor-car eye' can be successfully dealt with in a few days with a proper amount of rest and patience, and I should say that the cures effected annually in some cases the sufferer sees quick little flights something akin to the flying stars which come when one is hit in the eye. In many cases it is simple conjunctivitis that is set up."

FRENCH MILLINERS ANGRY AT CECILIE

Special Cable to the Boston Sunday American.

Paris, Nov. 4.—The Parisian dressmakers are beginning to harbor resentment against the spectacular success of Cecilie, because her highness, since her marriage, has not had a single article of clothing made here, whereas her trousseau was almost exclusively of French manufacture. The reason of the Princess' scowling sudden dislike for French dressmakers is that the German tradespeople having complained that the making of the trousseau in Paris had greatly injured German trade, and their dissatisfaction was reported to the Emperor, who sent for his daughter-in-law and positively forbade her giving any work to be done outside of the country.

Continued from Page 24.

DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES

Castle Square Theatre

William Gillette's "Secret Service" has been on the stage over ten years, but it is still as fresh and entertaining as ever. It will be revived at the Castle Square this week, after an absence of four seasons from this city, and it will be interpreted by the full strength of the stock company, with the addition of several extra people.

The stirring scenes of war and the emotional scenes of war give this play an appealing interest to modern theatre goers. It is laid in Richmond and the action takes place on a single evening between the hours of 8 and 11.

The cast will include John Craig in old Jeffer's original part, Captain Thorne. The heroine will be played by Florence Kahn, and the other players will include William McVay, Frances Clemens, Leonora Brad ley, Marion Sterling, Edward Wade, John Wallace, Smallcombe Aitken, Mark Kent and Leah Winslow.

Grand Opera House

Something absolutely new, both in theme and plot, has been produced by Charles B. Hanson, and it is to be presented at the Grand Opera House this week. It is the most ideal of melodrama of modern times. "For His Brother's Crime," however, and most costly scenic production ever seen as a popular price attraction. Ten startling sensations are presented. The play is permeated with humanity and has a striking lesson on morality. There is an abundance of healthy fun and Robert Gaillard, the modern Hercules, introduces several of his sensational feats of strength in one of these he supports a human foot bridge on his shoulders while a horse and rider crosses it. Matinees will be given as usual on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Columbia Theatre.

Travesty on the recent scandals in the insurance world is "A Misfitable Insurance Company," one of the burlesques to be introduced at the Columbia this week by "The Yankee Doodle Girls." The closing play is entitled "A Trip to the Philippines," as an elaborate reproduction of scenes at this big New York enterprise is shown. Startling athletic turns are introduced, also ballets, ensemble numbers and special music.

The musical vaudeville embraces some unique turns. Those to include George Gubl, singing comedian; Fox and Dodell, expert sand dancers; Anna Le Baron Husted in a playlet called "An Afternoon Mixup;" Ed Abbott, the human freight car, and as a special feature, the Baker troupe of five artistes, going to a hair-raising "Looping the Gap" act on bicycles. A matinee is given each day at this house.

Empire Theatre.

Unfortunate results following the marriage of an admiral in the royal navy to a woman of whose past he has no knowledge, form the theme for the English melodrama, "Two Little Sailor Boys," by Walter Howard, to be given at the Empire Theatre this week. There are nine scenes full of realistic stage effects and plenty of action.

Mary Sanders and Adelaide Manola are to play the two little sailor boys, while Mary Hall and Howard Hansell have the two leading characters. The entire company will be in the cast.

Bowdoin Square Theatre

Charming Charlotte Hunt will head the cast at the Bowdoin Square Theatre this week in "Driven from Home," a society comedy drama. The play has never before been offered at popular prices. The scenes include a fashionable home, a ranch in Mexico, Herald square, New York, at night in a snow storm, and a famous studio with beautiful statuary.

Miss Hunt will play Margie Maynard, with Charles Miller as Tom Anderson, the hero of the story. The play is announced for only a single week.

Lyceum Theatre

"Smiling Island," a two-act operaganza, the attraction at the Lyceum this week, is a genuine novelty, for it has a distinct plot. The scene is laid on an imaginary island, ruled by the Princess Lalooloo, who, in honor of her birthday, has commanded every one to drink of the laughing waters of the Island's well so upon their faces a radiant smile—hence the name, "Smiling Island."

The piece has a backbone of hilarious fun to start with, and with a cast of fifty people, including several real comedians and a host of beautiful girls, it cannot help pleasing. A lively pony ballet is imprinted, and the company which presents it is "The Castle Girls." The libretto of the operaganza is by George V. Hobart, the music by J. Sebastian Hillier.

Howard Athenaeum

"The Knock Out Club," the very latest musical burlests, is to be the feature at the Old Howard this week, by the Howards's own burlesquers. Besides this a big vaudeville bill—the best that has been seen at the Howard this season.

The olio includes Alf Grant, the clever Boston monologue artist, assisted by Miss Ethel Hong, in a skit called "A Little of Everything"; the four Everetts, pleasing comedy acrobats, in the greatest male and female acrobatic turn of the day; Ned Nye and Edge Hodge, assisted by the Reid sisters, in a novel comedy singing and dancing act, and the Maloney brothers, with Brooks and Halliday, in a musical act. There are also Irene Latour and Kezar, Tom Killeen and Dave Murphy, in a humorous Irish sketch called "That Is All the Money"; Bailey and Fletcher, in a dark-town concert act; Carroll and Baker, conversationalists; Speddon and Herson, a team new to the Howard, and the Reitmans, in a character sketch. Fredricks, Jordo, Ida Hunting and other things in the illustrioset, will offer new things to the olio, and the Howardscope will show the great moving picture called the "Vendetti."

Palace Theatre

In the bid for popularity in the burlesque field none surpass the High Rollers Company, which is coming to the Palace Theatre this week, both in equipment and personnel. The High Rollers have been on the road for many seasons, always with success.

They have two new and lively burlesques, especially written for this company, and the olio consists of Crawford and Hendtsman, the electric sparks; the great Lawrence Cane & Co., in his piece of entertainment, introducing his illusion, "Creation;" the German Burcon, Collins and Wesson, Whiters and Rogers, and Bissett, the world's champion clog dancer, with the challenge dancers in both wooden and soft shoes.

Austin & Stone's Museum

Brightest performing ponies that ever walked a tilting plank or did a sprint specialty will be among the attractions here for thousands of Austin & Stone's, where little Miss Josephine Stone's pony circus is encamped. Sweet Heaman's pony boy pugilists will be there to entertain.

Special attention will be given to the comfort of ladies and children and a place for the former to rest from them where the whole show can be seen. There are in the troupe the smallest and largest pony in America, and splendid specimens of black and bay, and beautiful ponies, all with their own accomplishments, tonight them by the little one of the troupe, Josephine Sweetie Beaman.

Symphony Hall

Fresh from its triumphs in New York and Philadelphia, the Irish Ladies' Choir and Soloists of Dublin will inaugurate a series of concerts at Symphony Hall tonight. This musical organization is the first distinctively national Irish organization, aside from bands, which has ever visited this country. There are twenty-six young women in the choir, representative of the genius, talent, culture and beauty of Ireland. They are all first prize winners at the grand Feis Ceile which have been held in Dublin the past few years in competitive singing, in solo and choral work, the choir has vanquished the several leading musical organizations of Great Britain and Ireland.

Madame Gwen Cossett-Heiler is the conductress and soprano solist; Miss Joan Holland, contralto; Miss Alyce Lindh, mezzo-soprano; Miss Madge Murphy, violinist; Miss Violet Kelly, harpist; Miss Josie Jollie, pianiste. The choir will sing folk songs, antiquated and patriotic music and selections from the classics. The concert to be given to night will be for the benefit of the Musicians' Aid Society. Concerts will be given every evening during the week and special matinees will be given on Tuesday and Thursday.

Sunday Concerts

George B. Alexander will be the headliner at the charity concert at the Bowdoin Square Theatre to-night.

Third in the series of popular concerts at the Majestic tonight will have Henry Lee in his great impersonations, in which he sings Jubilee songs of Lasses, Coon, Hyde, Roosevelt, Mark Twain, Pope Leo, Carnegie, etc. The bill also includes Ward Andrews, Orpheum Comedy Four, Cooper and Robinson, Hawthorn and Burt and the Taylor Twin Sisters.

Many of these artists will also appear at the big concert in the Globe Theatre, also the Colby family in a musical act; Nelson Brothers, comedians; George W. Davis, the monologist and, best of all, the highest salaried vaudeville act in the country, the name of which, according to the custom of the managers, must not be divulged, and the act must be played unknown.

George B. Alexander, Wills and Hasson, Cherry and Bates, Myles McCarthy & Co., McNee and Chalk, Florence Von Zarzen, and a long list of others will make the afternoon at the charity concert in Bowdoin Square Theatre to-night.

Ten all-star acts, culled from the best of the vaudeville playing at leading houses and several coming on especially from New York, have been engaged for the concert at the Columbia Music Hall to-night. There will be several unique features.

To-night's concert at the Boston Theatre will include a great list of headline acts who are favorite here in Boston.

Stage Notes

Boston has had four weeks of "The Old Homestead," and the previous New England idyl will be presented at the Worcester Theatre to-morrow evening, and then for the balance of the week at one night stands: Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, Waterbury and New Haven. From New Haven it goes direct to the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, for an extended engagement. With the closing of "Old Homestead" Lawrence Deming Thompson withdraws from the cast to be starred in a piece of his own. He has for the balance of the season by William A. Brady. This is the only change, however, in the company.

Hamlin & Mitchell's extravaganza, Ben Hur in Toyland, comes to the Boston Theatre for a two weeks' engagement, beginning Monday, December 18.

Few stage settings have excited more admiration than that used in the second and third acts of "The Eleon and the Mouse," which opens the new Castle Square season during the week preceding Christmas. Either "She Stoops to Conquer" or "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given. The stage settings will be especially prepared from designs by Frank Chouteau Brown.

"The Sword of the King," which was postponed at the Castle Square on account of the success of Sardou's "Cleopatra," will be put on for the week of November 13.

Manager Magee has made special arrangements to get the earliest news regarding the election returns in Mason Square, New York, Pennsylvania and other states, and they will be read from the stage of the Grand Opera House Tuesday evening. There will also be a matinee on Tuesday.

Several Boston stage folks are with The Rays in "Down the Pike," which opens at Providence next week. Among them are Jeannette Reynolds, Margaret Keith, Lillie West, Messrs Dan Coleman, Louis Powers, John Culnane and George H. Penny are all Bostonians and well known here.

Two of the foreign bookings of the Keith circuit are included in the Keith-Orpheum bill the coming week—the famous Aoogee Family, said to be the highest salaried vaudeville act appearing in this country, and the Eight Albions, a family of marvellous acrobats. Wilfred Clark, the popular "legitimate" comedian, who comes to Keith's next week from Wallack's, is a nephew of the late Edwin Booth.

In "For His Brother's Crime" at the Grand Opera House this week, in which Robert Gaillard, as the modern Hercules or strong man of the American stage, is starring, there are a number of wonderful climaxes, including a terrific broadsword combat, a thrilling rescue of a darling couple on horseback and the great bridge scene. The latter, it is said, being the most difficult and sensational effect ever attempted upon the stage.

Lovers of music and good comedy are anxious to see "It's Up to You, John Henry," at Keith's next week. Besides a number of high class musical specialties, there appears stars immediately following their New York engagement.

Among recent bookings at the Tremont Theatre is Mrs. Leslie Carter's play, "Du Barry" and "Andrea Chenier." Mme. Kalich has made a profound impression in Mme Bertinck's "Monna Vanna" at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, and her coming to the Tremont later in the season is anticipated with great interest.

Nat C. Goodwin will be the next star to come to the Colonial Theatre, in "Wolfville," a Western drama, made from the novel of that name by Alfred Henry Lewis. It is the latest and most successful Clyde Fitch play to have a production this season, and it is meeting with unqualified success in Philadelphia this present week.

Frank Gumbo is one of this season's "finds" in minstrelsy. He is a letter carrier in Seattle, Washington, when George Primrose engaged him, and is considered one of the best solo tenors ever heard in the minstrel realm.

Music Notes.

The matinee announced by Mme Calve and her concert company at Symphony Hall next Saturday will without doubt furnish as great an exhibition of vocalism as any during her tour which began a week ago in Toronto. She has sung to immense audiences in several cities. At the concert of next Saturday afternoon, Mme Calve's numbers will include an aria from Gounod's "Sapho," the bird song from Rachel's "La Perle du Brazil," the "Habanera" from "Carmen," some thirteenth century French and Scotch folk songs and other compositions of equal merit.

Great things are expected of Marie Hall, the English violinist who appears at Jordan Hall on the afternoon of November 14 and is to follow her recitals go on a Symphony Hall to appear with the orchestra.

Miss Helen Hopekirk's program for her pianoforte recital in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, November 13, will include Schumann's "Carnival," Brahm's "Theme and Variations in D minor," Chopin's "Berceuse des Montagnaes, and Chopin's two preludes in B flat and G minor, also Liszt's arrangements of Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and "Ed Sung."

Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter's gifted pupil, Miss Ethel Parker, will play Liszt's concerto with orchestra on last Monday evening at the Jeffrey Club in Lexington. She played the Rubenstein Concerto in D minor with Frederick Mahn directed the orchestra.

Mr. Edward Morgan,
One of Miss Keith's attractions.

Irish blood has had its share in winning successes at the Hollis Street Theatre this season. First came Neagle O'Brien with "The Heir to the Hoorah," and now the central figure of "The Duchess of Dantide" is Evie Greene.

Lulu Glaser began her road tour in "Miss Dolly Dollars" at Newark, N. J., on the 30th inst. The Hollis Street Theatre will be the third house to be played outside of New York. Victor Herbert, who composed "Mlle. Modiste" for Fritzi Scheff, is also responsible for the music of "Miss Dolly Dollars."

The next classic revival at the Castle Square comes during the week preceding Christmas. Either "She Stoops to Conquer" or "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given. The stage settings will be especially prepared from designs by Frank Chouteau Brown.

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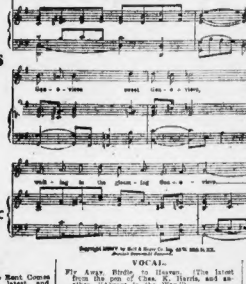
NEW MUSIC NEW

We offer you, through a special arrangement with the publishers, the song "I'll Be Waiting in the Gloaming, Sweet Genevieve." This composition is from the pen of J. Fred Helf, one of the best known composers of popular songs in this country, and it is, we can safely say, his greatest song and his best effort. Mr. Helf will long be remembered as the writer of the famous "Mamma's Boy" and "The Fatal Rose of Red," two well-known favorites with lovers of popular music. We give you below the chorus of this song, and would advise you to try it on your piano, as we feel sure it will please you for its captivating melody, and we are confident it will surpass in popularity any popular song now on the market. Send for a complete copy.

I'll Be Waiting in the Gloaming

SWEET GENEVIEVE

By J. FRED HELF



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VOCAL.

What Ye Gain' to Do When the Rent Comes Round? (Sung by Vim Tilzer's latest and greatest Coon Song).

Would You Care? (By Chas. K. Harris, author of the famous waltz song "I'm Waiting My Queen Away for You.")

Violetta. (Great march song by the composer of "The Harvest Moon Is Shining on the River.")

In the Golden Autumn-Time. My Sweet Maine. (By the writer of "Down Among the Sugar Cane," "When the Harvest Moon Is Shining on the River.")

The Yankee Doodle Boy. (Geo. M. Cohan's great song).

In Vacation Time. (Harry Von Tilzer's great waltz song).

When the Evening Breeze Is Sighing Home, Sweet Home. (Song in Princess Miniature).

Nobody but You. (By Tom Tapplebeck).

INSTRUMENTAL.

Bouquet of Roses. (Splendid set of waltzes.)

College Life March. (A big HIT.)

Mandolin Trio. (By the composer of "Dude Dance.")

Dream of the Violets. (A graceful selection.)

Dude Rose's Patrol. (Medley of popular selections.)

VOCAL.

Fly Away, Birdie, to Heaven. (The latest from the pen of Chas. K. Harris, and author of "Down in the Old Cane Brake.")

Everybody Works but Father. (Tremendous Hit.)

When the Golden Shoot Sunset Fades Behind the Hill.

Where the Southern Roses Grow. (By the writer of "Down in the Old Cane Brake.")

It Makes Me Think of Home, Sweet Home. (By the writer of "Down Among the Sugar Cane," "Pretty Juliette.")

When the Harvest Moon Is Shining on the River.

I Never Loved Another Girl as I Love You.

Down in Dixie's Old Cane Brake.

Daddy's Day. (One of the prettiest songs published.)

Sally Walk by the Deep Blue Sea. (By the writer of "Down in the Old Cane Brake.")

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

Down in the Old Cane Brake.

Trees. (Latest and best song.)

Nancy Hanks. (Historical, Good Night.)

Lucky Jim. (Coon Song by Vim Tilzer.)

When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin, Maggie Dear.

VOCAL.

My Irish Molly-O. (Sung by the writer of "Dublin.")

Sweet Is the Song of Dixie Land. (By the composer of "Big Lie a Song of the South.")

My Dixie Girl. (By the writer of "Blue Bell.")

Dear Old Girl.

Mother, I Kiss Your Picture.

What the Brass Band Played.

Don't Take Me Home, Dear Little Boy.

Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie.

Where the Silvery Moon. (Great coon song.)

Keep a Little Cozy Corner in Your Heart for Me. (By the composer of "I'm Glad I'm Married.")

Good by, Sweet Marie. (Latest by the writer of "Down Among the Sugar Cane.")

Miami Green, Goodby. (Great Western song hit.)

Tammany. (Comic Indian song sensation.)

Mary Is a Grand Old Name. (By Chas. K. Harris.)

The Old Church Home on the Hill.

Mary Alice. (A perfect coon song.)

Bell Boy Trio. (By the writer of "Tammany.")

Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow.

Central, Give Me Back My Home. (Latest by the composer of "Dublin" and "My Lady Love.")

INSTRUMENTAL.

Ramona Waltz.

Tickets and Roses. (Flower song.)

Down by the Shanty. (Both and Two-step. (Like Rifle Sometimes Waltzes.

The Troubadour Twenty Intermezzos. (By the composer of "Dublin Serenade.")

Dream of Heaven Waltz.

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The Story of a Love Rekindled

A Complete Short Story

BY A. T. WILMERDING

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It was nearly midnight before the Governor of the State finished the writing of his message to the Legislature, which body was to be convened within a few days. The chief executive of the State looked pale and tired as he sat near the green shaded electric light in the library of the gubernatorial mansion and carefully arranged the numbered sheets of manuscript. A litter of papers, blue, white and yellow, were scattered over the table and carpet, the debris of many hours of arduous labor in preparing for the Senators and Assemblymen a message that would indicate the legislative needs of the State and show the condition of its finances and institutions. No sound save the ticking of the old library clock disturbed the stillness of the chamber as the Governor slowly reread the document and occasionally added or crossed out a word here and there.

Reaching into a drawer beneath the table, the Governor took out a long, black cigar, and was just about to light it when there came a sharp ringing of the front doorbell. He replaced the cigar in the drawer and, after putting on his coat, went to the front door and opened it. A middle-aged woman of refined appearance and clad in deep mourning stood before him.

"I hope you will pardon my intrusion at this untimely hour," she said in a voice marked by emotion, "but I desire to see the Governor on business of great importance. It is a matter of life and death, and I—"

"I am the Governor," he said kindly. "Please come inside, madam, and I will hear what you have to say."

The statesman led the way into the parlor, pausing for a moment at the door to turn on the light. When both had taken seats the lady removed her veil and wiped away the tears that dimmed her vision.

"I am Mrs. John Bradford," she began in a low, tremulous tone, "and I have come here to talk with you about the man who is to be executed at Sing Sing to-morrow—Harvey Willis. I believe that if you will hear my story you will interfere and save him from death on the gallows. I—"

"You are a relative of his?" inquired the Governor soothingly.

"No, not a relation," she replied. "But I knew him many years ago in his youth. We were schoolmates together in the little country town of Sycamore, Ill. I was the daughter of a rich farmer, he the son of a poor blacksmith. A few years later we were married, but my parents, fawning on the millionaire, drove me away to Europe to prevent my becoming his wife. I received no answer to the letters I wrote to Harvey, and I have believed that the letters he must have written to me were intercepted by my parents.

"On my return from Europe with my parents," continued the Governor's visitor, "you've learned in New York that the man to whom my father had intrusted the custody of his property had proved false to his trust and he had fled the country after mortgaging the place for all it was worth. We hurried home and found that he had been only too correct in his statement and that unless my father should raise a large sum within a year he would become a penniless bankrupt. Then the son of a rich man sought my hand in marriage, and to satisfy the creditors and save my father I married the wealthy suitor. When Wills—

"What was the name of the man who defrauded your father?" asked the Governor.

"Archibald Greer," answered the woman, "and to his misdeeds and my own weak comfort in fitting Willis for my husband do I lay the blame for the way the news of my marriage acted upon Willis. His friends told me that when he received the information that I had become the bride of the rich man's son he took to drink and went from bad to worse for me, associating him with idle and dissolute men until at last he became a common drunkard. One day he broke away from his evil habits and went to a recruiting office and joined the army. He was sent to the Philippines, where he gained distinction as one of the most daring and reckless men in his company. Then—I am aware of his being a veteran of the Philippine war," interrupted the Governor, "and that his career as a soldier was most exemplary. You've got me. Mrs. Bradford. Your story is very interesting to me.

"About a year ago," she continued, "my husband and I took a trip around the world. We stopped at Manila, and it was there that one day as we were driving in the Luceuta I saw Willis and he saw me. The carriage had been stopped to arrange some part of the harness, and when Willis came up and recognized me he appeared to be greatly agitated, and I thought for a few moments that he would collapse from the stress of emotion. I have learned since, from men in his company, that that day he took to drink again, and seemed a changed man until his discharge last Spring."

"The testimony at the trial," said the Governor, gravely, as his visitor paused to wipe away her tears, "showed that Willis became involved in a fight in a saloon and that during the trouble he shot and killed one of his companions. Twelve men by their verdict declared him guilty of homicide and I do not see how—

"Yes," broke in the woman, with quivering voice, "and I feel that some of his guilt can be laid upon my shoulders. It was I who caused him to imperil the fair right conduct of his youth. My heartless perfidy in wrecking his career drove him to drink in the beginning. If I had—

"And you have interrupted me," the Governor, with an inquiring look at the woman's agonizing countenance.

"He died a week ago from pneumonia," she replied. "To-day I saw Willis' picture in a newspaper and read the news that he is to be electrocuted next month. I took the first train for this city to ask you for mercy for him. Oh, sir, if you would only realize that—

"I can realize you nothing," said the Governor, as he rose to his feet, "and that interview must be ended. But I will say that I will try to consider the Divine influence in the matter of a commutation of the death penalty to imprisonment for life. And now I must retire. Good night."

After his visitor had departed the Governor went into the library and took a photograph from a bookcase. "Oh, Archibald, my half brother," he said to the picture, as the tears coursed down his cheeks, "our sins are visited upon us. May God help me to make some atonement for your misdeeds. Then he bowed his head in silent prayer.

When the newspaper men and invited guests of the warden of Sing Sing Penitentiary arrived at the prison to witness the execution of Harvey Wills, a guard met them at the gate and said quietly: "The warden has just received a dispatch from the Governor saying that the death sentence against Willis has been commuted to imprisonment for life."

CHILD WITH TWO HEADS A MICHIGAN WONDER

Freak Baby Born With Additional One in Elbow.

Calumet, Mich., Nov. 4.—One of nature's prodigies, Wilton Thomas Rowe, a baby with two heads, was revealed to the public the other day. At the end of the right elbow, instead of a forearm and hand, is a little head, perfectly formed, with nose, mouth and eye sockets, but no eyes. On the left hand are a thumb and two fingers, the thirds growing together. In one. The joints, in lieu of being on the back of the hand, are on the palm, and as a result the hand closes outwardly. Where the right leg should be is only a stump, and protruding from the knee is a foot with three toes. The child, which is nine months old, is bright, intelligent and otherwise normal.

EXPERT DESCRIBES QUEER HABITS OF ALLIGATORS IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN

To the thousands of Bostonians and visitors to Boston who have seen the alligators in the Public Garden, and who have watched the urchins cajoling these rough-backed fellows at play and at rest—this article, written by one who has made a study of alligator life here and elsewhere, will be of especial interest.

"Say, do you know anybody who wants an alligator?" shouted a manly voice over the telephone.

"How large?" was the answer, for the speaker had seen them catalogued in an old schoolbook as ranging from two to twenty feet in length, and the latter is of course rather cumbersome for a pet, even if you keep him in the bathtub. The voice over the telephone had replied that the alligator, as offered in Boston, measured from one foot to three.

"The children are delighted with them," continued the voice. "They come from miles around, the children do, to see the alligators in the Public Garden."

"What do you want to get rid of them for?"

"Oh, we have so many of them and we are getting more every year. Why, you know, everyone who goes down South in the Winter brings one home, and by the time they get here the novelty is worn off and the tourist wants to get rid of his alligator. Then the fellow who brought him comes to me and says:

"'Here, you must take this alligator. I don't like him. I'll have to throw him out in the cold. I have no place to keep him.'

"But a lot of people have kept their alligators for a long time after they came back, and one man, who gave us the biggest one we have now, had him for five or six years. Kept him in the bathtub, you know, until he had outgrown that."

$1 Buys an Alligator

"He—the alligator, of course—is twelve years old now and about four feet long. We have had one down in the Public Garden this Summer, each given to us by some different person and this Winter we will probably have more. They get them as souvenirs of Florida. Down there you can buy them for a dollar.

"What do you do with the alligators when they are turned over to you?"

"Oh, we keep them in the greenhouse. We have a special place built for them and nicely wired in. That's where they go to once being thrown out in the cold the cold world and the snow. It's Winter, you know, when people bring the alligators here right out of the tropics."

"It's too bad—"

"Say, don't you know somebody who wants an alligator?"

"Maybe. What do you have to do to take care of them? What do you feed them?"

"Raw beef."

"Nothing else; no bread or anything of that sort?"

"No, nothing but the beef, and they don't want that oftener than once in two weeks. You had better take one or two of them."

"I'll see about it. Good-bye."

Just Dopey, Not Fierce

"Was this a jolly, my being asked to take an alligator?" The superintendent was loading on the wagon the last rose of summer, or rather the bushes, for the last of the flowers on the Public Garden had faded and gone.

"Would you like to give away one of the alligators?"

"Sure," said the super.

"They are all right for a zoo garden, but here they do make a good deal of dirt and bother. Not the alligators, but the children, the crowd. There are people standing around that fountain all the time, throwing in everything—dirt, papers and sticks."

"Oh, so that's the trouble. Then they are not ferocious and bothersome to handle."

"Oh, no, they are easy enough to move, if you take hold of them with one hand at the back of the neck and the other at the tail."

"Then, they are not fierce."

The superintendent was getting on the team.

"Fierce?" he repeated; "lord, no."

"Dopey, pretty dopey," he called back, as he drove away.

When the youngsters whose school hours in the Back Bay permit of recess time in the Public Garden had broken away from the morning's recreation on the first day of last week, they saw that the cage which had sheltered the alligators in the poodle incat the Beacon street man had been removed from the water, and the young people, sons

An exceptional photograph of alligators.

and daughters of Boston's aristocracy, were no doubt, at its coming removal, for the miserable creatures are said to have been nearly blinded the past Summer by the onslaught of dust and sand which they have received from child tormentors, or at least child agitators, though they have never all been children who have prodded the reptiles this Summer, with the mad American zeal to "see the thing moved."

The eyes, which are the only vulnerable, or rather sensitive, part of the crustacean's anatomy, have indeed suffered from the concentrated sand storms, but the alligators have withstood the attack with a long-suffering, if dopey, demeanor worthy of a higher intelligence, and rarely must they rewarded the curiosity of their tormentors.

One day when a flock of youngsters were spread flat on their stomachs about the rim of the pool a bright idea of their name may be suggested that they quit sand throwing and crack water instead. When lo, the alligators wabbled in full height above the ground and paddled to and fro upon their platforms with their clumsy, long tails in half-frog, half-serpent amble. But that was because they liked the new game they showed themselves off to such an advantage for the delight of the children and other bystanders.

Just so on the day that they were being moved they gave vent to their emotions as much they be in those of the lizard and their sensibilities to the refinements were mostly of the tail, which is an important weapon of the alligator, as it is of the lion. With each it revels abruptly into its energy and carries terrible forces and this the alligators showed as they thrashed their mailed forms through the mud.

The dope was well out of them for once, and the scene suggested in these younger, smaller ones the fierce power of the older, bigger alligators, which are some of the biggest of worth seeing.

Those Laughing Eyes

Another of the alligators in the cage appeared actually to roll its eyes, with glee, at the big game, which are now dying out on the American continent.

While the alligators were awaiting their departure one of the boys stuck a straw through the cage into the face of one, only a straw, but this was "the day" of the long-suffering reptile (for every alligator, like the dog, has his day). It was probably the last straw, also, for the alligator bent his tail and threshed the cage with a vehemence that started a of the others, as good blaze will all take part when one of their number is stirred to wrath.

In the commotion a guttural sound was heard, which might have been from some lectoring bystander. But no, the bystanders were all wholly, and the noise was repeated several times with increasing pitch like the gathering storm, and again those youngest, smaller reptiles suggested, though but dimly, the night-time noise which about 100 crescendo in the jungles of Florida has always made them famous and fearsome.

It is said of the alligator that like other noisy creatures, or like persons who can be noisy when thoroughly stirred, they hate a whisper. Their keepers in the zoos always address them in a loud staccato voice, no matter how endearing their phrases, for a whisper is taken as an insult.

But this fact is no resemblance of a hissing which is the only vocal expression of the alligator's condemned ancestor, the serpent. The curse which in the time of Florida has always made them famous and fearsome.

It is said of the alligator that like other noisy creatures, or like persons who can be noisy when thoroughly stirred, they hate a whisper. Their keepers in the zoos always address them in a loud staccato voice, no matter how endearing their phrases, for a whisper is taken as an insult.

But this is on land. In the water he is perfectly at home, and in such he obtains the subtle movement of his tail has marvelous power.

When Eggs Are Hatched

Even if the alligators of the Public Garden are always referred to as he's, some of them are females, and if the city can only maintain them until they reach their maturity there will come a season of cogitating, and the novelty of little alligators hatching will be a sight for the children

An Appeal

To be Fair to Yourself—to Learn by a Test what Liquozone Means to You. The First Bottle is Free.

To you who are sick and are waiting—this appeal is to you. An appeal to be fair with yourself.

Don't think that the help which you need is impossible. Please, for a moment, lay your doubts aside. Send us this coupon and see the good it may bring you. Let us buy you a bottle of Liquozone to try.

The test is free, and, if it succeeds, think what it means to you. And do you suppose we would make this offer if the results were not likely to be satisfactory?

Note what this product has done.

Two years ago, Liquozone was known to but few. Now more than 11,000,000 bottles have been used. To-day there are countless cured ones—scattered over half the world—telling what they owe to Liquozone.

We ask you to do what they did. Let this product itself prove its power. Please try it at our expense.

What Liquozone Is.

Liquozone is a tonic-germicide, the virtues of which are derived from gases alone. The formula is sent to each user.

The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 3 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry their virtues into the system.

The gases employed are vitalizing, and the product which results is a tonic. The gases are germicidal, and the product they create is a harmless germicide. No alcohol, no opiates, no dangerous drugs are employed in it. Nothing whatever but helpful gases, and the water used to absorb them.

The invention of Liquozone meant finding a way to utilize gases in the treatment of germ diseases. And millions know from experience something of what that discovery means to humanity.

Kills Disease Germs

The main value of Liquozone lies in the fact that it is deadly to germs, yet harmless to living tissues.

Treatises not free of germicides. They are poisons when taken internally. That is why medicine has proved so helpless in dealing with germ diseases. The usual germ-killing drugs cannot be taken in effective doses internally.

Liquozone is harmless. That fact has been repeatedly proved by scientific tests. Not only harmless; it is good for you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing and purifying. Its benefit is often apparent from the very first dose. Yet contact with Liquozone destroys every form of disease germ that has yet been discovered.

Can you not see why this product may do what other remedies fail to accomplish?

Germ Diseases.

In the past few years, scores of diseases have been traced to germ attacks. These include most of our minor ills, and most of our serious sickness.

A few years ago, all these diseases were attributed to other causes. The remedies made for them were based on theories which have since been abandoned. Is it any wonder that those old-time remedies so often prove ineffective?

Germ diseases call for Liquozone. In any such disease—no matter how difficult—we send to each user a guarantee, permitting two months' treatment at our financial risk. If the results are unsatisfactory, the patient's own druggist returns every penny paid. We do this so that none who need this help may find reason to go without it.

We have sent out many thousands of these guarantees, yet less than five in each thousand have been returned for redemption. Can you not see that a remedy so wonderfully effective in general is likely to be effective with you?

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most widely employed. In these diseases, more than any others, it has earned its wide reputation. Not all of these are known germ diseases. Authorities differ on some of them. But, according to our experience, these are the diseases to which Liquozone best applies.

In each of these diseases we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

Asthma	Goitre—Gout
Abscess—Anaemia	Gonorrhea—Gleet
Bronchitis	Hay Fever—Influenza
Blood Poison	La Grippe
Boils—Colitis	Leucorrhoea
Coughs—Colds	Malaria—Neuralgia
Catarrh	Piles—Quinsy
Contagious Diseases	Rheumatism
Consumption	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dysentery—Diarrhea	Skin Diseases
Dandruff	Tuberculosis
Dyspepsia	Throat Sores
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumors—Ulcers
Also most forms of the following:	
Kidney Troubles	Liver Troubles
Eczema	Women's Diseases

Fever, inflammation or catarrh—impure or poisoned blood—usually call for Liquozone.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing remarkable results.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail to you our order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, ready to convince you, to let the product itself show you what it can do. Its acceptance places you under no obligation whatever.

Please don't argue, or doubt, or hesitate. Don't miss the help that millions have employed. Learn at our expense what it may do for you. Then you, then judge its value by results. Please send this coupon to-day. Liquozone costs 50c. and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

Name.....

Give full address—write plainly.

Note that this offer applies to new users only. Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

GOVERNOR TO TAKE PLACE OF MAINE CONGRESSMAN.

Littlefield, Now Director of Equitable, to Practice Law in N. Y.—Republican Chairman Resigns to Push Deal

Bangor, Me., Nov. 4.—Men who make a study of Maine politics have been for some weeks wondering just what prompted Hon. F. Marion Simpson of Bangor to resign his place as chairman of the Republican State Committee. Mr. Simpson's reason, as given to the press here, was that he was too busy to attend to the duties of the chairmanship, but no one believed that. It is now figured out in this way by people who are in a position to get a line on events in the Republican camp in Maine:

Mr. Simpson wants to be Governor; Governor Cobb wants to go to Congress; Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, who now represents Cobb's district, wants to practice law in New York city, where he can make more money than at home, and where, also, he will be on hand to keep an eye on Equitable affairs, he having recently been elected a director of the big insurance society.

Congressman Littlefield this week dissolved his law partnership with his brother in Rockland, and, it is believed, that he will soon move to New York. Will Littlefield out of the congressional race in the Second District. It would be the most natural thing in the world for the retiring Governor Cobb to succeed him, while Mr. Simpson of Bangor could probably have the nomination for Governor to succeed Governor Cobb.

ROOSEVELT'S MAINE GUIDE LOOKS FOR APPOINTMENT.

"Bill" Sewall, Also President's Assistant on Dakota Ranch, Thinks He Has a Good Show for Collector of Customs

Bangor, Nov. 4.—"Bill" Sewall of Island Falls, President Roosevelt's old guide in the Maine woods and his assistant on the ranch in Dakota, thinks he will be appointed the collector of customs for the Aroostook district.

"I guess," remarked Mr. Sewall, "that Rainsford W. Shaw, my opponent, has about given up the battle. I got over 2000 names on my petition right in Houlton, where Mr. Shaw lives, and that is about 50 per cent more than he could secure. The contest was all good natured and pleasant, but we worked hard just the same. I saw Congressman Littlefield coming forward me, and told him I was after the place, and he said he hadn't decided to support any one until he knew the will of the people. Well, I went right after the will of the people, and, if signatures go for anything, I guess I got it.

"The President knows me pretty well, and he hasn't got to ask any one whether I am capable of filling the bill or not. That's one good point in my favor. Then I think he feels well disposed toward me, and that's another. Some of the papers have said that the President had told me I could have the place. That is not so. I won the situation up when I say I am confident.

"The custom house is at Houlton, and there are twelve deputy collectors and inspectors of customs at different points on the boundary, one log inspector and one cashier.

"WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES," A NEW AND PRETTY LOVE SONG

Printed As Part of This Newspaper To-day As An Example of Melody.

SONGS in which sweethearts address each other directly, if good ones, are almost always ingenious in words and melody of the whole range of songs. No opportunity here for florid vocal attempts or picturesque language, for sincerity in love is the first requisite. If sincerity is lacking the song belies its purpose.

Probably this is the reason why songs that are confidences between lovers, eyes to eyes and lips to lips, seem to lack real originality. Nothing is to be gained by attempts to improve on the phrase, "I love you," and any deviation from the most elementary principles of melody would be equally futile.

The new song, "When I Look Into Your Eyes," printed to-day as a separate part of this newspaper, indicates that its writer has not attempted to improve on this point. For the melody there is just one easy modulation that might be called simple, flowing, "singable." In song writing the best music holds itself with tighter rein, must use greater discretion, than in any other kind of verse writing.

These are the main reasons why the song, "When I Look Into Your Eyes," serves its purpose. Few serve this purpose quite so well. They don't need to last long, for there are plenty of them.

each phrase to be sung with the best of, fort. The first verse reveals the writer's experience in such matters:

When I look into your eyes, softly beaming blue,
Like the twinkling stars in deep seas of blue,
I can find one sweet, fond hope in their gleaming,
I can see the pledge that you will be true.

Ere we part for years, perhaps, softly tell me
That my love for you will never be in vain;
May the sky grow dark or clear, will you love me
When the heather blooms again, lassie
Oh, my lassie dear, when the sky grows clear,
We'll be wed some day, don't you tell me nay.

Repeat these last two lines and the simple refrain is complete.

How could be, looking into her eyes at parting—a parting which may last years—know not how long—express his emotion effectively in more delicate and sophisticated language? In song writing the best music holds itself with tighter rein, must use greater discretion, than in any other kind of verse writing.

These are the main reasons why the song, "When I Look Into Your Eyes," serves its purpose. Few serve this purpose quite so well. They don't need to last long, for there are plenty of them.

PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes of 540 N. Davision Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women. I suffered misery for years with painful periods, headaches and bearing-down pains. I consulted two different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the East advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and no longer suffer as I did before. My periods are natural, my backache and pain is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound sooner; for I have tried so many remedies without help.

"I dreaded the approach of my menstrual period every month, as it meant so much pain and suffering that I could not. I advised the Compound two months I became regular and natural and am now perfectly well and free from pain at my monthly periods. I am very grateful to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rests upon the well-earned gratitude of American women.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down and suffering dragging at the ovaries, backache, bloating, (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness and melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.